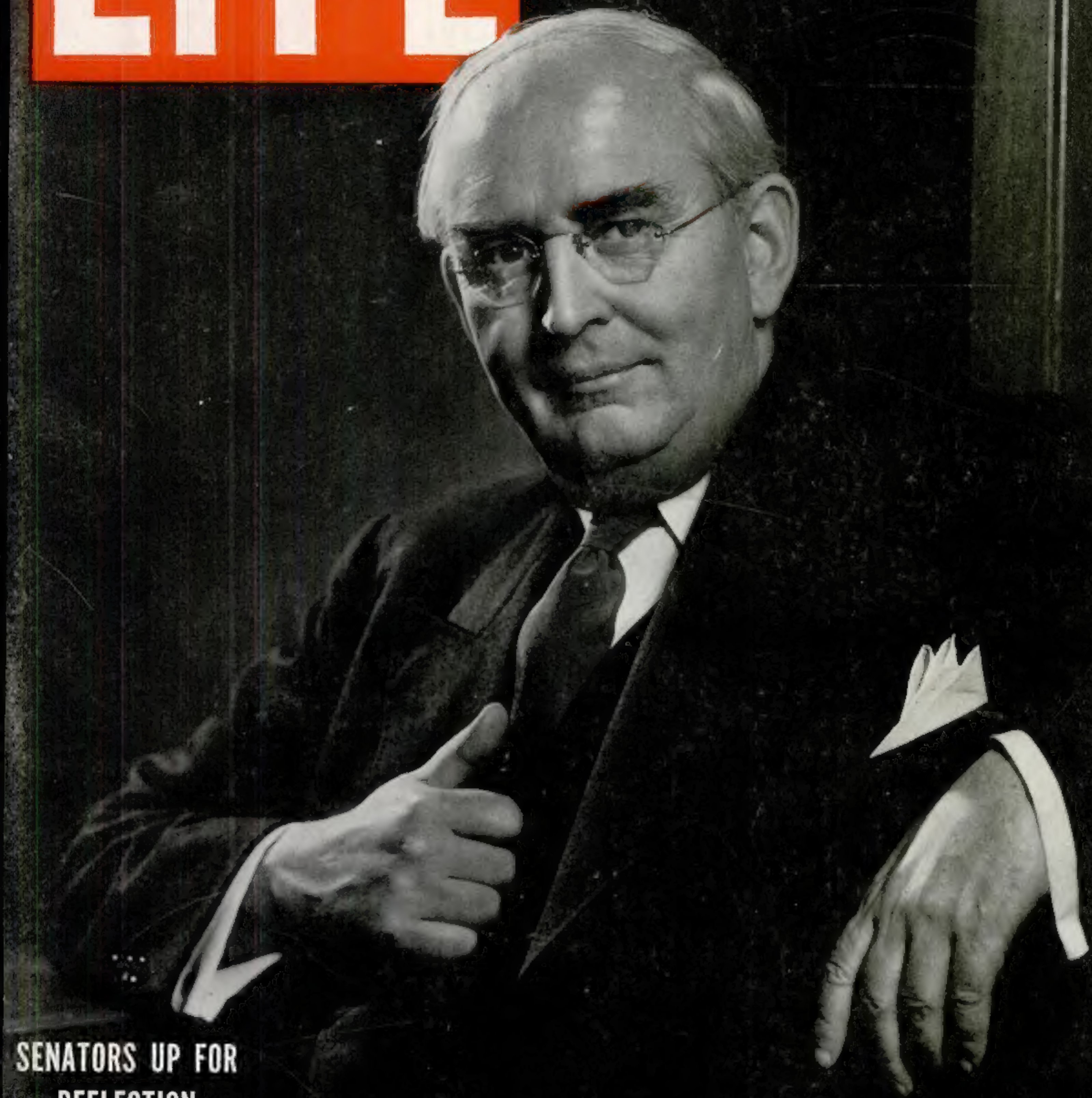


LIFE



SENATORS UP FOR
REELECTION
VANDENBERG OF MICHIGAN

MARCH 11, 1946

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES
THE FINEST WOOLENS IN THE WORLD



FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, N.J.



See how this new B. F. Goodrich tire **OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES**

Order these new tires now for your car

THE two tires you see here have spent their entire lives together—running on the same car. They have covered exactly the same number of miles, under the same driving conditions, over the same roads. They were shifted from wheel to wheel so that there could be no possible advantage for either.

The one on the right is a prewar tire. The one on the left is the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown. Just look at the

difference. And this is no isolated case. These new tires have passed nearly 17 million miles of tests—on taxi fleets, police cars, and on B. F. Goodrich test cars.

The new tire has a wider, flatter tread that puts more rubber on the ground, spreads the wear over the whole tread surface. And *even* wear means longer wear! The tire body, or carcass, is stronger, too . . . made that way by

using tougher cords and more of them.

You can forget all your worries about "wartime tires" if you get one of these new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns—they've proved that they will outwear prewar tires. They've passed the toughest tests anyone can give them in the

laboratory or on the road. Supplies are still limited, of course, but we're making and shipping these new tires every day and hope to have much larger quantities in the hands of most dealers within the next few months. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



D6RU-2PG-AHTH

only a penny or so a day to kill unpleasant household odors

it's simple!
nothing to light...
non-inflammable...
just pull up the wick



PAT. NO. 2,826,678



why risk offending?

get air-wick

more than 6,000,000 bottles already sold

kills cooking odors
freshens nurseries and sick rooms
kills bathroom odors

Most housewives know that they're judged by the freshness of the air in their homes. Yet, until very recently, it has been almost impossible to control the unpleasant odors of cooking foods...the odor of stale tobacco smoke...and other inevitable household odors.

air-wick*...the little bottle with the magic wick...is a revolutionary new scientific discovery which makes indoor air country-fresh...and kills all unpleasant household odors...*at a cost of only a penny or so a day.*

There's nothing to light...nothing to burn. Simply open the bottle and pull up the wick a few minutes before you start cooking. Keep a bottle open in the living-room whenever you expect heavy smoking. Use **air-wick** to freshen stuffy closets and bathrooms...bring country-fresh air into the nursery and sick-room. **air-wick** is not a perfume. It is not an "antiseptic". It has no "medicinal" smell. **air-wick** contains **chlorophyll**...the miracle-working substance which nature uses to freshen the air in garden and forest. You'll find **air-wick** at all better stores.



kills stuffy closet odors
kills odors of stale smoke
makes indoor air "country-fresh"

***air-wick** deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent. **air-wick** is a trade-mark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.



You no longer cook... by quess and by golly!

The Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range takes the guesswork out of cooking



THE MASTERPIECE—National O. P. A. Retail Ceiling Price **\$244.50**
Including Federal Excise Tax, Effective Continental U. S. A.

YOU COOK with confidence—serve your meals with pride—when you have a Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range! Roasting, baking, broiling, and top-of-range cooking are accurately controlled. So perfect results are yours every time!

● ● The Hotpoint Electric Range—product of over 40 years of sound engineering and research—cooks complete meals automatically while you're out of the kitchen! Before you buy any new range, go to your Hotpoint dealer's and see the new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range—the one that really takes the guesswork out of cooking!

AUTOMATIC COOKING GIVES EXTRA LEISURE HOURS



● With the Timer Clock to turn heat on and off automatically, you can be gone for hours and return to a luscious dinner like this! Big Hotpoint oven automatically cooks—at one time—a delicious five-dish oven meal, including dessert, for 8 people. Thickly insulated oven keeps heat moist. Foods don't dry out.



2 IDEAL FOR EVERY TYPE OF BROILING



● In the convenient new Hi-Speed Broiler with glowing-ember heat, you can broil thick or thin steaks to juicy, charcoal-grilled perfection. It's at convenient waist-height—so there's no bending or stooping.



3 MEASURED HEAT SAVES TIME AND FOOD



● Hotpoint's fast-starting Calrod® Cooking Units measure the exact heat required for each cooking operation—the same amount of heat every time. So vegetables and meats retain more vitamins and minerals—fresh flavors and colors, too!

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE



National O. P. A. retail ceiling prices start at **\$116.99** including Federal excise tax for full-size cabinet-style range. Effective Continental U. S. A.

Hotpoint

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE

DEPENDABILITY ASSURED BY 40 YEARS EXPERIENCE

PLAN YOUR KITCHEN AROUND 3 HOTPOINT WORK CENTERS



COOKING CENTER with the new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range for better cooking results.



FOOD STORAGE AND MIXING CENTER with the new Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator near outer door.



DISHWASHING CENTER with Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher-Sink and Electric Disposall.

Copyright, 1944 Edison General Electric Appliances Co., Inc.

MAGIC COCOA CUSTARD

No sugar needed!



**SO SMOOTH
AND LUSCIOUS!**

Magic Cocoa Custard

1/2 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	2 1/4 cups hot water
1/2 cup cocoa	1/2 teaspoon salt
	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
	3 eggs, slightly beaten

Slowly add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk to cocoa. Mix until well blended. Add water, salt, vanilla, and eggs. Mix well. Pour into greased baking dish or custard cups. Place in pan filled with hot water to depth of custard. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) about 50 minutes or until custard is set. (A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done.) Serves 6.

**FOOLPROOF
RECIPE!**

**A CHILD
CAN MAKE IT!**



Eagle Brand makes the recipe magic. It's the original Sweetened Condensed Milk... made to meet Borden's high-quality standards... a ready-to-use blend of the richest, purest whole milk and sugar.

For FREE Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes for grand cookies, candies, frostings, ice creams, send post card to Borden's, 350 Madison Avenue, Dept. L346, New York 17, N. Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SHORT HAIR

Sirs:

Many thanks to you for exposing the female haircut scandal (LIFE, Feb. 18). We are definitely against the shortening of females' hair. Who wants to date a girl with a hideous, semi-male haircut?

SWIMMING TEAM

NEW ROCHELLE HIGH SCHOOL

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Sirs:

Thanks and congratulations. More power to Ann Wade for her short cut—and may she go even shorter....

GRACE MORGAN

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Can't Charles of the Ritz *et al.* make a living without trying to revive the hair horrors of the '20s?

Please, ladies....

LIEUT. FREDERICK S. DICKSON, USNR
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

Men always voice displeasure at any change and they start young, as you can see by this letter from my 8-year-old son Everett:

"Sirs:

Don't put any of that silly business in LIFE because I want my mother to have long hair. Love."

ELISE H. SMITH

Wilton, Conn.

Sirs:

Speaking for myself and my friends, the members of the second floor of Smith Hall, we like long hair (on girls, that is)....

JAY HAFT

Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Sirs:

... Won't somebody please design hats that will look halfway decent on someone who wears an 1890s hair style—long, three inches below the hips. I love hats but I also love my long hair....

MRS. MANUEL MACHADO

Nantucket Island, Mass.

ARIZONA'S ART

Sirs:

Thank you for the story on the University of Arizona collection of American art (LIFE, Feb. 18). We're very proud to have it here and most grateful to the donor, Mr. Charles Leonard Pfeiffer.

We hope, as he does, that other men will appreciate the great good such a collection does for a university whose location prevents its students' seeing good original works of art and will help other universities the way he did us.

ANDREAS S. ANDERSEN

Head, Department of Art

Director, University Art Collection
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

"GREAT AMERICAN"

Sirs:

I sincerely hope and pray there are not many Elliott Fanslers in America who would consider it necessary to correct LIFE (Letters to the Editors, Feb. 18) for calling a great Roman Catholic "priest, statesman, poet and executive" a great American! We all know (or do we?) that love of God and love of country go hand in hand.

Therefore any great Roman Catholic American deserves the privilege of being simply called a great American. This is still true of any great man—Elliott Fansler notwithstanding—be he Protestant, Catholic or Jew. Perhaps this national brotherhood week was needed after all.

HELEN HAWES

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

May I suggest to Mr. Elliott Fansler that he study Mr. Steig's caricature "Bigot."

BETTY SHEAHAN

Evanston, Ill.



STEIG'S BIGOT

Sirs:

In publishing but a portion of my letter of Jan. 19, you omitted the most important part of my claim that Spellman could not be called "a great American." In quoting merely that unqualified statement, you have invited fan mail I am now receiving from those who, obacently or otherwise, are always ready to raise the claim of "bigotry" or "intolerance" against any who question their own intolerance.

I repeat: it is only necessary to mention a few performances of Spellman's church against religious minorities in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Argentina, Mexico and the U.S., against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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LIFE
March 11, 1946

Volume 20
Number 10



*"Lovely nylon stockings add
an extra note of charm!"*

—**Evelyn**, featured soloist
and First Lady of Phil Spitalny's All-Girl
Orchestra

Says Evelyn, "One charm note we stress in the All-Girl Orchestra is good grooming—from head to toe. So of course it's a joy—a real joy—to have lovely nylon stockings back again!"

It is wonderful! And it's twice as wonderful for the girls who are fortunate enough to find the loveliest—CANNON NYLONS!



Evelyn and her Magic Violin, with Phil Spitalny's famous Hour of Charm Orchestra, have earned nationwide cheers. For gifted performances, and for charming good looks.

Cannon Nylons have earned applause for the same reasons. They're smoky in texture ... sheer as a foamy cloud ... fit like a bowstring.

Every pair of Cannon Nylons is tested on a special air-pressure machine, to guard against any flaw. That means extra long wear!



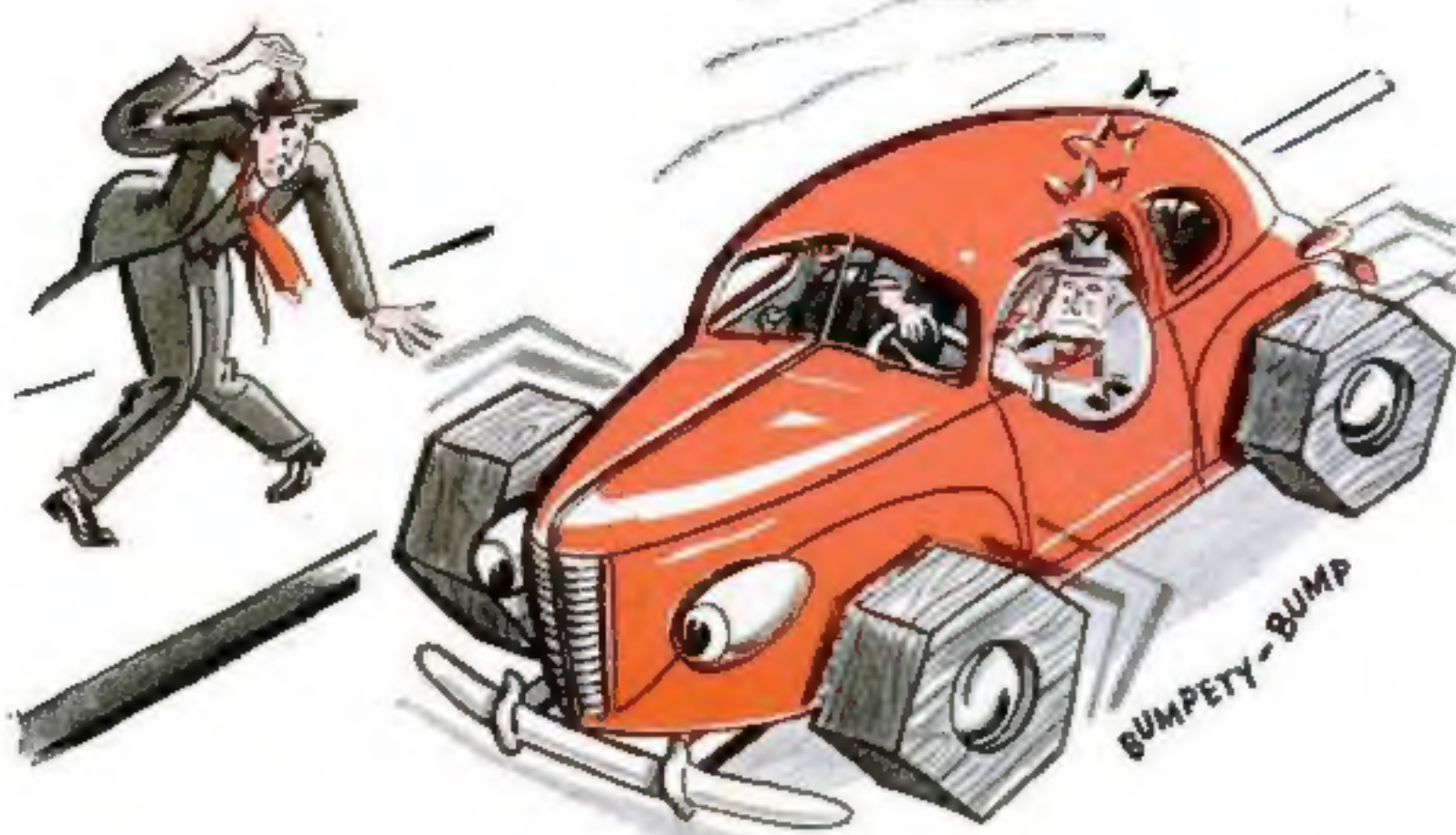
"What a difference these heavenly nylons will make in our new spring outfits!" Evelyn smiles.

Yes—Cannon Nylons can make the smartest costume even smarter. No wonder more and more women are looking for these beauties. And soon, we hope *all of you* can be supplied with loveliest-of-all Cannon Nylons! Ask at your favorite store.



Cannon Stockings NYLON

Cannon Blankets • Sheets • Towels • Cannon Mills, Inc., New York, N. Y.



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for
MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Your car retains that wonderful "cushiony" feeling not for just a couple of hundred miles but from one lubrication job to the next with Marjak Chassis Lubrication. That's because Marjak, unlike ordinary grease, has powerful adhesive and cohesive qualities that make it stick tenaciously to bearing surfaces. It won't squeeze out. Protection against wear is constant instead of diminishing. And that's the kind of protection every motorist wants, every car needs. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "Marjak feeling" today!

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS



FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE



SKY CHIEF
GASOLINE



HAVOLINE AND TEXACO
MOTOR OILS



MARFAK
LUBRICATION



Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE with JAMES MELTON Sunday nights ★ METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS Saturday afternoons

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Margaret Sanger and the members of the Actors Equity Association and against a number of honest newspapers to prove beyond all reasonable doubt that Spellman does not agree with the basic American principles of "freedom of religion, speech and press."

How, then, can he be called "a great American?"

ELLIOTT FANSLER

Baltimore, Md.

SERGEANT'S RECOVERY

Sirs:

LIFE readers will be interested to learn that T/Sgt. Ralph Neppel, Carroll, Iowa has been discharged from the Army at McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Texas.

The sergeant added a few more prized possessions to the Congressional Medal of Honor awarded him by the President at the White House last September (LIFE, Sept. 3). As this new picture shows, he now has (1) a lovely wife, the former Jean More, Lidderdale, Iowa; (2) two new artificial legs to replace his own lost at Birgel, Germany; (3) two more chevrons, a promotion from sergeant to technical sergeant.

A model patient, Sergeant Neppel won the respect and admiration of both fellow patients and hospital duty personnel during his hospitalization.

COLONEL E. L. HERING, D. C.
Assistant to Commanding General
McCloskey General Hospital
Temple, Texas



SERGEANT NEPPEL, SEPT. 1945



T/SERGEANT NEPPEL, FEB. 1946

MITROPOULOS

Sirs:

Your article on Dimitri Mitropoulos (LIFE, Feb. 18) made Minneapolis proud and happy without mak-

MARX BROTHERS . . .
the comedy trio . . . known from Broadway to Hollywood . . . always dependable performers. Starring in David L. Loew's "A Night In Casablanca."



**DEPENDABLE
PERFORMERS**

**Stratford
REGENCY**

Smooth? Mmm! Handsome? Uh *hub*. Dependable? Yes indeed! It's the Stratford Regency—newest of the famous Stratford pens. Everyone's talking about its satin-glide point . . . recessed clip . . . and trigger-quick filler.

Try it! You'll agree the Stratford Regency is a good pen . . . and a great value. Available in smart duotone combinations or rich solid colors.

100
Higher
in Canada

Stratford Pen Corp. • Sales Bldg. • New York 1

STRATFORD
DEPENDABLE PENS and PENCILS

Stratford and Regency—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



SELECTIVE SILENCE

"SELECTIVE SILENCE"! No one who doesn't wear a Sonotone "600" with Bi-Focal Control can ever guess the wonder in those two words...

Here's what they mean, to hearing aid users: You can wear a Sonotone and hear satisfactorily, in almost any kind of racket! At last you can go where the crowd goes... into the clamor and excitement of noisy places... and be at no greater disadvantage than your normal hearing neighbor.

Even in busy streets where horns, voices, brakes and signals build a pyramid of sound, you just switch on your Bi-Focal—go ahead and talk and listen—with less strain and fatigue than ever before possible with a hearing aid.

And then you go into a quiet place where you need every

fraction of hearing. Click! your Bi-Focal switches off again... and just hear your Sonotone "600" perform!

Its great new power and sensitivity bring you a quality of hearing never experienced with any previous hearing instrument! It gives you *farther hearing*, picking up the delicate natural inflections, overtones and undertones of varied voices at really useful distances!


And when you speak, you have positive voice control because you hear *your own tones*. A degree of hearing that millions have hoped for and never expected to find!

"Selective Silence" is one more advance in Sonotone's continuing campaign for better hearing. In 223 Sonotone offices, and at 1511 regularly-held Sonotone Hearing Centers across the nation, trained Consultants are working day by day with more than a hundred thousand

people. As they give never-ending help and counsel to this reborn multitude, they discover the need for new Sonotone wonders—to be produced for you in the world's largest laboratories exclusively devoted to hearing instrument research and service.

Look in your telephone directory—or write Sonotone, Elmsford, N. Y. In Canada, 220 Yonge Street, Toronto.

SONOTONE "600"

 **THESE TWO BUTTONS** say, "Ready for employment!" One, the official emblem of honorable service in the armed forces... The second, the Sonotone button that puts good men back into good jobs.

© 1945, Sonotone Corp.

HER EYES
FLAMED A
PROMISE...
BUT THE
PROMISE
WAS DEATH!



By day...the lovely
toast of Paris
... by night... a
dread avenger...
who disarmed
men with her
beauty as boldly
as she challeng-
ed them with her
sword!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS'
Breath-Taking Adventure
FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

"The Wife of MONTE CRISTO"

starring
JOHN LODER
LENORE HUBERT

with
CHARLES DINGLE · FRITZ KORTNER · EDUARDO CIANELLI
MARTIN KOSLECK · FRITZ FELD
Associate Producer JACK GRANT · Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

ing St. Paul envious—which in itself
is some achievement. . . .

JUERGEN DE RIEL
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

Your fine article on Dimitri Mitro-
poulos sent us back some years to
Athens where we stored up many mus-
ical memories and made some enthus-
iastic prophecies for his career.

It was impossible to see what he
was accomplishing with the semipro-
fessional orchestra, to note his un-
canny memory for scores, to feel the
vibrant strength with which he seemed
to draw a smooth fluidity of sound
from every wall and crack of the old
theater, without realizing that the
world was waiting for him. . . .

Often, as he developed a symphonic
crisis, we feared for the not-too-stur-
dy podium, which would vibrate and
bend under him. The podium always
held, however, and the somber, sway-
ing sorcerer became next day the
calmest of Athenian citizens, striding
through the traffic on University
Avenue or drinking coffee with a
friend. He was a careful dresser then,
too, usually in neat gray flannel or
tweed with a dark-blue beret covering
his baldness. The Greeks had a word
for him at the end of his concerts; let
us in his adopted country echo it:
"Zito, Mitropoulos!"

D. A. Fox
Hagerstown, Md.
● Zito means "bravo," "long
live," etc.—ED.

BATTLE OF MIDWAY

Sirs:

I want to thank you for the splendid
portrayal of the Battle of Midway as
shown in LIFE (Feb. 18).

Our son, Ensign Ralph Holton, was
torpedo officer on the destroyer *Ham-
mann* and he was one of the many
who were killed when his ship ex-
ploded after being torpedoed. We
have had but little information as to
what actually happened at the time of
his death and these pictures clear up
many of the things of which we were
in doubt.

His mother and sister join me in
thanking you.

LEE HOLTON
Kalamazoo, Mich.

JEALOUS WILSON

Sirs:

When in 1916 Colonel Starling
brought President Wilson's wrath
upon his innocent head by tying wife
Edith's shoe (LIFE, Feb. 18), he re-
peated history.

In 1893 Professor Wilson traveled
from Princeton to Baltimore to lec-
ture at the Johns Hopkins Univer-
sity. With him came his first wife,
Ellen, and their young children. They
lodged at 909 McCulloh St. Students,
of whom I was one, forgathered there.
The Wilsons came and went with
quiet and courteous reserve—except
one day.

Baltimore was in the last throes of
the horsecar era. Its streetcars ran
high, battered and bumpy. Southern
gallantry shone, however, when the
bedraggled conductors descended to
the ground to help lady passengers
dismount.

Professor and Mrs. Wilson rode

ANNOUNCING NEW, LASTING HEX

FOR MOTHPROOFING!

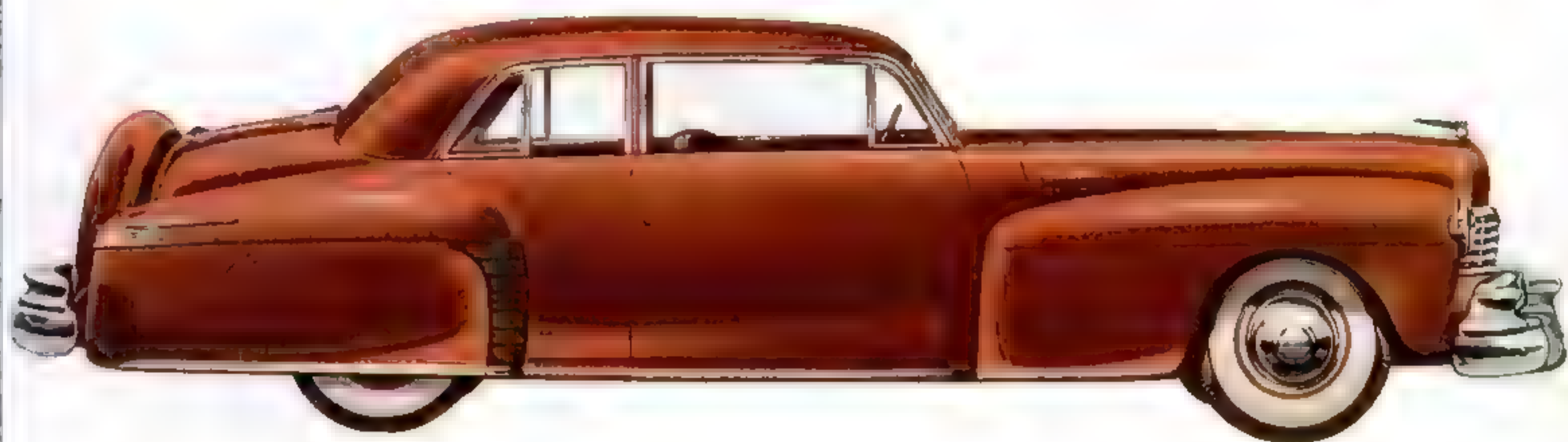


It's new!... It's quick!... It's
sure! One spraying of Hex on
woolens keeps them safe from
moths with no storing or
wrapping necessary! *Scien-
tific tests prove that moths
absolutely will not harm fabrics
treated with Hex. For lasting,
proven protection against
moths—buy economical Hex
today! A Koppers product.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

*Nothing
could be finer*



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL COUPE FOR 1946



DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

HOW GOOD DOES A LOLLIPOP LOOK?



YOU KNOW WHEN YOU **SEE** IT PROTECTED IN CELLOPHANE



WHY IT PAYS TO BUY CELLOPHANE-PROTECTED PRODUCTS

When you see what you buy, you're sure of what you're getting. Wise shoppers, young or old, select products in transparent Du Pont Cellophane because it reveals the quality . . . shows how many . . . what kind . . . how appetizing. But Cellophane does more than just show. It protects what it shows . . . preserves flavor, keeps things clean, delivers your money's worth of original quality.

MOISTUREPROOF



Cellophane
A PRODUCT OF DU PONT RESEARCH
SHOWS what it PROTECTS

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DATE TONIGHT *Mister?*



♪ GONNA KISS HER ONCE ♪



♪ 'N KISS HER TWICE... ♪



♪ 'N KISS HER ONCE AGAIN ♪

Have you tried "At Ease"? This spectacular new men's lotion is certainly going over big with women! You yourself will highly approve of its definitely mannish scent... but you may be surprised to find your wife or sweetheart actually enthusing over it! Originally developed by the makers of Listerine Antiseptic for members of the Armed Services, "At Ease" is a zippy He-man's product that gives your face a wonderful "pick-up." Leaves your skin soft, cool, refreshed, even after the closest shave. Get a bottle—you won't be sorry!

Made by the makers of Listerine Antiseptic

"AT EASE"
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

6 OZ...54% ALCOHOL

50¢



AT ANY DRUG
COUNTER

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

home upon a streetcar. She preceded him as they left it. The dismounted conductor seized her arm. At our boardinghouse that evening the Wilsons took their dining-table seats a bit late. The professor at once burst forth into fierce and angry denunciation of the conductor and the streetcar world. He held us student auditors spellbound. Comely wife Ellen sat serenely through it all, with just a trace of a smile and a touch of pride. . . .

L. G. McCONACHE

Hampton, Va.

HOMESICK VETERAN

Sirs:

All you read about these days is the point system and veterans returning to the U. S. We have a veteran aboard this ship who we believe has seen as much action as anyone but who has no chance of returning to the States. The veteran is a black dog named Blacky.

In June 1944, at the age of two months, she was brought aboard ship by some of the boys at Pearl Harbor and has been part of the crew ever since. She has participated in the D-day landings at Leyte, Mindoro, Lingayen Gulf, Subic Bay, Okinawa and Iheya Shima. She is a veteran of 123 enemy air raids and was in at the finish with us when we made the occupation of Korea. She was plenty scared under fire but never once did she fail to man her general quarters station in the radio shack. Now we are doing repatriation work between China and Japan and Blacky is still with us.

Since the end of the war the crew has been breaking up and now there are only four of us from the old crew left on board. We expect to be returned to the States soon but there is no hope for Blacky. The ship may never return and we hate to think of leaving Blacky out here. We believe that she is entitled to a home and the comforts of civilian life as much as any one of us, and we have the home for her but no way of getting her there, for the present regulations do not permit it. We are writing this in hopes that you or some of your readers may be able to help us solve our problem.

All you dog lovers take a look at your own dog and you'll know how we feel.

PH. M. 2/C JOHN LARONIS
R. M. 1/C JAKE WELER
Q M. 1/C IRWIN GOLDBERG
S. K. 2/C JAMES CHAPPELL

U.S.S. Lst 1006
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



SHE WANTS TO COME HOME



eyes are on
Kayser nylons

... FOR GOOD AND FITTING REASONS

HOSIERY • UNDERTHINGS • GLOVES • LINGERIE **KAYSER**



A TATTOOING EXPERT PRICKS DESIGN INTO THE SHOULDER OF HEAD GAMBLER'S MISTRESS. SHE STOOD THE PAIN BETTER THAN MEN

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... JAP GAMBLERS DECORATE SELVES WITH ELABORATE TATTOOS

In Japan 250 years ago it was a police practice to tattoo criminals for identification before letting them go. The police years ago abandoned this for fingerprinting, but Japanese gamblers and other underworld characters have kept up the old custom and considerably embellished it. Today, as a kind

of proud badge of their profession, they have themselves tattooed with elaborate designs that sometimes take six painful months to complete. The pictures on these pages show the artistic results the gamblers of one Japanese gang have achieved

The job of getting these photographs was a com-

plicated one for LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt and Correspondent Richard E. Lauterbach. They were led blindfolded through muddy back alleys to reach the gamblers' hideout. After the photography they were led back blindfolded and the gamblers, taking no chances, moved to another hideout.



**BOSS GAMBLER HAS ONE OF SEVEN BUDDHIST GODDESSES OF HAPPINESS
ANOTHER JAP GAMBLER HAS CHO-JUN, A LEGENDARY CHINESE FIGURE**



**ELABORATE TATTOO IS OLD DESIGN OF PEONIES AND DRAGONS
THIS TATTOO REPRESENTS MAN DANCING AND HOLDING PEONY**





Cute
CAPABLE

COTTONS that will spotlight you . . . oh so beautifully in your "home" career.

Highlighted especially are the long-awaited zipper front-closing, fine quality percales . . . features of Happy Home frocks. Each is a value in styling and workmanship.

Reliance Manufacturing Company
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago
1350 Broadway, New York City



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

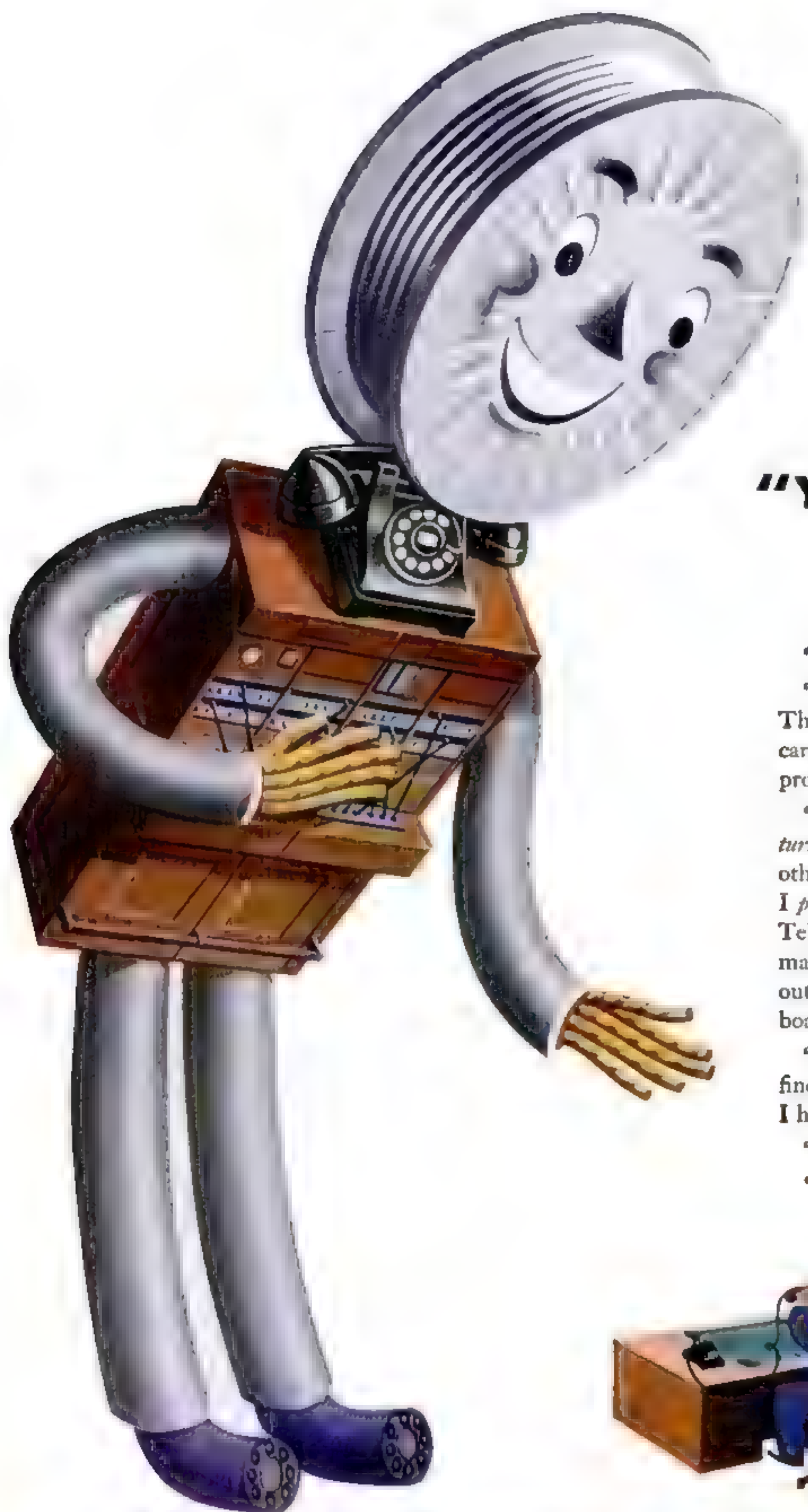
RELIANCE



THIS TATTOO REPRESENTS THE GOD OF SUN, FIRE, WATER



THIS IS DEVIL JAP DEVIL IS WOMAN WHO HIDES HER LEGS



"You rang for me?"

"I have been working for you for years.

"That telephone in your hand, I made. The long thin wires, the stout cables that carry your voice at the speed of light . . . I provided them, too.

"I've been busy...since 1882...*manufacturing* telephones, switchboards, cable and other Bell System apparatus and equipment. I *purchase* supplies of all kinds for the Bell Telephone companies . . . *distribute* all this material and equipment to them throughout the nation. I *install* central office switchboards.

"Our nation's telephone service is the finest and most economical in all the world. I help make it possible.

"Remember my name . . .

"It's Western Electric."



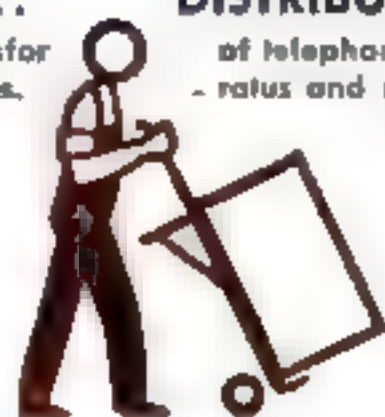
MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.



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FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



Western Electric

Look Lovelier Today...and tomorrow



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion;
it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults;
the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds;
and it stays on for hours without retouching



Give your beauty a younger, more glamorous
look today...and help keep your skin young
looking for tomorrow. Do this with "Pan-Cake"...
the glamour make-up that also safeguards
the skin against sun and wind which often bring
drying, aging signs tomorrow

Originated by *Max Factor Hollywood*
for the screen stars, "Pan-Cake" is now the
favored fashion of millions.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up



*Pan-Cake. Trade Mark Reg U S Pat. Off

June Allyson

HAT BY KENETH HOPKINS PHOTO BY CLARENCE EDIE

IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"TWO SISTERS from BOSTON"

*Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood*

LIFE'S REPORTS



IN "LOST WEEKEND" MILLAND REELS UP NEW YORK'S THIRD AVENUE

"LOST WEEKEND" HANGOVER

Milland is haunted by alcoholic he portrayed

by OLIVER JENSEN

The early morning sun was just barely glinting on the shiny tip of the Chrysler Building when a disreputable-looking character slipped quietly out of the alcoholic ward of New York's Bellevue Hospital and stumbled drunkenly west toward Third Avenue. He wore only a pair of white hospital pajamas and a shabby blue overcoat. His face was adorned with a three-day growth of beard. To passers-by on the nearly deserted street he was merely a hung-over bum, and only the small knot of cameramen behind the vanishing figure knew him to be entirely sober Ray Milland, busily enacting a scene from the movie *The Lost Weekend*.

At the corner of Third Avenue, Milland turned left, scuffing moodily until sure he was out of the field of the distant camera. Then he looked up, right into the eyes of an Irish cop.

"Just a minute, son," said the cop, grabbing him by the shoulder. "And where would you be going?"

"I'm making a picture," began Milland.

"Sure, sure," said the policeman, eying Milland's clothes with an experienced eye. "Right out of the psycho ward, eh?"

"Look, it's a moving picture. A moving picture about drunks."

"Let's go find out about it, shall we?" said the cop, good-naturedly starting out for the police station with Milland in custody. Only after extensive argument and display of documents by the feverish director was the law convinced of the actor's true identity.

This lamentable state of affairs, by which Milland is continuously confused with the role he brought to life—dipsomaniac Don Birnam—has been dogging his daily life ever since. It is a burden and a bore but it is also a tribute to an excellent acting job, a tribute measurable not only by the plaudits of critics and industry—even the liquor industry—and the huge box-office grosses of *The Lost Weekend*, but in small financial ways as well. For example, most well-known actors like Milland receive from time to time direct requests for photographs from their feminine fans. Such requests, according to Milland, frequently used to be accompanied by small monies, dimes and quarters, to pay for the mailing and expense. Now, he says, he receives many letters enclosing two, three and even four single dollar bills. The letters ask not for the usual smiling portrait but for hideous poses of himself as the drunken Don Birnam. It is notable that most such requests come

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Queen Quality

shoes... \$6.95



Superbly Styled
Smoothly Fit
Proudly Worn



Take a long step toward beauty realization...
wear Queen Qualities to enhance the
loveliness of your feet... to add coveted
fashion-model smartness to your silhouette.



QUEEN QUALITY SHOE CO.
DIV. INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS



"I want to make a confession"

PLENTY of people make mistakes, but few are as honest about admitting them as Mrs. I. O. Siler, who lives down in Mesena, Georgia.

She wrote us a letter recently, and her first words were: "I want to make a confession..."

What terrible thing had Mrs. Siler done? And why confess to us?

Well, it seems that her "sin" was to go along for years thinking Pequot Sheets were too *luxurious* to buy for her household of five. Until a good friend gave her a pair of Pequots. And then, says she:

"Being experimental-minded, I proceeded to make a detailed comparison between those Pequots and my lower-priced bed linens. I found I had been cheating myself shamefully!"

Not only did those Pequot Sheets last much longer, but, says Mrs. Siler:

"They were so comfortable, and so easy to keep white. From now on, my budget calls for Pequots, and Pequots only!"

If you are the hard-to-convince, "show me" kind of gal, there's nothing else to do but make your own comparison. Buy several brands of sheets, including Pequots, and see for yourself which gives smoothest comfort and longest wear.

But if you'd like to enjoy the best at once, why not benefit by Mrs. Siler's "confession"... and buy Pequots *exclusively*?

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking



so long-wearing

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

from men. In fact practically the only reasonable letter Milland has received came from a 13-year-old girl in Long Beach, Calif. who wrote, "I think your picture is the best peice of acting I've ever seen. Congragulations!!"

In spite of these heartfelt tributes, however, Milland has found the meed of success not unmixed with gall. The hideous truth began to dawn on him right after *The Lost Weekend* was completed. After a first screening of the rough cut of the film for members of the cast and others who worked on the production, Charles Brackett, the producer, led a small group across the street to Luccy's bar, a Paramount hangout, and ordered a round of drinks. Milland, who drinks very little, picked up his glass and raised it to his lips. Then his eyes wandered to the mirror behind the bar. He froze. The entire group, fresh from the movie, was staring at him with beady-eyed fascination.

Prototype of a drunk

A married man and a father, Milland, like most sensible motion-picture actors, spends most of his evenings at home, retiring early in order to keep the long hours required at the studio. Now he has new reasons. He is a man pursued by a cliché. Waiters in Hollywood restaurants and night-clubs have taken a hearty, sickeningly playful attitude toward his double personality. They shake their heads jovially when he orders a drink. "Better stay on that wagon, Mr. Milland," they tell him. In a nightclub the wine steward took his order in a loud stage whisper, returning presently with a colorless gin and tonic. Setting it down elaborately in front of Milland, he grimaced to the appreciative crowd at adjoining tables and observed loudly, "It's all right, folks. Just water, that's all!"

Driving along in his car the other day, Milland was noticed by a large party of sailors and their girls who passed him, wildly leaning out of their own car and shrieking, "Still on that bender?" In a drive-in sandwich stand a group of high-school boys and girls spotted him and immediately surrounded his car as they staggered about burlesquing

Smoke Smudge quickly erased...



by its longer polishing action!

● Are your teeth discolored by ugly smoke smudge—or other surface discolorations? Then make these 3 discoveries.

- 1 Most dentifrices disperse and *stop* polishing long before you finish brushing your teeth.
- 2 Your teeth need longer polishing action.
- 3 You get this longer polishing action from Iodent No. 2, made by a Dentist. It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth *up to twice as long*. They do not dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes precious jewelry.

Watch the natural sparkle of your teeth return. You'll see why Iodent No. 2 is America's favorite for teeth hard to bryten. Tooth Paste or Powder.

IODENT

and for teeth easy to bryten—especially children IODENT No. 1.



"Thank goodness there's no more quarrelling in my family!"

The twins and I have discovered Wunderhose, that's why! No more snitching stockings from my drawer, no more borrowing from each other.

You see, smooth-finish

Wunderhose, just like mine, come in styles especially shaped to fit their slim teenage legs. So now the girls prefer their own stockings to mine—and the perfect fit gives them longer wear, too.

Of course, we all wear Wunderhose anklets...

They come in my size as well as the youngsters',

and in the prettiest shades. As a matter of fact the name "Wunderhose" has come to mean complete stocking satisfaction for all the feminine members of my brood.

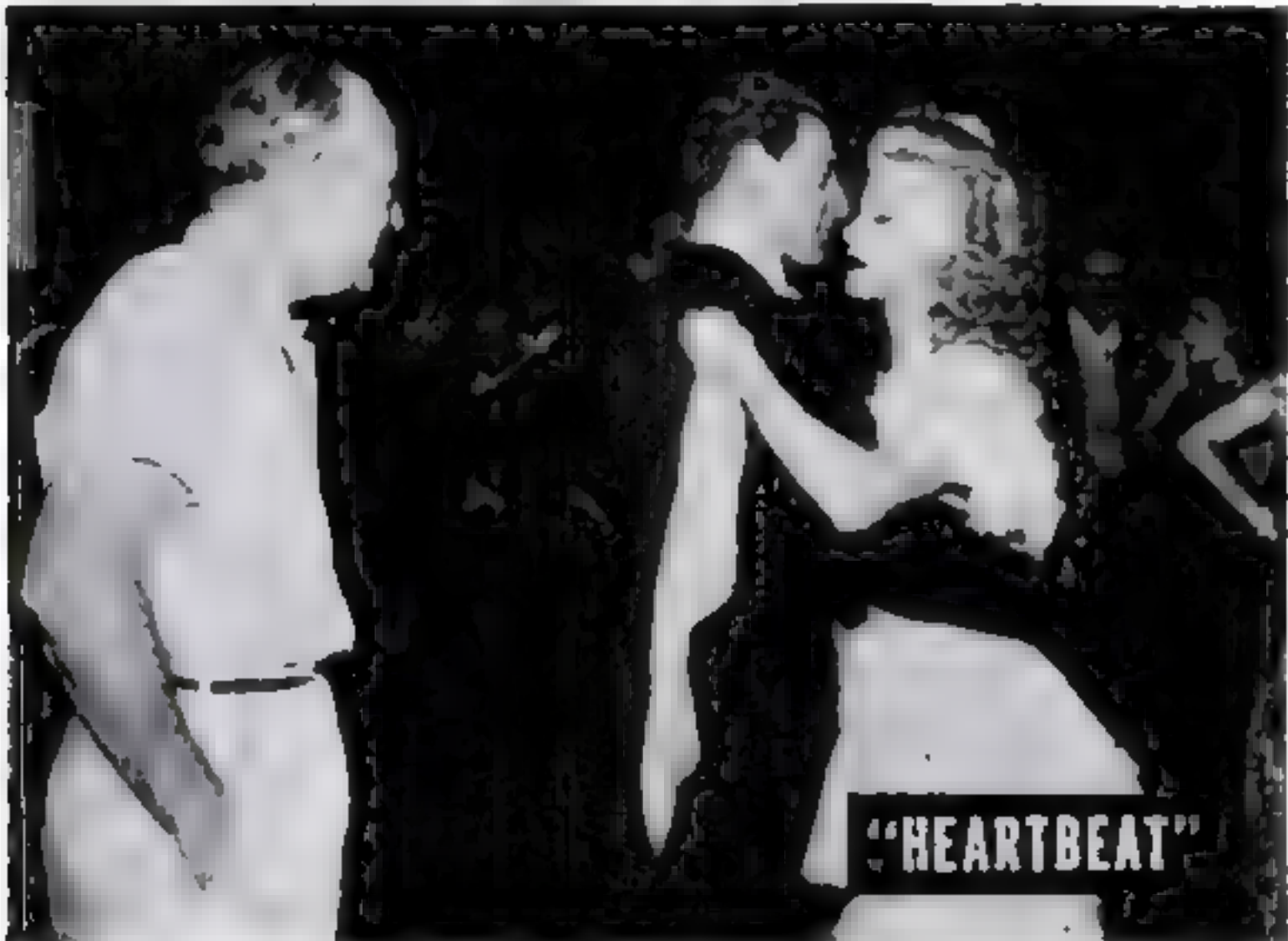


Wunderhose

also EVERWEAR AND ARROWHEAD HOSIERY
RICHMOND HOSIERY MILLS, ROSSVILLE, GA.

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

Hollywood at work... Big stars caught off-guard between scenes... Big stars before the cameras.



"HEARTBEAT"

"Hold her tighter!" Sam Wood (left) directs star, GINGER ROGERS, and leading man, JEAN PIERRE AUMONT, in scene for "Heartbeat." Script requirements: She steals his watch... he steals her heart. Paris-flavored film is a Hakim-Wood Production, released by RKO.



"FROM THIS DAY FORWARD"

Just married... and just delighted! Beaming bride, JOAN FONTAINE, and proud bridegroom, MARK STEVENS, revel in their first moment alone since moving into their own apartment. Tender scene is from RKO's "From This Day Forward," a gay story of modern marriage.



JESSE JAMES



FRANK JAMES



GRAT DALTON



BOB DALTON



BILL DALTON



BELLE STARR



HANK MCGEE



SAM BASS

BANDITRY'S HALL OF INFAMY! ALL THE BOLD, BAD CHARACTERS OF THE EARLY WEST... IN ACTION... IN ONE SPECTACULAR MOTION PICTURE.

Famed outlaws grab spotlight in "Badman's Territory," RKO's epic drama of a thrill-jammed era. No kid glove affair, film savagely depicts howling inferno created by the early West's worst bad men. RANDOLPH SCOTT, ANN RICHARDS and GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES are starred.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE



At the risk of being a little inelegant, Friend...

You should know that sometimes you telegraph your presence... even when people can't see you.

Underarm odor will do it. And very unpleasantly, too.

You trust your shower to rid you of *past* perspiration. That's all right. But you'd better start trusting Mum to protect you against risk of *future* underarm odor.

"Mister...
You'll need 'em
more than
she will!"

Flowers are fragrant... but they're no help if your own bouquet precedes you. Quick and easy to use, Mum goes on in just thirty seconds, and keeps you free from underarm odor all day or all evening.

And Mum's safe. Won't harm your shirt or your skin. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals.

Get Mum first. Then get the flowers. You'll go further, friend. Get Mum today. Any drug counter.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum helps a man
make the grade

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

the role of Don Birnam. Whispers go up and down the back entrances on Milland's street in Beverly Hills as the cooks and maids discuss the town's prize "inebriate." "Does he drink much at home, Marie?" seems to be the prevailing question. One local storekeeper is convinced (without further evidence) that "any man who acts that way must have been drinking for 15 years." Several repetitions of this remark have led to what is now a firmly established belief in the neighborhood that Milland has been on a 15-year bat.

Even the people with whom he works, the supposedly unimpressible movie technicians, have caught the bug. Out on location one night not long ago Milland was beckoned to one side by several "grips" and electricians. They took him behind some wagons on a set and, with elaborate secretiveness, produced a bottle. "Here, Ray, have a snort," they whispered.

A household word

It was inevitable that Hollywood jokesmiths should adopt Milland as their own. Columnists use him frequently in gags like this: "So-and-so has invented a new type of home bar. When you want a drink you push a button and Ray Milland pops out and breathes in your face." Such is the illusion of the screen that Milland enters current popular folklore as a drunk, just as simple-minded Americans have typed Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, stars of *Going My Way*, as priests. And even *The Lost Weekend* itself has found a place in the language since "Let's lose a weekend" became a standard invitation to a drink.

From its early beginnings *The Lost Weekend* aimed at the

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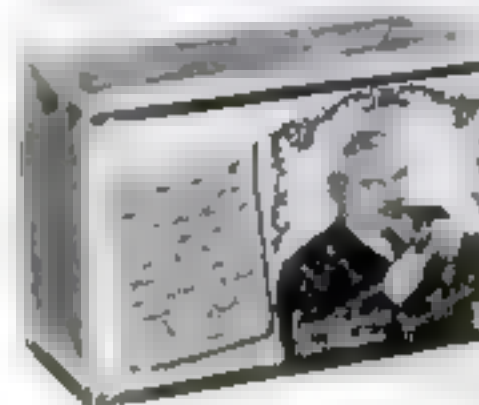
ON BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY Milland and his wife visit a New York nightclub. He drinks moderately.



For pipe joy, I recommend pipefuls of cool and surprisingly pleasing

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

ECONOMY-LUXURY



25
Pleasureful
Pipefuls
25¢

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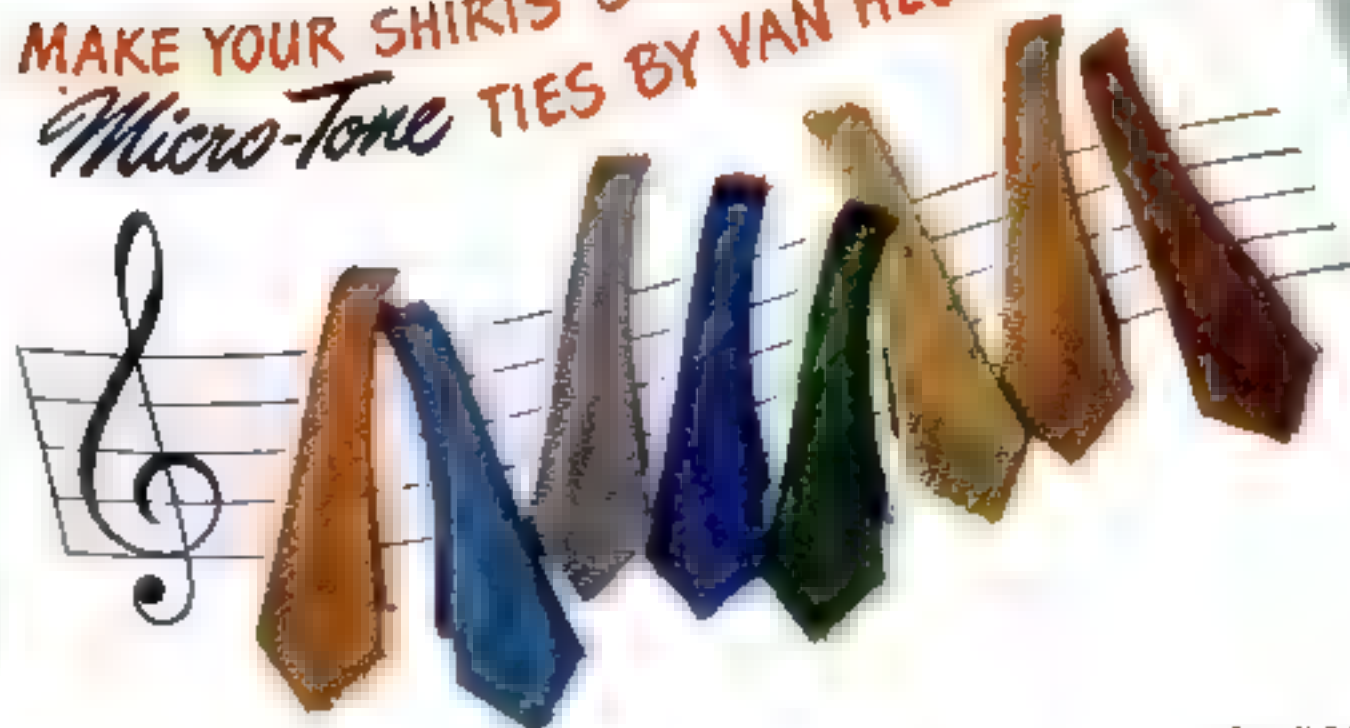
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1907
FOR
QUALITY
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All on the Right Note



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collar styling, all Sanforized and endorsed
by the American Laundry Institute. A new shirt free
if a Van Heusen shrinks out of size. Good pickings
— no matter how choosy you are!

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New Flying Getaway
at the Light...
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on Hills, in Traffic!

"Try Me—Flying
Horsepower!"

Tune In
"Information Please"
Monday Evenings,
9:30 E.S.T.—NBC



PILOT TO DRIVER . . . The Flying Horsepower you get from New Mobilgas results from the same ingredients that gave the superior Fighting Power to our 100 Octane Aviation Gasoline

If there's "life in the old bus yet," here's one sure way to prove it... try Flying Horsepower... just fill up with New Mobilgas and step on it!

You'll get instant starting . . .

You'll get rousing pickup and getaway . . .

You'll get the peppiest performance since new-car day . . .

Because New Mobilgas offers all the power your car's engine was built to utilize!

That's what war-proved Flying Horsepower is doing for thousands of cars today. That's what's making New Mobilgas sales soar from Coast to Coast.

Next time *your* gauge reads low, head for the sign of the famous Flying Red Horse—the Sign of America's favorite gasoline—and Friendly Service.

SOCONY VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of Calif.

NEW Mobilgas *GIVES FLYING HORSEPOWER*

very realism from which Milland is now a hopeless fugitive. Those who have seen the picture will remember that Birnam, desperately seeking money to buy liquor, walks for miles up Third Avenue, trying to pawn his typewriter.

Prudently deciding that no part of southern California or, for that matter, the entire world looks so much like New York's dingy Third Avenue as Third Avenue itself, the producing-directing team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder chose to make that part of the picture in New York. "Process photography," that is, the use of rear-projection background, they felt would not look sufficiently realistic. But the trouble they saved in duplicating Third Avenue's motley stores, hock shops and gin mills and in reproducing its rickety and ancient streetcars was, alas, offset by the special difficulties involved in making a big-time motion picture in the middle of a great city. The minute word gets around that a movie company is at work, vast, curious, unmanageable crowds collect and whole blocks become unusable. Thus it was necessary to disguise both the camera and the actor and to clothe the entire operation with a spylike secrecy.

Fooling the public

The scenes along the trek were photographed two blocks at a time, during regular business hours. Milland, stubby-bearded, badly mussed and without make-up, would sit waiting in a cab at the corner. By the corner would be a large, innocent-looking packing case of the kind which normally accommodates a piano or store-size refrigerator. Inside would be a hot, impatient cameraman who might have been waiting for hours, perhaps since 6 a.m. Across the street on the corner would be an assistant director as tip-off man. When he would wave to indicate the coast was clear, Milland would get out of the cab and start beating his way along the avenue, pausing first to rap a signal on the packing box with his typewriter case. On other occasions he would walk toward the camera. Still other times the camera would follow him along, shooting

Exercise helps keep her regular...

What about you?

Does your daily work
rob you of time
for healthful exercise?
If so, perhaps you need Saraka,
to help you keep regular.



You know how it is... tired down all day to household chores... or sitting at an office desk. Then in the evening you sit some more... in the movies, at bridge, or just reading. And sitting isn't exercise.

This lack of healthful exercise can often leave you with a sluggish system. And when intestinal muscles get out of the habit of properly doing their normal work, they may become lazy.

Saraka can relieve your sluggishness the modern scientific way, with its happy combination of two pure vegetable ingredients... Bassorin and Cortex Frangula. They work smoothly together to help you to greater regularity.

Helps Intestinal Action

Bassorin absorbs water and forms the kind of soft, smooth BULK your system needs and often lacks.

Why BULK? It gives the intestinal muscles something to take hold of and helps the "kneading" action, so necessary to healthful elimination.

Bulk Plus Motility Does It

Then the specially prepared Cortex Frangula encourages intestinal muscles to keep waste products in motion. Thus, Saraka gives you BULK plus MOTILITY... the ideal laxative combination.

No Purging

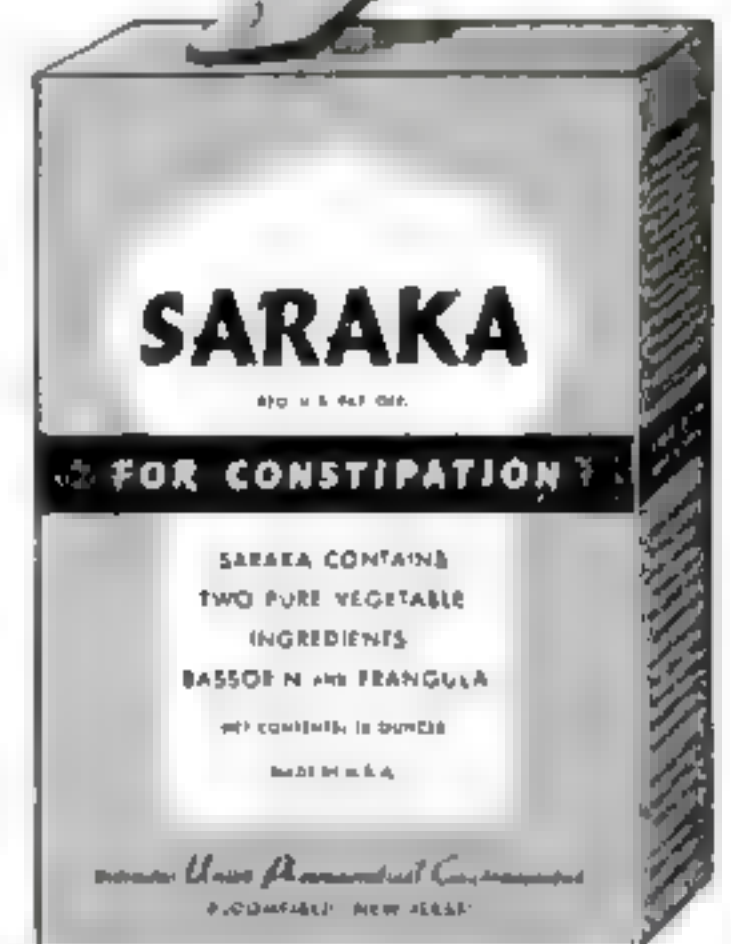
With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative.

There's no purging action. No violent irritation that whips intestinal muscles into frantic activity. No after-effect that leaves you weakened, tired and listless.

Instead, Saraka provides mild, thorough laxation that helps you to greater regularity.

Ask Your Doctor

We're confident your doctor will say you may take Saraka whenever needed. And it's pleasant to take... pleasant after taking. As you know, you should never take a laxative when appendicitis is indi-



cated, for that reason we say caution: use only as directed.

If you lack time for healthful exercise and find you're constipated... you owe it to yourself to try Saraka. Get a package today, at any drug counter. Or, if first you'd like a sample, mail the coupon.

SARAKA, Department 458, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Without obligation on my part please send free trial package of SARAKA.

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your Style-line starts at your bust-line

There is a key to style, so easy to get, so important to have. A young firm bust-line is a basic need, a "Perma-lift" bra will do so much to help you achieve it easily, comfortably. In a "Perma-lift" bra the famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below, retain that support through countless washings and wear. A "Perma-lift" bra is so utterly unlike any other bra that you'll experience a new thrill the first time you wear it. Ask for a "Perma-lift" bra today at your favorite corset department. Priced 1 25 to 2 50

* Perma-lift and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stern & Company, Inc. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRY IT THE TRADEMARKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME



Write your pen troubles away with this new ink!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK WORKS THE MAGIC!

"S'MATTER, MOM, IS YOUR PEN STUFFED-UP?"

Sure, sonny, your mom's addressing those invitations with just ordinary high-acid ink. And high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles! Why don't you tip her off to Quink—the kind your teacher uses. It contains *solv-x* to protect pens.



"USE MY QUINK. IT CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!"

Smart boy! No wonder your school papers won all those gold stars for neatness! And Quink does much more than keep pens free-flowing. For while ordinary high-acid inks damage vital pen parts, *solv-x* in Parker Quink guards against metal corrosion and rubber rot.



"OH, BOY! DOESN'T THAT SOLV-X MAKE A DIFFERENCE?"

Smooth writing now, isn't it lady? And brilliant! That's why Quink is America's largest-selling ink. That's why new millions are switching to Quink. And remember, only this ink developed by Parker scientists, contains wonder-working *solv-x*. Yet Quink costs no more than other inks!

Copy, 1946 by The Parker Pen Company



Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting and even flow.
2. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
3. Cleans a pen as it writes... keeps it out of the repair shop.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by ordinary high-acid inks.

Stop pen troubles before they start! Quink with *solv-x* comes in 1 permanent, 5 washable colors at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., consm., and Toronto, Canada.



PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

from a laundry truck, or it would be hidden in an empty store front or second-story window.

For three weeks this continued, scarcely anyone ever recognizing Milland. But there was one exception: one day Milland was recognized by a passing motorist who afterward telephoned to one of Milland's close friends in the Paramount organization in New York. "I just want to tell you," he said, "that I saw your friend Ray Milland dead drunk on Third Avenue. If I were you I'd try to get hold of him and straighten him out."

Meanwhile the letters are pouring in to the Milland home and studio. Some, written in the slanting, unsteady hand of the true souse, are wild pleas for help. These Milland refers to proper medical authorities. Many come from the frantic wives, children and relatives of other lifelong rum pots, seeking advice and usually diving right into the subject with such opening sentences as, "My husband has been drunk for 40 years." Still others are from Prohibitionists, a few full of praise, others frankly angry. Apparently many moviegoers cannot accept Milland merely as an excellent actor; in their eyes he must be either the champion of temperance or the human incarnation of Satan and John Barleycorn.

Indeed, worst of all to the melancholy Milland are the accusing letters: "You have given my father new ideas on ways to find liquor"; "My brother just pawned the ice-box." One woman complained that her husband had picked up a lot of tricks after seeing Milland at work hiding his bottles in odd places about the house. "Now," she wrote, "every day we have to feel the bag of the vacuum cleaner."



AT HOME with his 6-year-old son Danny, Milland reads some of his fan mail from agonized alcoholics.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker" WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
STAYS PUT

FINGER-
TIP
RELEASE



CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first)
(for military aircraft—now for your car)

**DON'T SHOOT YOUR
GAS-PUMP MAN!**

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



PATENTS
MAKE JOBS

After all, it's your car to protect. So you remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war... on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too... because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer! May save you a costly smashup. Ask for RAIN MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

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The smart looking Kirsten is instantly recognized as a really fine pipe. The light-weight duralumin radiator condenses and traps tars, oils and moisture... no tongue-bite nor throat irritation. Each puff of smoke is delightfully cooled. The Kirsten Pipe is clean and easy to keep clean.



The Kirsten
"RADIATOR" PIPE

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as the Great Ziegfeld, plans his great est, most spectacular show!



LUCILLE BALL

as the whip-wielding Queen of those gorgeous Panther Girls!



ESTHER WILLIAMS

The lovely Bathing Beauty in an Under water wonder world!



KEENAN WYNN

tries to make a phone call—and it's a long distance laugh-riot!



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Love songs, dance and spectacle in a midnight masquerade.



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They don't pay the two dollars, but deliver 2,000 laughs!



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THE BIRTH OF MOTION PICTURES!

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Fred ASTAIRE ★ Lucille BREMER

thrillingly dance into your heart singing "This Heart of Mine."



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wins the sweepstakes—and it's uproarious comedy at every turn!



LENA HORNE

makes "Love" the sultry song sensation of this or any year!



RED SKELTON

shows the fun in store when Television comes!



Fred ASTAIRE ★ Lucille BREMER

in "Limelight Blues"... a love-dream in moody Chinatown.



JUDY GARLAND

thrills you with song and dance in a rollicking musical satire!



Fred ASTAIRE ★ Gene KELLY

terrific tapping twosome in a high-stepping Gershwin number!



IN TECHNICOLOR!

KATHRYN GRAYSON

sings the Grand Finale, a high note in Technicolor melody!



BUNIN'S PUPPETS • CYD CHARISSE • HUME CRONYN
WILLIAM FRAWLEY • ROBERT LEWIS • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Songs! "This Heart of Mine" and "Beauty", by Harry Warren and Arthur Freed. • "Love", by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. "The Interview", by Kay Thompson and Roger Edens.

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These four pictures of "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by Petty—in 8"x10" pin-up size and in full color—can be yours for only 25¢! Use coupon below—and use it fast—for supply is limited!

M-G-M, BOX 1096, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me full-color pin-up pictures of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by Petty as advertised. I enclose 25¢ for all four.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



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THERE'S ONLY ONE
KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

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LIFE'S COVER

Back from the UNO meeting in London, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg last week made an important speech. The time has come, he said, to take a firm stand toward Russia. "We can live together in reasonable harmony if the U.S. speaks as plainly on all occasions as Russia does. . . if the U.S. just as vigorously sustains its own purposes and its ideals upon all occasions as Russia does. . . The situation calls for patience and good will but not for varillation." (For more on Vandenberg and other senators up for election this year, see pages 97 through 103.)

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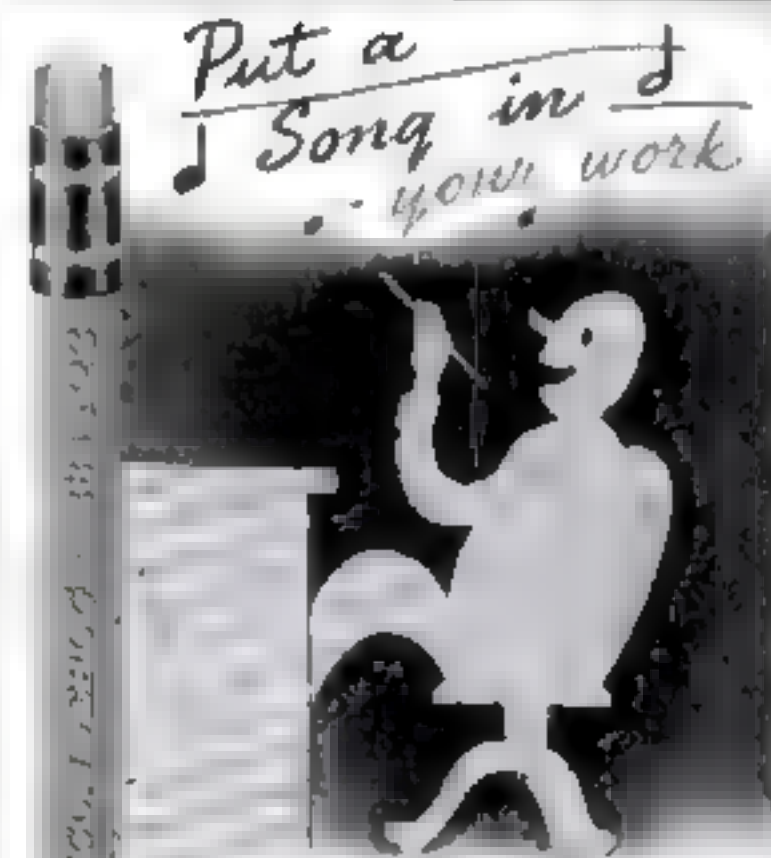
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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

The Pope Creates New Cardinals	31
Editorial: "Dear Congressman . . ."	38
Philadelphia Police Corner Striker	39
Exercise Musk Ox Tests Arctic War	40
Chorus Girls Solve Diaper Crisis	41
"Bungalow Biddy" Lays Houses	47

ARTICLE

Report on the Occupation, by John Dos Passos	104
--	-----

CLOSE-UP

Hormel The Spam Man, by Frances Lavison	63
---	----

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

33 Senators Face Election	97
---------------------------	----

SPORTS

Chicago Black Hawks Lead Hockey League in Scoring	53
---	----

MOVIES

"Make Mine Music"	56
-------------------	----

RADIO

Zany Radio	73
------------	----

ART

Julio de Diego Paints Weird War and Peace	80
---	----

MODERN LIVING

Naked at Bergdorf's	85
---------------------	----

SCIENCE

Atom Bomb Effects	91
New Range Finder Guides the Blind	121

TRANSPORTATION

Flying Tigers Start Freight Airline	127
-------------------------------------	-----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors	4
Speaking of Pictures: Jap Gamblers Decorate Selves with Tattoos	12
LIFE's Reports: "Lost Weekend" Hangover	17
LIFE Goes to a Dancing School	134
Miscellany: California Women Studies Friendly Reptiles	138

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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer Wallace Kirkland traveled 700 miles into frozen Canada for his pictures of Exercise Musk Ox (pp. 40-43), struggled with nightmarish protective clothing, used a toboggan and an airplane to get his shots. He felt he had reached a high point of his career when he donned a face mask (see left) to protect him against the subarctic cold, was let down hard when he had to take it off because its too-narrow eye slits made camera focusing impossible.

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34, 35—Drawings for LIFE by FRED VIDA	103—HAROLD CARTER
36, 37—INT.	104 through 118—EDWARD CLARK
39—DOMINIC LICATO from A.P.	121—WERNER WOLFF from B.S.—diagram by MATT GREENE
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42, 43—WALLACE KIRKLAND	ADELE VON BECKENDORFF-GUDENT
44—ALBERT MOSSE from A.P.	128—JACK MANNING etc. second from L. MARK KAUFFMAN
47, 48, 50—YALE JOEL	130—MARK KAUFFMAN—JACK MANNING—MARK KAUFFMAN—JACK MANNING
53, 54, 55—FRANK SCHERSCHEL	133—MARK KAUFFMAN—MARK KAUFFMAN
56—ADELE VON BECKENDORFF-GUDENT—REX HARDY JR. BOB LANDRY, ACME	ADELE VON BECKENDORFF-GUDENT
57, 58, 59, 60—WALT DISNEY released through RKO	134, 135, 136, 137—BRADLEY SMITH
61—WALLACE KIRKLAND	138, 139, 140—BOB ETTINGER
64—Cartoon by BOT. RALPH STEIN from "YANK, THE ARMY WEEKLY"	
65—Permission "THE NEW YORKER" © THE F. R. PUBLISHING CORP.	
68—WALLACE KIRKLAND	
73—ROLAND BANSOM for DETROIT NEWS	
74—RALPH CHANE FROM B.S.—HARVEY WEBER-G.H.—A.L. GRASSUTIS	
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80—BERNARD HOFFMAN	
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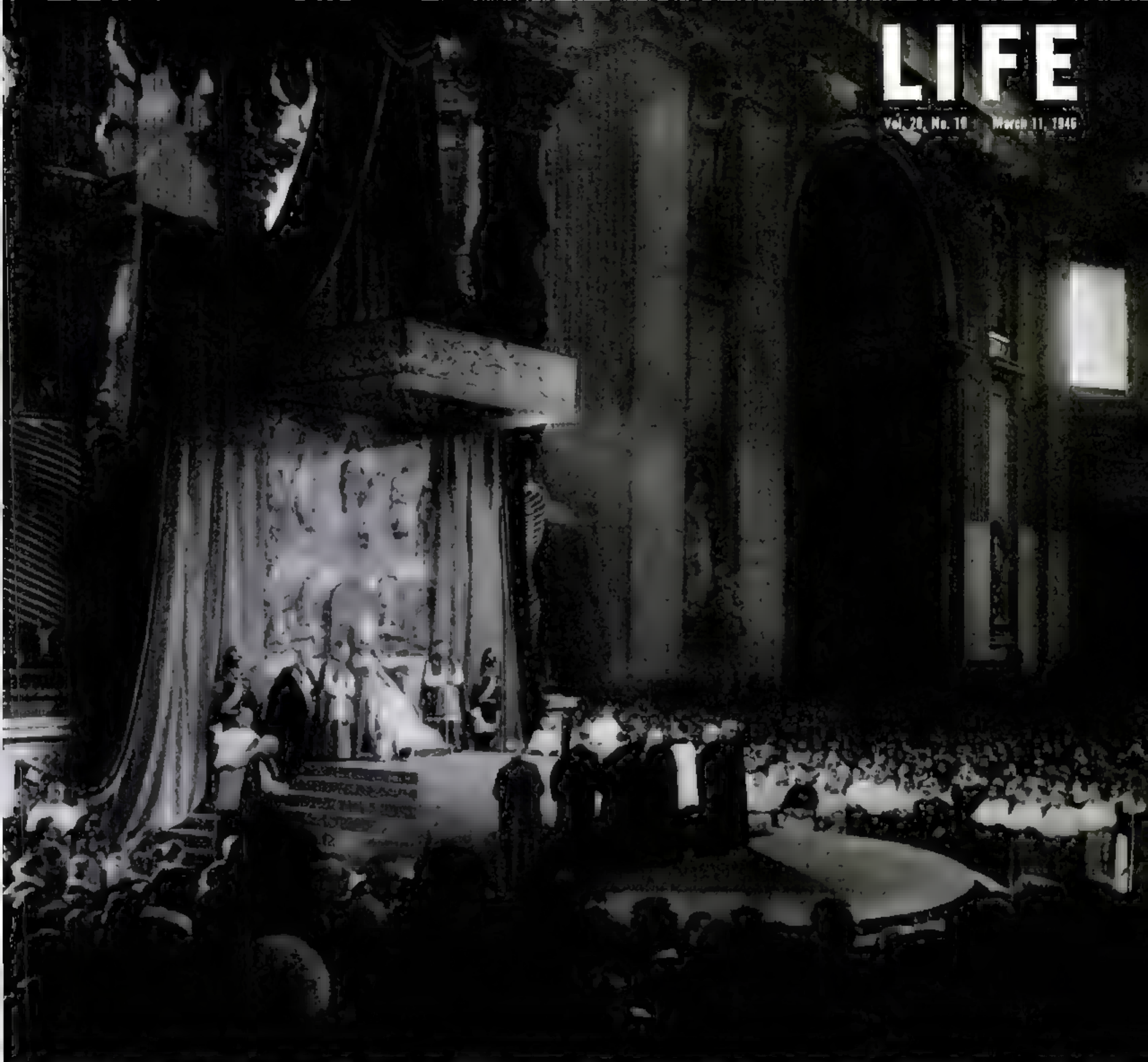
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



AS PUBLIC CONSISTORY BEGINS, PIUS XII, ENTHRONED IN ST. PETER'S, HEARS PLEAS TO CANONIZE NEW SAINTS, INCLUDING MOTHER GABRINI OF CHICAGO

THE POPE CREATES NEW CARDINALS

In a glory of ecclesiastical pageantry that mingled medieval tradition with modern, the Church of Rome last week wrote a new, significant page in its history by elevating 32 new members to the Sacred College of Cardinals. From the moment on Feb. 18 when Pope Pius XII read to old cardinals in secret consistory the names of the 32 new members until the ceremonies were climaxed four days later with the public consistory in St. Peter's, nothing lacked to show the world that the Church was strengthening itself for the postwar world. The public consistory—from the pleas for canonization of new saints (*above*) through the symbolic

induction of the new cardinals—was conducted with the pomp with which the Church always surrounds its historic occasions.

The Pope, by appointing more new cardinals from the Western Hemisphere, Australia, China, underscored "the supranational character" of the Church. Four of the cardinals were American and, for the first time in six centuries, Italians were in the minority in the Sacred College. The consistory was an occasion as largely temporal as the Church's Eucharistic Congresses are spiritual, and the Pope did not hesitate to make political utterances. Principally he pointed at Russia and

Communist ideology as the prime foe of Catholicism. In a worldwide broadcast he condemned worship of the state and—in an implied scolding of U.S. and England for having submitted to Russian demands—deplored forcible repatriation of peoples. In a later speech he said that in 1941 he had refrained from indicating any approval or encouragement of a war against Russia because his "constant preoccupation" was to stop war. The Pope expanded by 50% membership in the Congregation for the Oriental Church which has ecclesiastical powers in southeastern Europe and the Middle East, to combat Russian ascendancy there.



IN THE SPLENDOR OF ST. PETER'S the Sacred College of Cardinals, meeting in public consistory, sit at foot of Pope's throne on double rows of benches facing one another across broad central aisle. The Pope is flanked by members of his court and noble guards. Here a group of new cardinals, wearing white ermine capes over purple

robes, are lined up to make obeisance at the throne. One is ascending steps, another already has completed ceremony and is returning to seat. Behind cardinals in tiers sit Vatican diplomat, prelates, relatives of cardinals and high Catholic laity. General public is massed outside reserved area while gendarmes keep central aisle clear for recessional.



ASCENDING HIS THRONE, the Pope, wearing miter, is assisted by monsignors who arrange his heavily embroidered red and gold robes. Throne is above St. Peter's tomb.



THE PAPAL EMBRACE greets the new cardinals after they have come up and made obeisance to the Pope by kissing his slipper. Here Pope embraces von Galen of Germany.



THE RED HAT, held by the attendant at far right, is bestowed when cardinals make second trip to throne. The Pope and attendants here are awaiting a cardinal's approach.



FINAL ACT is placing broad-brimmed hat on purple-robed cardinal. Same hat was used for all throughout ceremony. Later each cardinal was sent individual hat to keep.



POPE DESCENDS THRONE as public consistory, during which vast throng stood or knelt 1½ hours, nears end. His robes were so cumbersome he needed constant help.



CARRIED ALOFT on *Sedia Gestatoria*, Pontiff blesses people as he leaves. His bearers circle the main altar and then pass down the central aisle to chant of Sistine Choir.

Consistory CONTINUED

CEREMONY WAS GIVEN MODERN STAGING AMID RENAISSANCE GRANDEUR OF ST. PETER'S

For weeks before the consistory workmen swarmed over gigantic St. Peter's Basilica. They heightened its vast Renaissance grandeur with rich damask draperies, installed floodlights strong enough for Technicolor movies and prepared for the army of press and radio correspondents who covered the event. A triple microphone stood before the papal throne. Everywhere dazzling floodlights lit the scenes depicted here by LIFE Artist Frede Vidar. In all its 440-year history St. Peter's had never beheld such activities but, for all its modern trappings, the ceremony was in the Church's tradition of elaborate, dramatic pageantry.



HALL OF BENEDICTIONS, glimpsed through doorway, was where the Pontiff bestowed birettas, small hats, before the final ceremonies. Italian gendarmes stand guard.



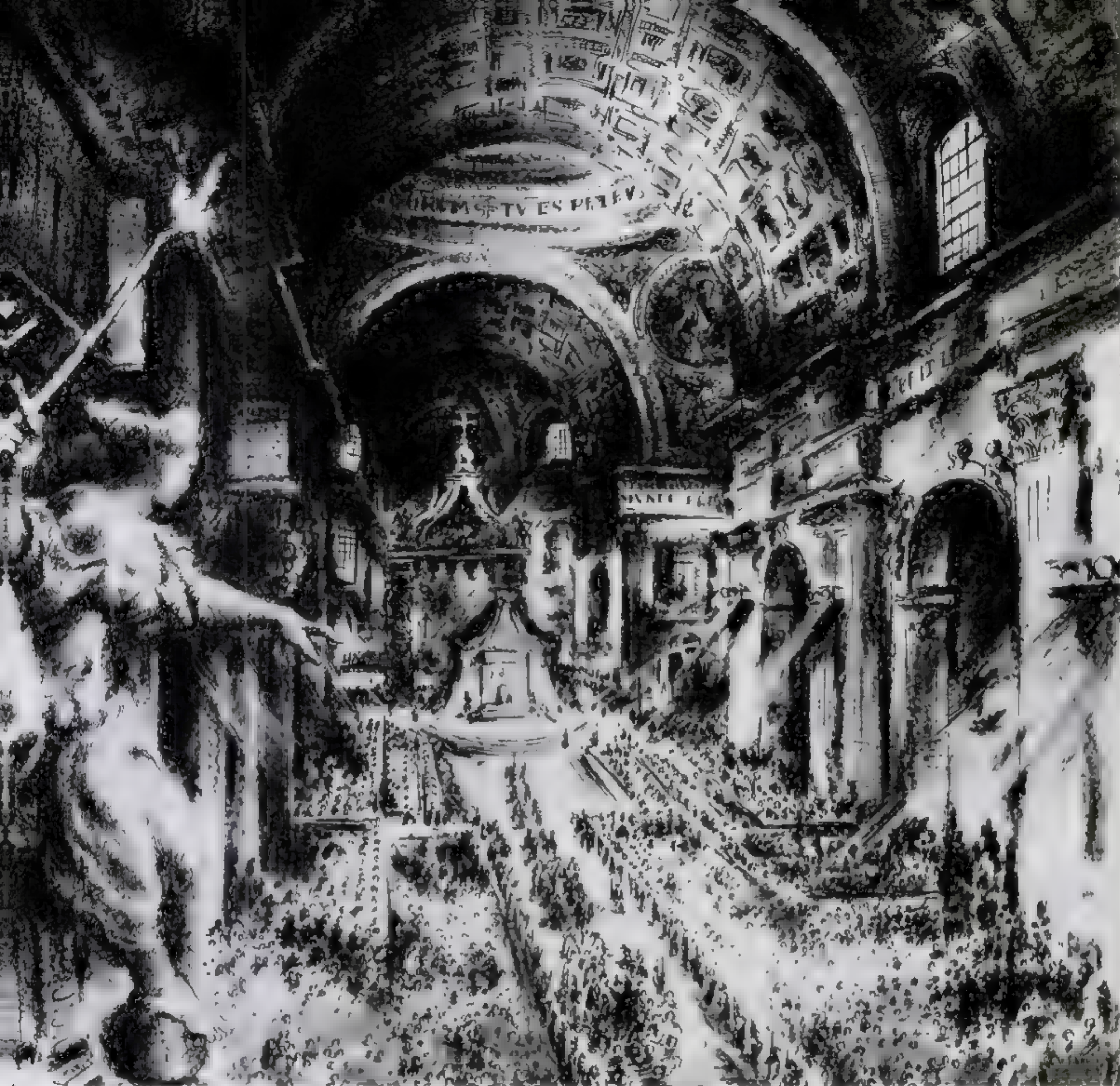
ROYAL STAIRS lead from room where the Pope usually receives visiting chiefs of state. Some of the cardinals climbed these stairs on their way to the secret consistory.



BAROQUE 17TH CENTURY STATUES LOOK DOWN CATHEDRAL'S NAVE AS PUBLIC



TEMPORARY SCAFFOLD was erected in basilica to aid the workmen installing special wiring and lights. Cardinals in the foreground watch the unusual proceedings.



CONSISTORY BEGINS. SURROUNDED BY COURTIER, POPE (LOWER RIGHT) IS CARRIED TO THRONE WHICH WAS PLACED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE MAIN ALTAR



WHILE THE POPE DRESSES in robing room behind door to left Swiss guards and papal gendarmes remain in the hall The Pope took elevator down to the cathedral



FOUR AMERICANS received their formal notification of election in the Hall of 100 Days in the papal chancellery packed with friends, attendants and correspondents.

NEW CARDINALS PRAY PROSTRATE BEFORE ALTAR

After the Pope had been carried from St. Peter's amid shouts of "Viva il Papa!" all the cardinals in solemn procession marched around the cathedral's main altar to the Altar of the Chair at the basilica's far end. There the pagantry reached one of the world's high religious moments as the new princes of the church, in the great gesture of humility before God, prostrated themselves in prayer, their capes thrown over their heads, their vestments making a rich purple pattern on the scarlet carpet. As they prayed the Sistine Choir sang a triumphant *Te Deum*. Along the sides the old cardinals, in their ermine capes, looked on. When they arose, the cardinals embraced one another, then returned to the main altar to pray again as the floodlights went off one by one and St. Peter's settled back into its majestic twilight gloom.





"DEAR CONGRESSMAN . . ."

HERE IS SOMETHING WORTH WRITING TO HIM ABOUT: PUTTING HIS OWN HOUSE IN ORDER

When an editorial exhorts its readers to write their congressmen, it usually means the writer can't think of anything else to say. Yet here is a matter in which a volume of mail is really called for if we are to have a Congress worth writing to at all. For, after 54 weeks of study, a joint House and Senate committee has proposed a reorganization of Congress. These proposals add up to the best horse sense that Congress has spoken to itself in several decades. If adopted, as they certainly should be, and *in toto*, Congress can become a more effective body, well on the path to retrieved success.

Many people think of congressmen as windy old dopes enjoying free haircuts, subsidized lunches and a lot of joy rides at public expense. Actually most congressmen are harassed, overworked, underpaid, conscientious men, who, though directors of the greatest enterprise in the world, are handicapped at every turn by methods, machinery and facilities that belong to the era of red velvet and brass spittoons.

Workshops

The joint committee, whose chairman has been Senator Robert M. La Follette, a Progressive from Wisconsin, and whose vice chairman has been Representative Mike Monroney, Oklahoma Democrat, proposes as its most vital point a wholesale revamping of the present committee structure. This is wise because no less than 90% of the legislative job is done in these committee "workshops." Among them are such outmoded committees as the Senate's on Inter-oceanic Canals. It may have been vital when the Panama Canal was built, but not today. During the 78th Congress it paid more than \$10,000 to clerks who assisted it in the "task" of passing on but two out of the 709 public and general bills of that session! The House has four elections committees. Not one has a contest before it at this time, yet each has a clerk on the pay roll at \$2,760 a year and a janitor at \$1,260.

The joint report observes, "We recognize the difficulties inherent in simplifying this old system of 81 standing committees." What it means is the difficulty in persuading Congress to give up the oddments of patronage contained in these clerkships, the free junkets hither and yon that are perquisites of membership, the prestige of being chairman of some committee, even if it's only the Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals.

It will require some public clamor to drive through the joint report's plea that committees be condensed and rationalized. For example, it is proposed to lump eight committees—Inter-oceanic Canals, Commerce, Indian Affairs, Irrigation and Reclamation, Mines and Mining, Public Buildings and Grounds, Public Lands and Surveys, Territories and Insular Affairs—into one new streamlined Committee on Interior, Natural Resources and Public Works. By such means the Senate's 33 committees would be reduced to 16 and the House's 48 to 18.

Obviously, congressmen cannot bloom overnight into experts on all the diverse matters laid before them daily. They need facts and assistance. Since 1919 Congress has had a Legislative Reference Service. The joint committee finds the present budget of \$198,000 a year inadequate and urges boosting it to

\$750,000. Its research staff would be augmented by authorizing four experts at from \$6,000 to \$8,000 apiece for each of the streamlined committees. It is shocking to think that a legislative body for a country apparently destined to spend 25 to 30 billion dollars a year has been so backward in research. Congress now gets its information haphazardly and wastefully from the newspapers, from pipelines and from questioning department heads. Properly equipping the committees with experts would end the necessity for constantly creating new special investigating committees, the authors of the joint report believe.

Purse Strings

The way that Congress holds the national purse strings is hardly less alarming. The left hand spending money never knows what the right hand that is raising money is doing. There is no firm, set relationship between income and outgo. The joint committee has some good proposals here. The Revenue and Appropriations Committees would be required to report early each session just how much was coming in, and how much was projected for outgo. If the two sums did not balance, Congress would either have to reduce appropriations by a uniform percentage (except for interest, pensions and other fixed items) or increase the public debt.

Appropriations originate in the House Appropriations Committee, which has a number of subcommittees dealing with specific expenditures, a subcommittee for the Navy, for Interior, Justice, etc. These subcommittees meet in executive, which is to say secret, session. Some no doubt operate very well, others, equally without doubt, operate very poorly. The system of review by the parent committee is, to speak mildly, perfunctory. Frequently, consideration by the Appropriations Committee of a bill involving billions is given less than one hour!

Here again, the joint report's recommendation for added, qualified personnel will help the committee understand more about what it is doing and the secrecy, as the joint report agrees, must end. These hearings should be open to press and public, unless some matter of national security is under consideration. Another useful recommendation is that the functions of the General Accounting Office be expanded to give "information that will enable Congress to determine whether public funds are being carelessly, extravagantly or loosely administered and spent."

Although much has been written about the demands made upon congressmen by folks back home—everything from getting baby books off to new arrivals to sending flowers for lodge funerals—the joint committee found little that could be done to save the time of congressmen. Quite a bit of this errand running is good for democracy. It is an open channel from the people to their government.

Another recommendation that is worth at least a trial calls for establishment of Minority and Majority Policy Committees. The idea here is to clarify party lines and cause (a) the two major parties to adopt a line on a wider variety of public issues and (b) to encourage individual congressmen to follow their party line. Slavish

devotion to a party line would be, of course, undesirable and is not intended. Yet it is a fact that a citizen cannot vote for a Democratic or Republican congressman these days with any assurance he will follow the announced platform of his party.

Conservative Republicans are more often to be found voting with Southern Democrats than with liberal Republicans and vice versa. Party organizations within Congress are now in poor repair. The coordination between the majority party and the White House is likewise poor. It is planned that the Majority Committee would consult with the President frequently, harmonizing and adjusting the party policy at both the White House and congressional levels.

Pay

We have saved until last the item that will probably arouse most reaction. The present pay of congressmen is \$10,000. The joint report recommends \$15,000. This is still low for the quality of people we want in Congress. It is especially low when it is remembered that two homes must be maintained, sundry political contributions made, dinner checks of visiting firemen picked up, and so on. President Truman and the National Planning Association advised up to \$25,000 a year. That is nearer the mark.

In addition to an increase in pay, the report urges that congressmen be permitted to join the federal retirement system on the same contributory basis as other federal employees. This is a vital proposal. When it was advanced a few years ago there was a storm of thoughtless disapproval. The report circulated that a senator might after only one year's service retire for life on \$400 a month. Actually, that would have applied to only one senator, a veteran who had served with distinction for 35 years, and it would have applied to him only if he had made substantial back payments. As it turned out, this senator failed of reelection and finished his days, not exactly in poverty, but unable to afford amenities for himself or his aging wife. He was George Norris. Few men have deserved more from their country.

Congressional pay and retirement arrangements are now wrong and must be corrected. It is one way to attract better people to serve in Congress. But, when you write your congressman in support of raising his pay, don't neglect to insist that this is only a part of the package of reform that Congress needs. Let more pay be the just reward for self-reorganization under the plan of the joint committee.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➡

Defying a court injunction against mass picketing, 3,500 strikers at the General Electric plant in Philadelphia marched on the factory on Feb. 28. Halted briefly by a deputy sheriff reading the act against rioting, they surged forward again on to a force of policemen in patrol cars, on motorcycles and horses and afoot. Police charged, swinging clubs. Strikers ran, taking refuge in nearby homes where doors were opened by sympathetic housewives. But many strikers, like the one on the opposite page, were caught. Enraged police charged that strikers threw marbles on streets so their horses would skid and fall.

Five Philadelphia policemen armed with riot sticks
cornered a NICKY who sought safety on nearby porch

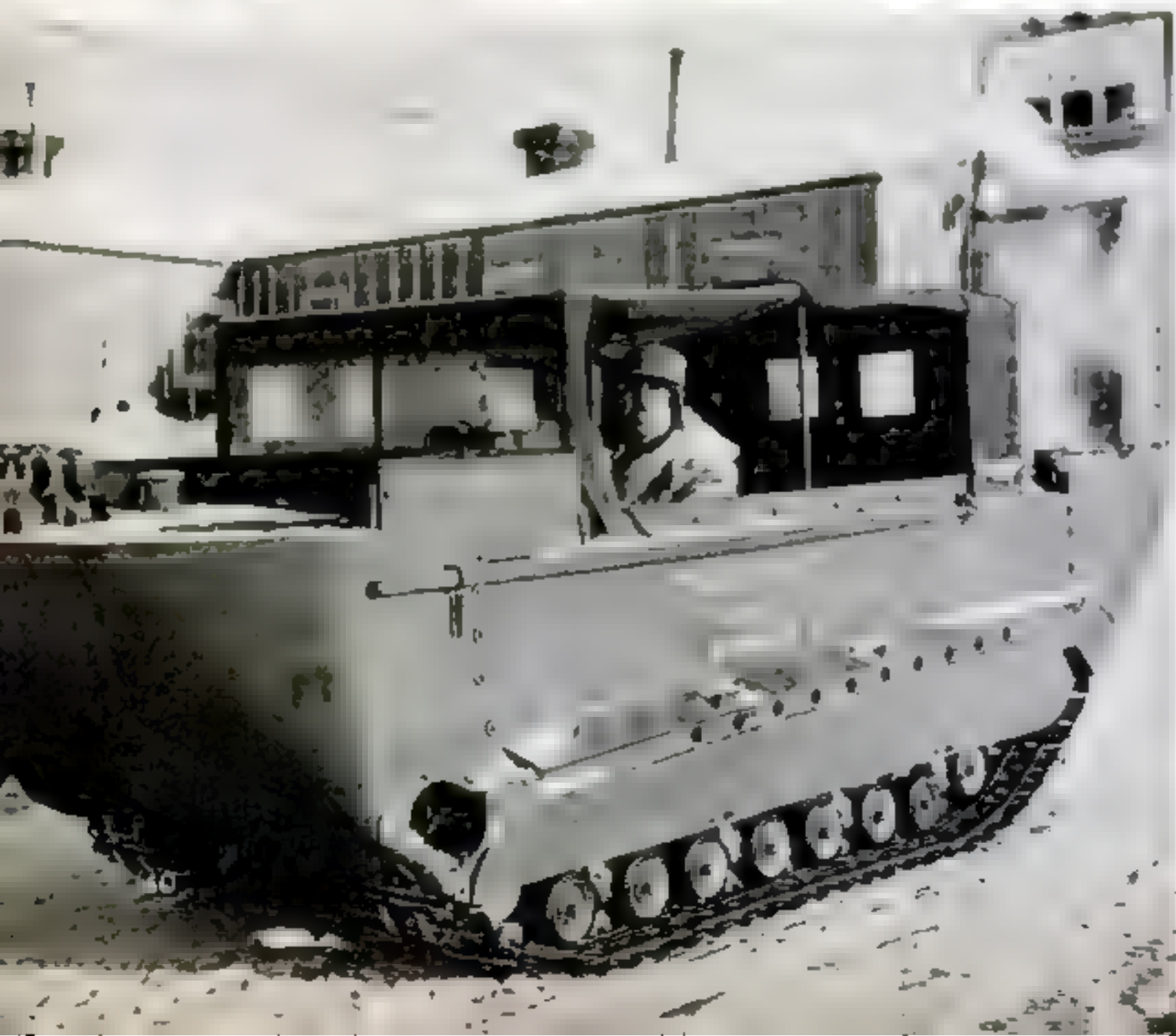




AT FORT CHURCHILL AT DAWN snowmobiles of moving force start out, passing in review before Canadian General R. D. G. Munton, commander of 10th Military District. Men of base force remained at Fort Churchill, once a secret U.S. wartime base.



EQUIPMENT LINES UP the afternoon before starting. Above are snowmobiles. Canadian vehicles powered by Cadillac V-8 engines. Each tows one U.S. and one Canadian sled. Below: in the single U.S. weasel is Lieut. Colonel J. D. Kiehlorn, base commander.



EXERCISE MUSK OX

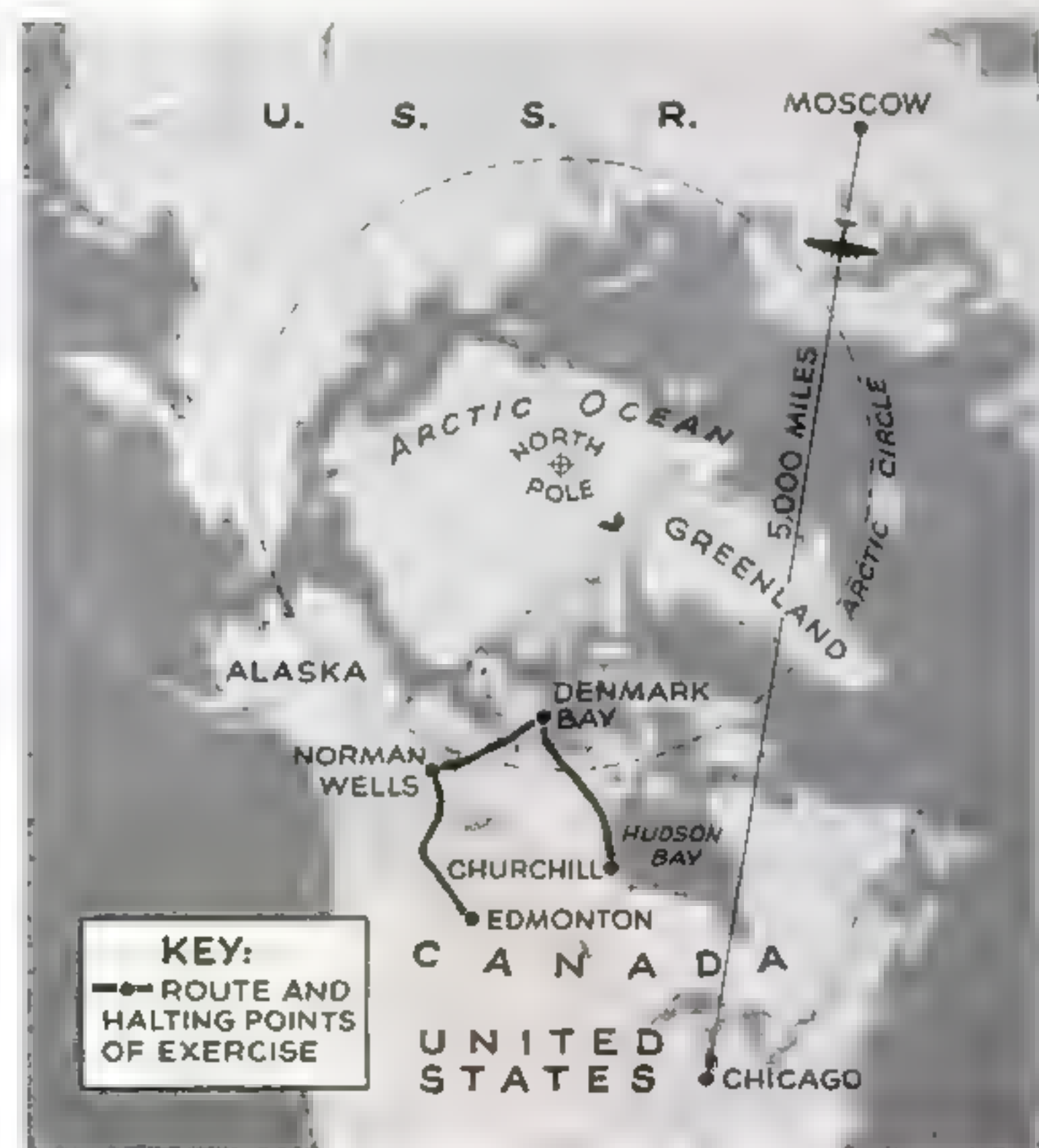
Canadian army and U.S. observers go on a 3,000-mile northern maneuver to test ways of fighting arctic

Canada's Exercise Musk Ox is the first big Allied peacetime military maneuver held in North America since the war's end. It is taking place on the great snow-driven northern wastes of Canada, around Hudson Bay, a region where some people think a future war may be held. Its purpose is to try out equipment and technique for any possible arctic military operation. Interest in Exercise Musk Ox is international. Russia, France, Belgium, Chile, Norway, Peru and the U.S. sent observers, but only Americans were permitted to go along with the expedition, which is being run by the Canadian army.

The Exercise began on Feb. 15 when 11 snowmobiles, one weasel and about 50 men set out from Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay (see map below). In 82 days they were scheduled to travel 3,130 miles in a long, horseshoe-shaped route north, then west and south. The equipment used was originally designed for an invasion of Norway which never came off. Each snowmobile, originally a light tank with part of the armor removed and a glass cabin built in, carries four men including the driver. It runs on steel-studded rubber tracks like a tractor, can easily do 20 miles an hour. It steers by applying a brake to first one track, then the other.

On the expedition men wear, among other clothes, special black-cloth hoods over their heads, army battle dress, and they also have special arctic mittens with a fur back, designed so a man can wipe his nose without taking off his mitten. This is probably the first arctic expedition which does not carry pemmican. Medical tests proved that men who ate pemmican over long periods were weak and despondent. Instead Exercise Musk Ox carries Monopax rations, which are not unlike K rations, and the diet will be supplemented by fresh food and frozen doughnuts dropped by airplanes.

For camp shelter, the expedition carries nylon-lined, pyramidal tents. At night, rolls of fiber matting are put down as a floor over the snow. On this, each man places two untanned caribou skins. Then he lays an insulating pad on top of the skins and rolls his fur-lined sleeping bags out over this. The men must undress at night. Some of them wear pajamas; some underwear; some sleep nude. Worst part of expedition is crawling back into frozen clothes in morning.



THE 3,130-MILE ROUTE, Churchill to Edmonton, goes 350 miles past Arctic Circle, with ten stops. Only four snowmobiles will go to northernmost point, Denmark Bay.



SNOWMOBILES LEAVE CHURCHILL, CROSSING FROZEN CHURCHILL RIVER. DOG TEAM RACED "LIFE" PHOTOGRAPHER KIRKLAND AHEAD TO SHOOT TAKE-OFF PICTURES



GASOLINE and other supplies are dropped by parachute. A fleet of ski-equipped Norseman airplanes and four C-17s is based at Churchill for liaison with moving force.



IGLOO is built in training session. Experienced man can finish one in hour, using snow knife or saw to cut slabs. Contrary to popular beliefs, igloos are much warmer than tents.



EXPEDITION BEATS ITS WAY ACROSS THE FROZEN TUNDRA

The expedition was 43 miles out of Fort Churchill when LIFE Photographer Wallace Kirkland took this photograph from one of the Norseman planes assigned to the base. The six snowmobiles look like tiny beetles as they curl their way across the frozen tundra. The temperature is 43° to 48° below zero,

which is not so cold as it sometimes gets in the region. The terrain they are covering is much like that they will find most of the way along their lonely route: flat, barren waste, covered by feet of hard-packed snow, beaten by icy winds which blow from the Arctic with nothing to slow them down.



For some stretches, on their first leg, the snowmobiles had to cross frozen Hudson Bay, whose ice rises and falls 15 feet with the tide

Second day of the Exercise, snow blew so hard that the expedition could not break camp for a day and a half. The lone U.S. weasel broke down, had

to limp back to Fort Churchill. Another snowmobile was to be flown to the expedition to replace it.

The vehicles on the expedition travel in echelons of four which keep less than a day apart. Vehicles in each echelon must keep in sight of one another. The Hudson's Bay Company stations in the Arc-

tic keep in constant communication with Exercise Musk Ox, whose planes have radios with a beam of 70 miles and several Gibson girl lifeboat sets with a range of ten miles. The greatest communication hazard is the aurora borealis which in this region is magnificently beautiful but ruinous to radio reception.



LYNNE WALKER (LEFT), RUTH MERLYN AND CANDY TOCKSTEIN POSE WHILE DIAPER-EXPERIENCED JAY MERLYN, 1, INSPECTS HIS MOTHER'S FASTENINGS

DIAPERMEN'S CRISIS

Chorus girls save baby launderers' convention from public inattention

Last week in Chicago the Diaper Service Institute of America faced a crisis. D. S. I. A.'s members are laundry specialists whose business is supplying homes with clean diapers and hauling away dirty ones. To exchange views on how to do this better they met in convention in Chicago, a fact they deemed worthy of public notice. But Chicago is a much convoked-in city and even this, the first national convention these diaper launderers have

held, did not noticeably quicken the public pulse.

Editor Eli Levine of *The American Baby*, at the convention, got an idea. He summoned three chorus girls, dressed them in pinned-together diapers, called in news photographers. Next day the D. S. I. A. was in the papers from coast to coast. Thus acclaimed, the convention proceeded happily despite the fact that the papers reported the costumes not as diapers but as a new kind of playsuit.

*"Here's a Soup
with all the Answers!"*



LOOK FOR THE OLD-AND-WHITE LABEL

*What shall I give him
for dinner?*

“ I know! I'll start him off with Campbell's Vegetable Soup. He always says it tastes even better than my own—and I agree! ”

*What shall I
give the children
for lunch?*

“ Sandwiches and fruit—and big bowls of vegetable soup for the hot dish they need. It's so good and hearty, too—why, it's almost a meal in itself, as we Mothers know! ”

*Leftovers tonight!
What shall I serve?*

“ For our main dish, we'll have steaming plates of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. That'll put the family in such a wonderful mood, they're bound to enjoy the whole meal. ”

THIS GOOD SOUP has plenty to contribute to any meal! It's rich with a fine, invigorating beef stock. It's tempting with 15 different garden vegetables. Hearty and homey and deeply satisfying, too, in its old-fashioned goodness. Yes, Campbell's Vegetable is a soup with many a meal-time answer for busy wives.

***Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP**



A bit of string, a little skill—
It spins until it stops;
And afterwards I eat my fill
Of Campbell's Soup. It's tops!



"Deep-sea tang and farm-fresh flavor meet in this Birds Eye sizzler,"



Says Dinah Shore



Wide-awake shoppers look for the words *Birds Eye* on every package of quick-frozen foods they buy. There are many brands of quick-frozen foods, but remember—only Birds Eye gives you *Birds Eye Quality*!

Here's the ziestest fish dish that ever set a tableful of earnest eaters mouth-watering.

And a cinch for the cook to concoct.

For Birds Eye Fish Fillets with their wonderful ocean-fresh flavor come all cleaned, boned, ready to cook. They're "all-meat," all-delicious—no waste!

And Birds Eye Spinach arrives in your kitchen clean as a whistle, bristling with dewy-fresh flavor. Both fish and spinach are *quick-frozen at their flavorful best* to seal in their goodness.

Just perk 'em both up as the recipe suggests, and put 'em under a zippy cheese-sauce blanket . . . Madam, you really have *something*!

Be on the lookout for Birds Eye Fish during Lent. And don't miss all the other exciting foods at your Storekeeper's—Vegetables, Fruits, Poultry.

HEAR DINAH SHORE, singing star of
"Birds Eye Open House"
and her famous guests

THURSDAY evenings, N B C, at 8:30 P. M.

Cod with Spinach au Gratin (A Birds Eye Bull's Eye)

2 packages Birds Eye Fillet of Cod
1 box Birds Eye Spinach
4 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter or other fat
1 cup (4 ounces) grated American cheese
1 tablespoon milk

Cut tender Birds Eye Fillets in serving pieces. Place in greased, shallow baking dish, brush with fat, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place under broiler 15 to 25 minutes, turning to brown both sides.

Meanwhile, cook crispy-clean, farm-fresh Birds Eye Spinach as directed on package; drain, chop, and season. Sauté onion in fat until lightly browned and mix with spinach.

Heat cheese and milk in double boiler until cheese is melted, stirring occasionally. Arrange spinach around fish in baking dish, pour cheese sauce over top, and place under broiler until cheese is lightly browned. Makes 4 servings.



HALF-BALD ROBERT LETOURNEAU (CENTER) DIRECTS HIS MEN IN LAYING DOWN THE NEWLY COMPLETED CONCRETE HOUSE AT LONGVIEW, TEXAS DEMONSTRATION

"BUNGALOW BIDDY"

R. G. LeTourneau's 165-ton gadget
lays one concrete house per day

Robert Gilmour LeTourneau, the rich, pious bulldozer king (LIFE, Oct. 16, 1944) last week appeared to have one solution to the housing shortage. It was a 165-ton device officially known as a Tournalayer, informally called a "Bungalow Biddy," which lays a 24x30-foot concrete house in 24 hours. The Bungalow Biddy swings an outer mold into place over an inner mold, then backs off while workmen fill five-inch space between with

concrete. When the concrete has dried a day later, the inner mold is loosened, leaving the house attached to the outer mold. Biddy, embracing house and outer mold in U-shaped arms (*above*), then carries them to the previously prepared site where the house is laid by the mold's rising up from it.

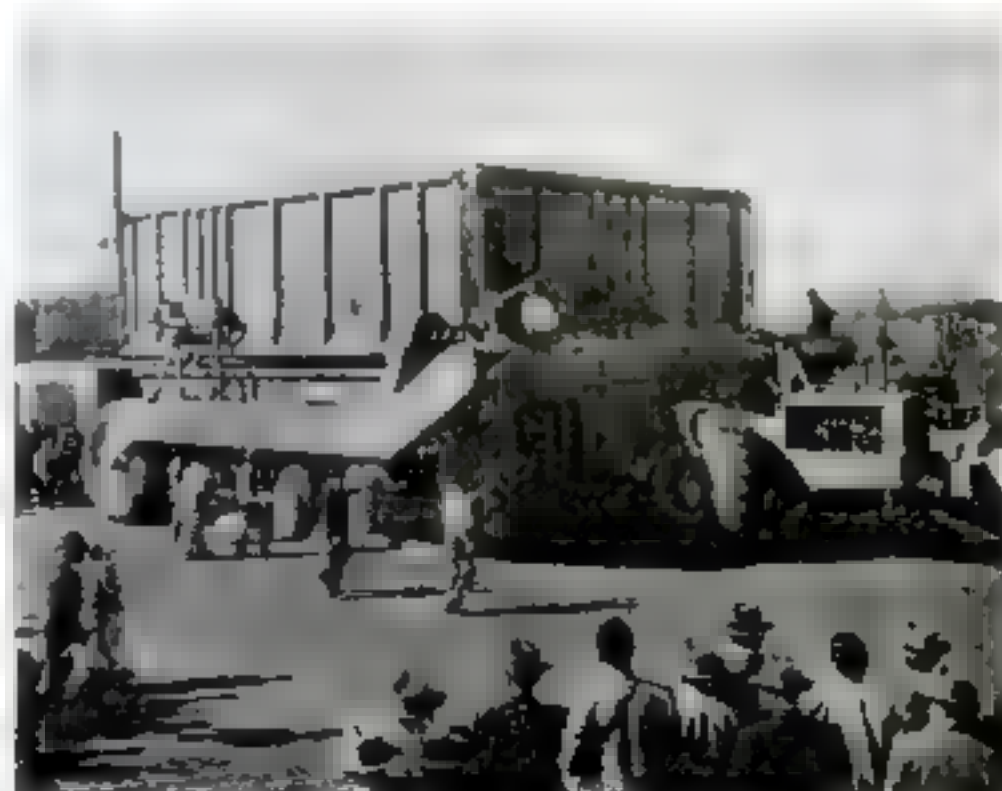
Biddies will be made at Longview, Texas, where last month a civic celebration of the new industry was topped off by the laying of a house (*below*).



FIRST STEP in laying a house is the Biddy's placing its outer mold (*left*) over the windowed inner mold.



AFTER 24 HOURS concrete poured between molds is hard. The house is carried in outer mold to its site



HOUSE IS PLACED on the site and the outer mold is loosened and finally raised from it by huge Biddy.

Now that **Kodak Film**
is back, you can discover
Snapshots at Night, with
 Photo Lamps. They're fun, they're easy,
 they're particularly satisfying snapshots...
 the family's at its happiest at home
 in the evening.
 Start snapping
 tonight...

A good
 Photoflash subject



A good
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See your **Kodak Dealer** today...
 for Kodak Film (Kodak Super-xx for
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 Kodak's new Folder that gets you
 off to a flying start...it's **Free!**



Snap

EASTMAN KODAK
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 ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Kodak

"Bungalow Biddy" CONTINUED



LETOURNEAU STANDS under his new machine at Longview fete. He will build no houses - will rent Biddy units to contractors for \$11,000 a month.



HOUSE AND OUTER MOLD are removed from the inner mold (back-ground). Inner mold has been retracted mechanically, freeing it from concrete.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



1. Even if it's raining cats and dogs outside, it's a beautiful day to you when you awaken in your Statler Hotel bed after a really relaxing sleep. There's nothing quite as restful as a 537-coil, built-in-springs Statler bed!



2. You're in your private bath. There's an abundance of snowy white towels and plenty of lathery soap. And the whole place is immaculate - even your drinking glass is sterilized and wrapped for your protection.



3. You stroll in for breakfast, expecting the finest menu in town. And that's exactly what you find . . . the most appetizing menu in any Statler city. And served in the hospitable Statler tradition.



4. You're off to a busy day—and you'll find that the heart of the business district is only a short distance away. If it has stopped raining, you might even walk. Most Statler Hotels are strategically located near business, shopping, and theatrical districts.



5. Comes nightfall you're back in your Statler Hotel, enjoying some of the finest entertainment in town. From morning to night there's nothing quite like a stay at the Statler!



HOTELS STATLER IN
 BOSTON \$3.85 BUFFALO \$3.30 CLEVELAND \$3.00
 DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$3.00 WASHINGTON \$4.50

STATLER-OPERATED
 HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85 HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85
 NEW YORK PITTSBURGH

Rates Begin at Prices Shown

YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR VICTORY BONDS



"Then your answer is 'NO!'?"



"I'm sorry to seem selfish, hon. But I won't let you give this Arrow Shirt to your brother Don! After all, who was lucky enough to find it, anyway?"

"Mother always said you were mean! You know how hard I've tried to find

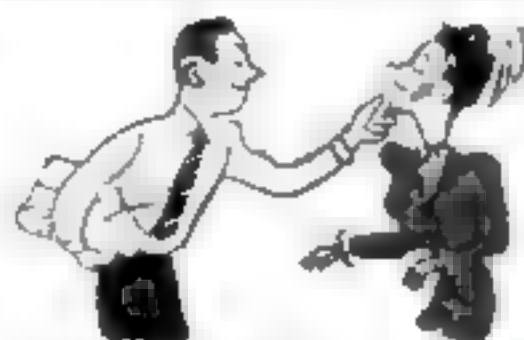


Don an Arrow Shirt. You know it's his birthday. You just don't like him."

"Oh, the little guy has his points. Come to think of it, this fine Arrow collar would look O.K. on him. And Arrow's MITOGA fit would certainly do something for the skinny buzzard. But—"

"Yes—'BUT'! It's a shame you think a beautiful shirt with a Sanforized* label is just too good for Donny!"

"Look—Small Fry! You mustn't get



so steamed up. Bad for you. It just so happens that I want to give this swell shirt to Don myself—in person!"

"Aw, darling! How can you be so mean and so nice, all at once?"

*shrinkage held to 1% or less.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

"Bungalow Bidy" CONTINUED



RADIANT-HEATING PIPES are installed, then covered with a concrete floor. Vermiculite, which is mixed with walls' concrete, provides insulation.



ONE-STORY HOUSE costs about \$2,600 with plumbing, wiring, painting. House alone costs \$1,500. Bidy can also lay two-story-and-basement house.



INTERIOR of dwelling looks like this. Windows, doors, partitions can be placed almost anywhere desired. Standard bungalow size is four-room house.



LUCKY STRIKE
Means Fine Tobacco

SO ROUND, SO FIRM —

SO FULLY PACKED

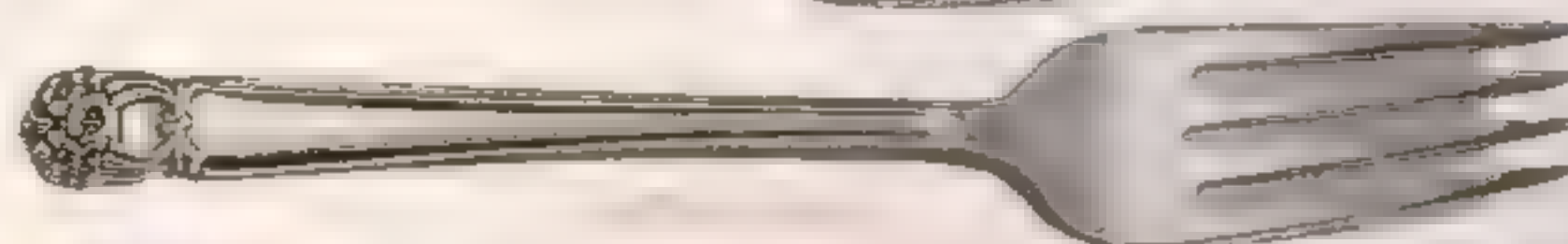
SO FREE and EASY on the DRAW

Yes, L.S./M.F.T.





Your "silver dream" has come true!
 Beautiful 1817 Rogers Bros. is at your
 dealer's. Now you can see the rich designs
 so many charm-wise women are proud
 to own. And when you look at the delicate
 workmanship—feel the extra height
 and depth of ornament—you'll be glad you
 waited for this finer silverplate!
 Order your "starter service" now . . .
 add to it as more pieces are available.



AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE



IN A SPRAY OF ICE BILL MOSIENKO (LEFT) BRINGS THE PUCK UP TO THE GOAL IN PRACTICE. CLOSE IN ON PLAY IS MAX BENTLEY, LEAGUE'S LEADING SCORER

BLACK HAWKS

Despite injuries, Chicago hockey team leads the league in scoring

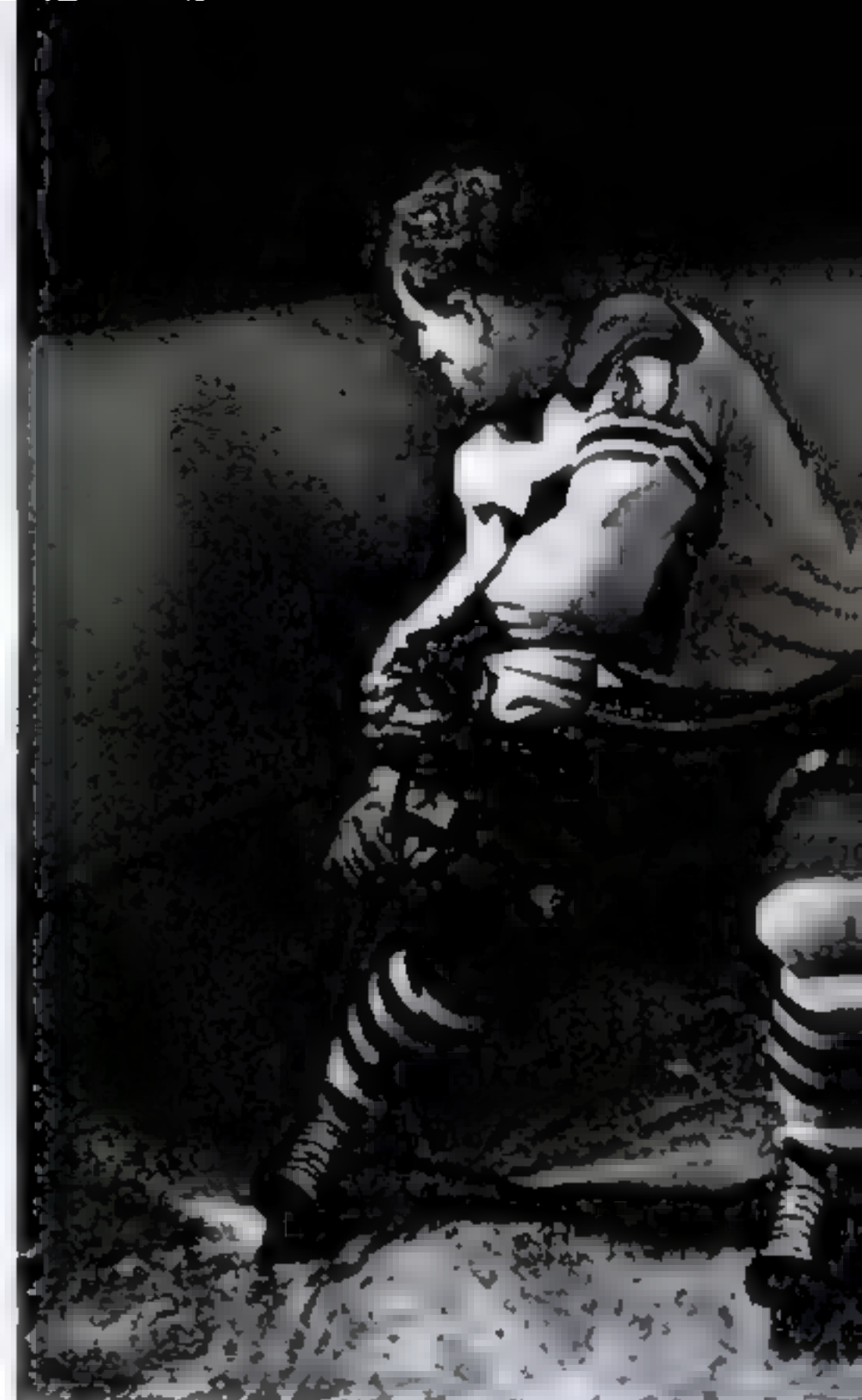
For most of the present season the Chicago Black Hawks have been the hottest, fastest ice-hockey team in the U.S. or Canada. Their flashy puck handling, which is shown in these remarkable stroboscopic pictures by LIFE Photographer Frank Scherschel, put them at the top of the National Hockey League in January, when five of their players ranked among the league's seven top scorers. The speed and teamwork of their forward line—the Bentley brothers, Max and Doug, and Bill Mosi-

enko—made the team almost unstoppable. But in midseason Mosienko tore a ligament in his left knee and was out for nine games. Before he returned to play, Doug Bentley's right knee was injured and then Max Bentley tore a ligament. The team dropped to second place. Before late March, however, the famous line will be playing together again. Then the Chicago Black Hawks, who are certain to enter the Stanley Cup play-offs, expect to win the cup and with it the world championship.



BLACK HAWK HORECK rushes puck up the ice out of his defense zone in game against New York Rangers.

Horeck is a substitute wing man, replacing Doug Bentley who was out with knee injury. Black Hawks won, 6-2.



MOSIENKO AND MAX BENTLEY take advantage of a loose puck in a game with the Montreal Canadiens.



CLOSE-IN ACTION around the Rangers' goal is characteristic of Chicago's style of attack. They surround the

goal, use short, quick passes. In this picture each Black Hawk forward is in position to score. No goal was scored,

however, because Ranger Defenseman Colville (No. 6) knocked the puck (arrow) away from Chicago's Horeck.



Mosienko (left) corners puck while Bentley (No. 5) starts across ice to get in scoring position. Canadiens won, 5-1.



AFTER FACE-OFF in Canadien game, Black Hawk Donald Grosso (No. 11) turns to follow puck which has

been passed to his opponents. Lanesman (left) is hurrying to get out of the way. Chicago goal is to the right.



MAX BENTLEY SCORES an unassisted goal in third period of Ranger game. Bentley (No. 5) came up the ice,

used Mosienko (left) as a decoy. Ranger Defenseman Bill Moe (center) was caught between the two and Bentley shot

puck (arrow) past him into goal. His movement to the left and shot to right had pulled goalie out of position.



WALT DISNEY SHOWS PRELIMINARY SKETCHES OF "WILLIE THE WHALE" TO COMIC JERRY COLONNA (LEFT) AND SINGER NELSON EDDY, WHO IS WILLIE'S VOICE

MAKE MINE MUSIC

Walt Disney's newest full-length picture, *Make Mine Music*, is a vaudeville show designed for those who were a little overwhelmed by his high-flown *Fantasia*. Its ten acts range from straight cartoon versions of old legends—the Martin-Coy hillbilly feud, *Casey at the Bat*—through an abstract impression of the Benny Goodman Quartet playing *After You've Gone*.

The picture's "stars" remain in the back-

ground only as voices (Nelson Eddy, Jerry Colonna, the Andrews Sisters), as shadows (Dancers Tania Riabouchinska and David Lichine) or as tootlers (Mr. Goodman and his men). To spectators *Make Mine Music* may seem either a new art form or just a collection of good Technicolor cartoons. Not all the acts quite make the grade, but those that do have all the brilliant imagination of the wonderful Walt at his best.



BENNY GOODMAN leads orchestra in music for *All The Cats Join In* and quartet in *After You've Gone*



DINAH SHORE sings *Two Silhouettes* to accompany shadow dancing of Lichine and Riabouchinska.



STERLING HOLLOWAY, the possessor of Hollywood's most naive voice, narrates *Peter and the Wolf*

PETER AND THE WOLF

For American children the most familiar music in Walt Disney's new production is Sergei Prokofiev's score for the old Russian fairy tale, *Peter and the Wolf*, which has been made into one of the most popular of today's record albums. Disney's version is narrated by Sterling Holloway, whose wistful and bewildered voice

is perfectly suited to the wonders of a world where animals talk and villains always get their just deserts. Moviegoers will see three new Disney animals in *Peter and the Wolf*—a bird, a duck, and a cat. The duck, whose name is Sonia, is no relation to Donald. But the Wolf is an old Disney friend, bigger and badder than ever,



PETER STEALS A POPGUN from his sleeping grandfather. Although warned that the Wolf is bloodthirsty, Peter has decided to become a hero by shooting him.



THE HUNT BEGINS with Peter and friends, a bird, a duck and a cat, all tip-toeing through a wood. Cat tries to eat bird but Peter induces them to be friends.



THE WOLF ATTACKS after Peter's popgun fails to kill him. Peter and the others run for their lives and only the duck is left, lying on his back in the snow.



THE SURVIVORS MOURN for the duck, who they now believe is dead. The Wolf reappears and the bird, attacking him, comes close to being eaten up.



THE WOLF IS CAUGHT by Peter and the cat. They try to pull him over the limb but remain dangling alongside the angry Wolf, who snaps hungrily at them.



PETER WINS OUT. With the cat's help he gets the Wolf tied up. Then the duck and some hunters show up and everybody joins in a big parade of rejoicing.



WILLIE THE WHALE, MUSICAL CETACEAN, SINGS A JOYOUS CHORUS OF "SMORTHIN' BREAS" TO HIS ENRAPTURED DEEP-SEA FANS, THREE SEALS AND A PELICAN

WILLIE THE WHALE

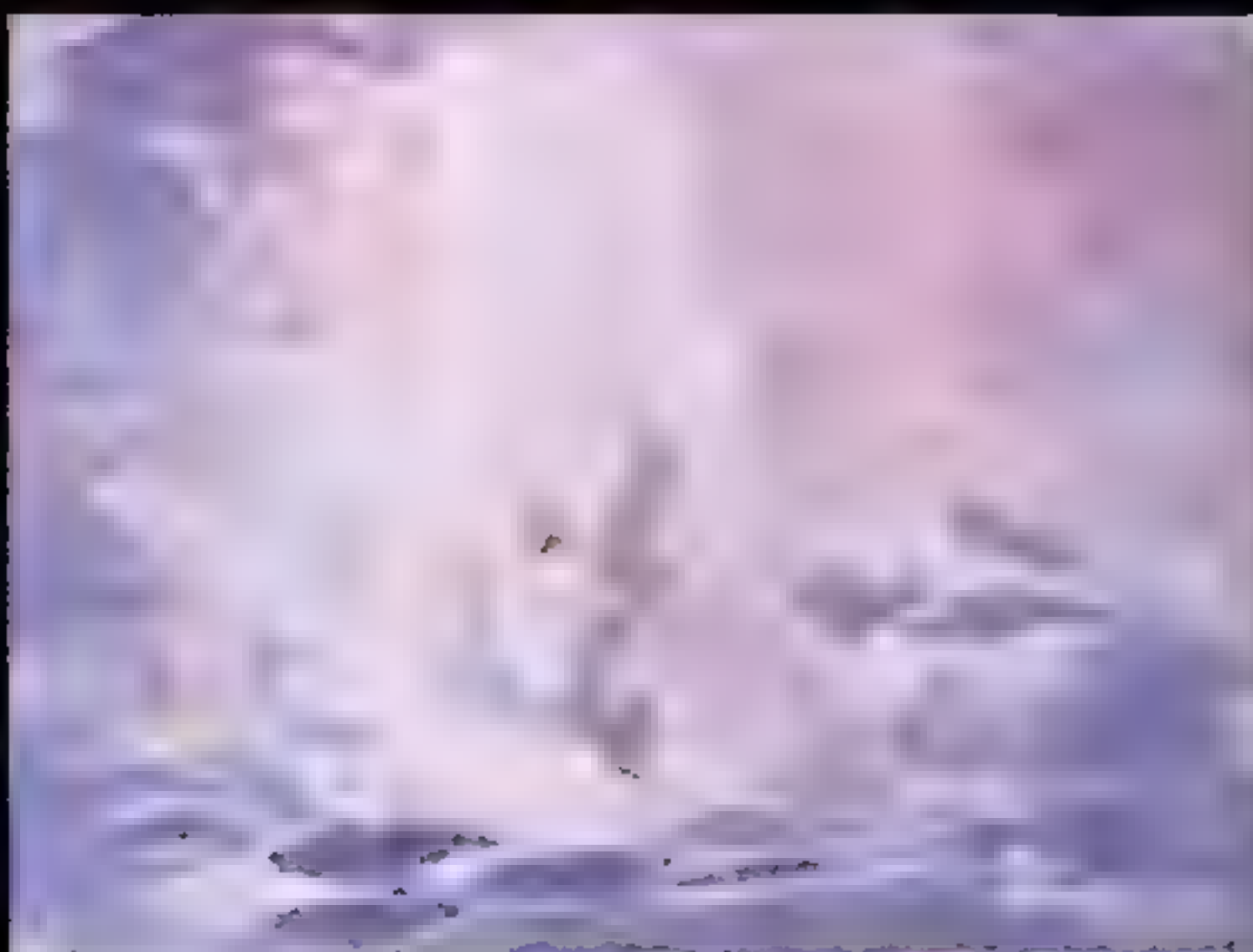
In *Make Mine Music* Walt Disney adds a new figure to the famous collection of characters which begins with Mickey Mouse. He is Willie the Whale, the hero of *The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met*. Willie not only sings but is capable of singing in any voice range—tenor, baritone, soprano or contralto, sometimes all of them at

once. His ambition, of course, is to leave the sea for grand opera in New York.

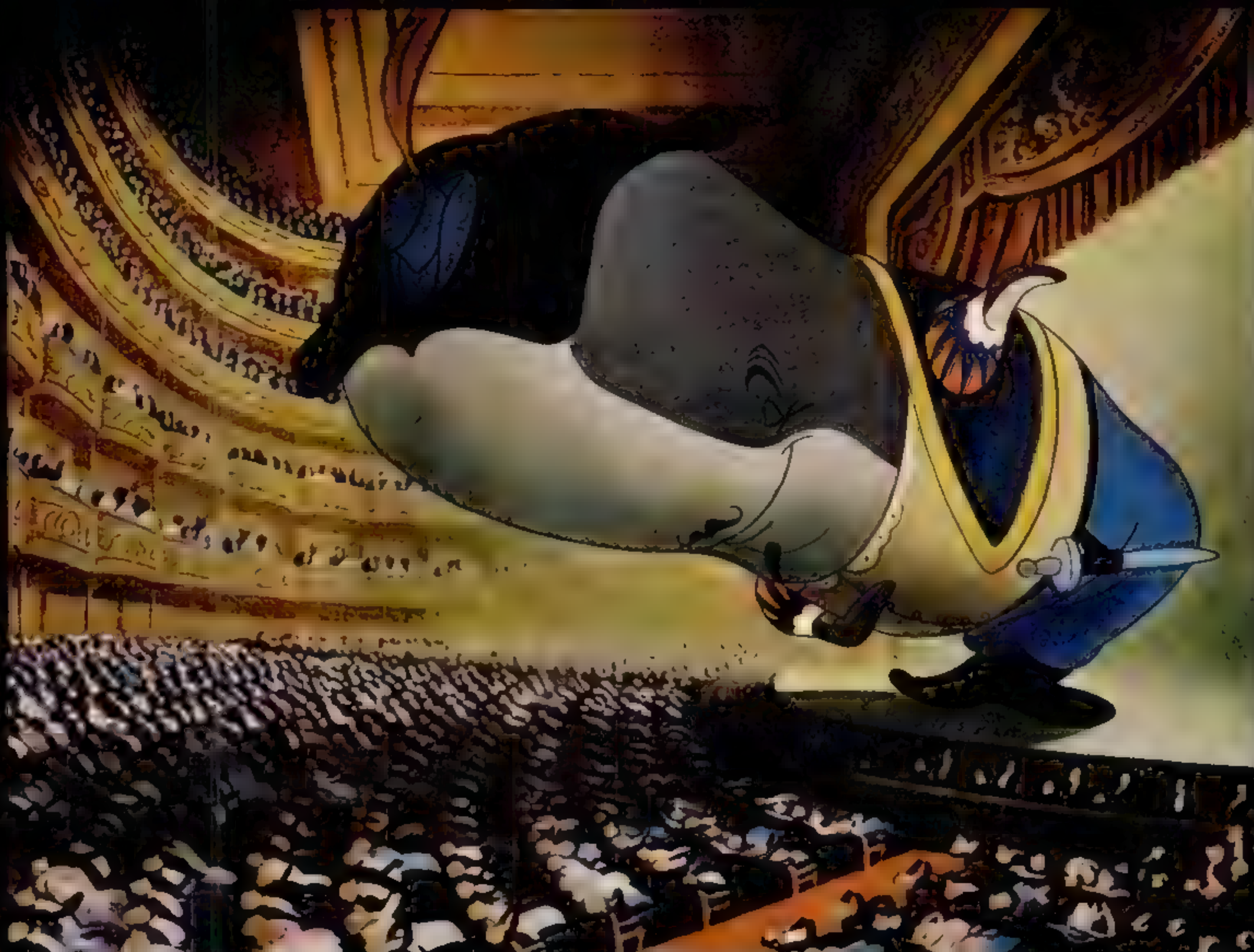
Word comes to the musical world of a singing whale. Tetti Tatti, the great impresario of the Metropolitan, decides that Willie must have swallowed an opera singer. Having discovered great singers in fish markets, he hopes to find



TETTI-TATTI, director of Metropolitan Opera, prepares to harpoon Willie the Whale, whom he believes has swallowed a whole bevy of great operatic singers.



WILLIE ASCENDS TO HEAVEN with a harp in his hand and a halo over his head. His ascent is accompanied by the music of a chorus of 400 Nelson Eddys.



WILLIE MAKES HIS DEBUT AT THE METROPOLITAN BY SINGING ALL THE ROLES IN "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" BEFORE PACKED HOUSE OF THRILLED OPERAGOERS

another star in a whale. He goes after Willie with a harpoon. When he finds him, Willie serenades Tetti with a trio from *Lucia*, convincing Tetti that Willie is full of singers.

At this point the narrator says that Willie could become Tetti's great discovery and a tremendous sensation at the Met. Then Willie is

shown singing there. He sings *Faust*, *Lucia*, *Tristan and Isolde* and *I Pagliacci*. The audience goes overboard with enthusiasm.

But it is only a dream, for Tetti has harpooned Willie. Very sadly the dying whale sinks to the ocean floor. Finally he goes to heaven where he is properly understood and appreciated.

Willie is remarkable for his many voices. All of them, from soprano to bass, belong to Nelson Eddy. To sing a duet with himself, Eddy would record one part, then sing the other while the first was played back. For the 400-voice *Ave Maria* chorus, a special device multiplied 100 times the quartet of Eddy, Eddy, Eddy and Eddy.



WILLIE SINGS MEPHISTOPHELES in opera *Faust* and flames belittling the diabolic role. Audience is impressed because able Willie sings all opera parts.



WILLIE SINGS CANIO, hero's role in *I Pagliacci*. As the clown who has to laugh while his heart is breaking, he sings the famous tragic aria *Vesti la Giubba*.

CASEY AT THE BAT

Along with the classic Russian legend of *Peter and the Wolf* Disney has used a classic American legend in *Make Mine Music*. It is Ernest Lawrence Thayer's poem of baseball heroics, *Casey at the Bat*. Casey was first made famous by the late De Wolf Hopper, who recited it hundreds of times in vaudeville. His record of

it was played in nearly every U.S. home in the early days of the talking machine.

In Disney's film the poem is recited with gusto by Jerry Colonna. The heroic story unfolds on the screen exactly as Thayer planned it and the Disney drawings do nothing to destroy the Homeric tragedy of Casey's downfall.



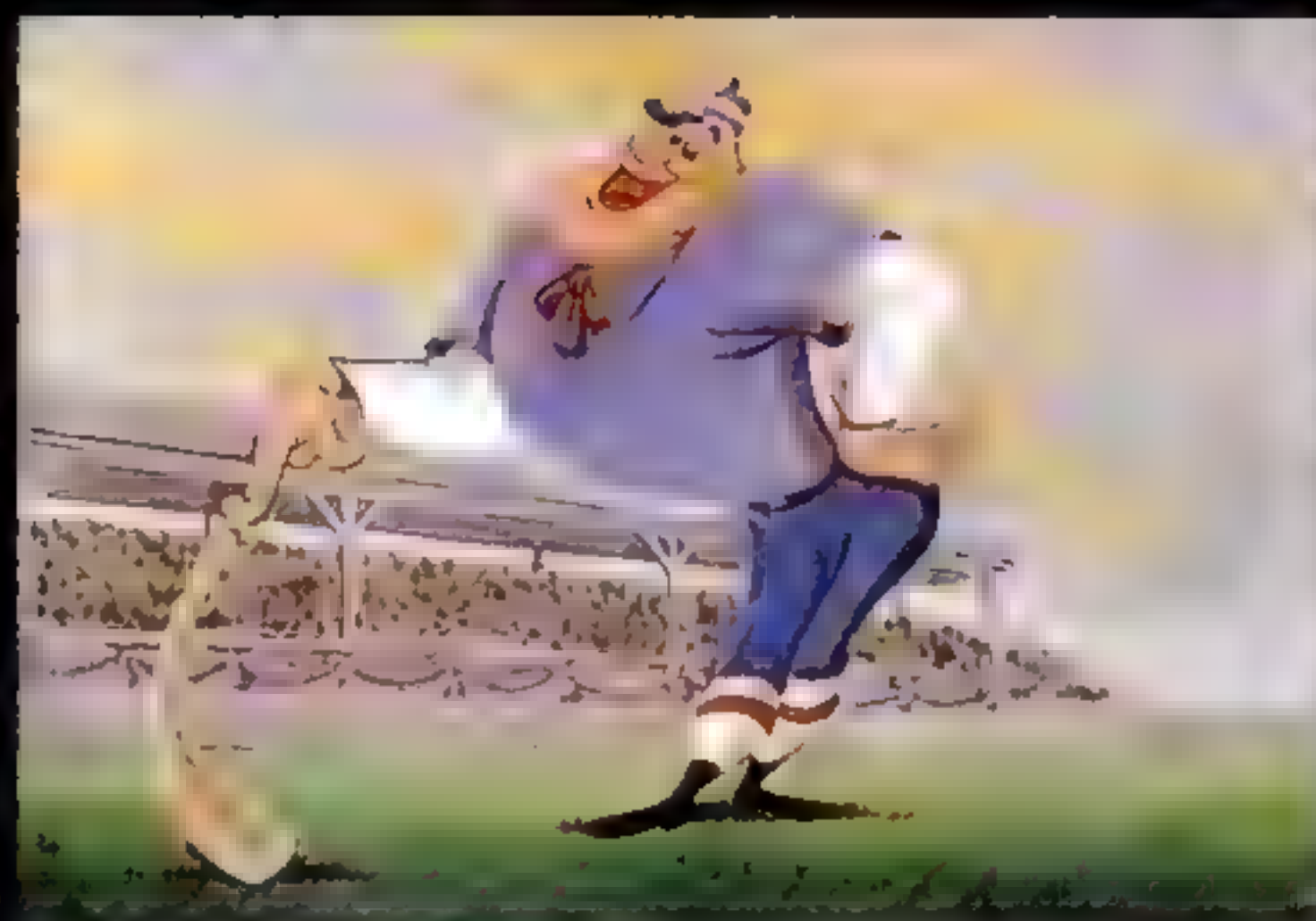
"THE OUTLOOK WASN'T BRILLIANT for the Mudville nine that day." With Mudville behind, 4-2, in eighth inning, manager gave a pep talk to his team.



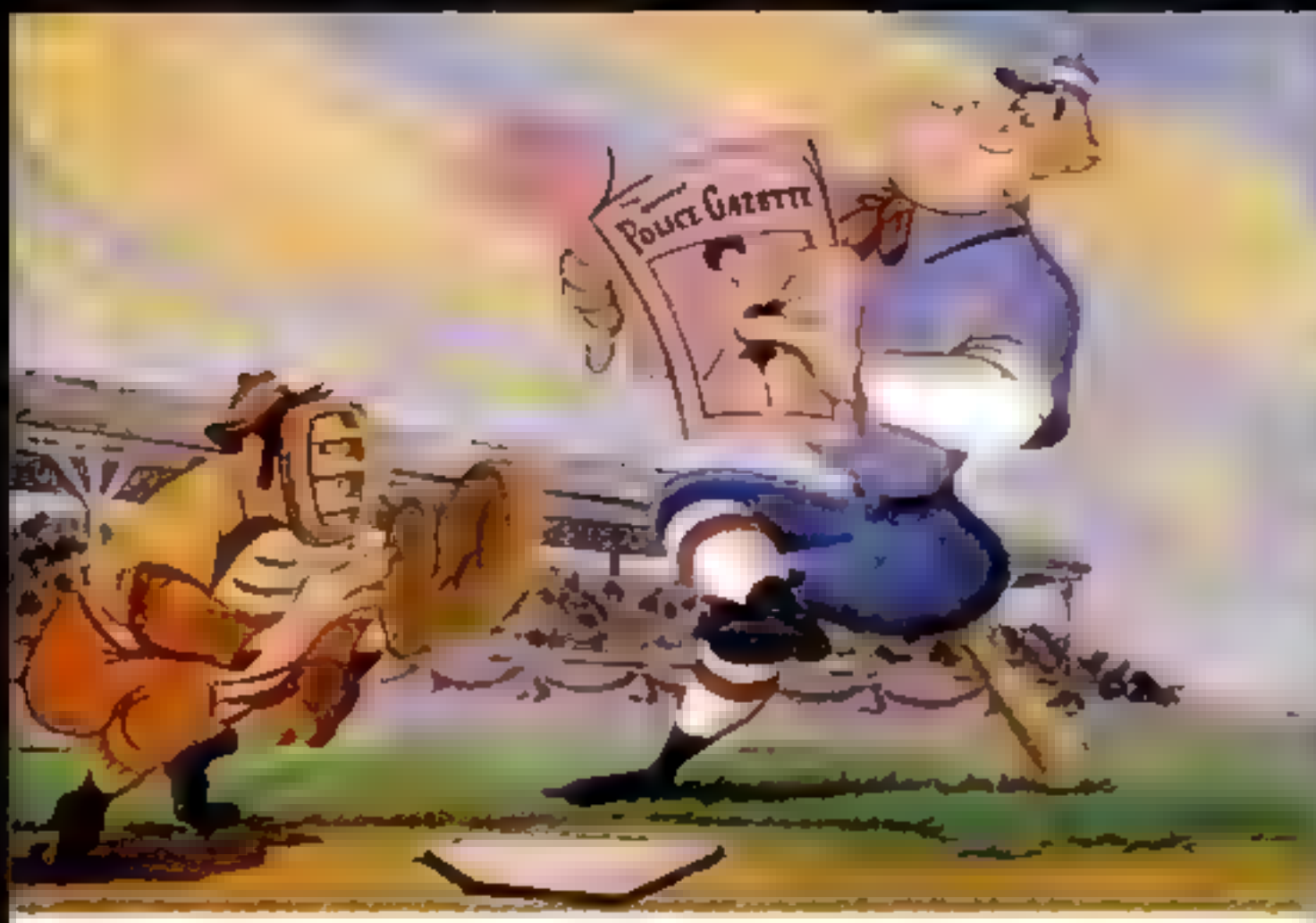
"CASEY, MIGHTY CASEY" advances to bat. With two out, two on in base and the crowd's sure that Sugar Casey will win the game and win the game.



"THE WRITHING PITCHER" trembles as "detamer gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip." The pitcher has lost all hope of ever winning the game.



STRIKE ONE comes as show-off Casey ignores the first pitch. The Mudville rooters are ready to kill the umpire but Casey silences them. The game continues.



STRIKE TWO comes as Casey, scornfully immersed in literature, remarks that the pitch "ain't my style." Then the crowd watches him get down to business.



STRIKE THREE. "The air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow." The sun is shining. But there is no joy in Mudville—unglory Casey has struck out."



PORTRAIT BY KARSH—OTTAWA

Wanda Landowska
Yehudi Menuhin

blend rare talents to bring you Bach's spirited and eloquent Sonata in E for harpsichord and violin

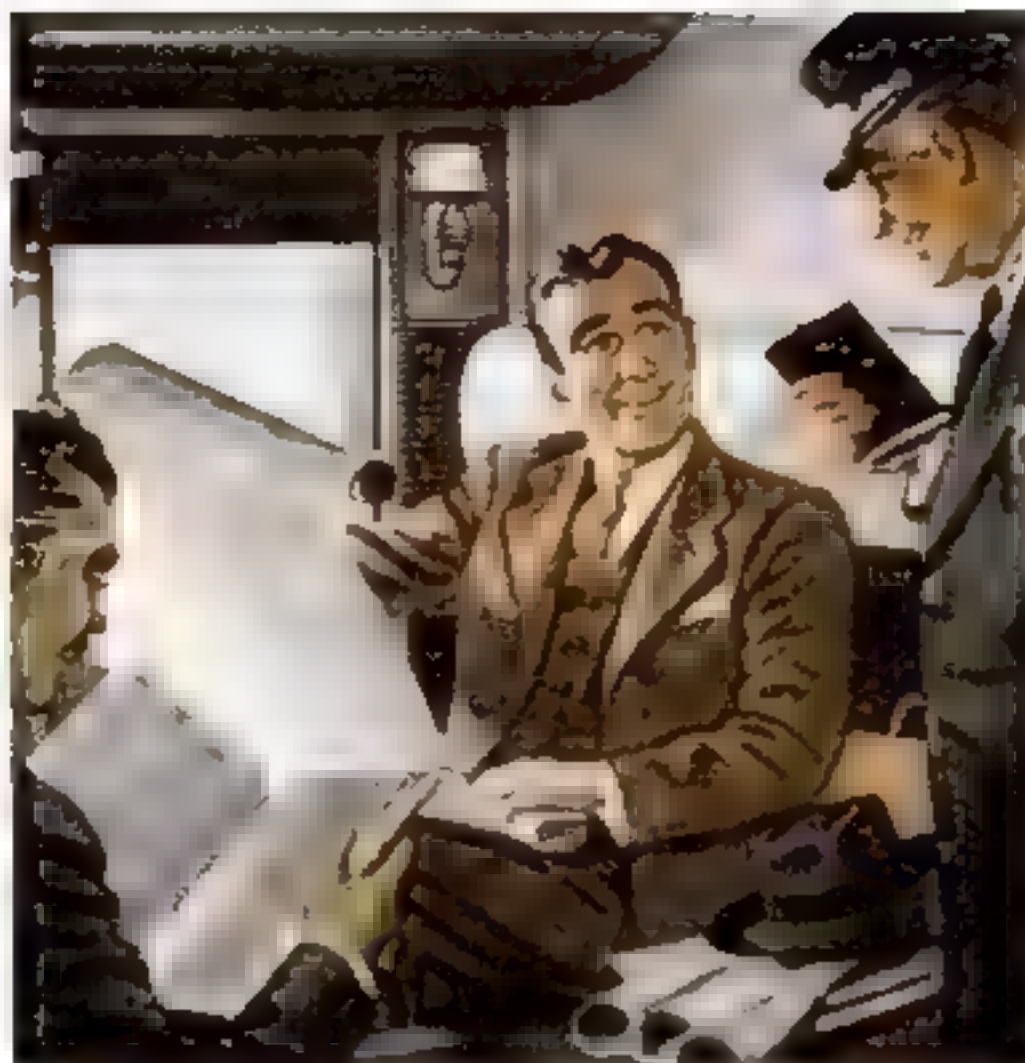
Three Red Seal Records in Album
M/DM-1035. \$3.50, exclusive of taxes.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON **RCA VICTOR RECORDS**  

"What a travel bargain you're going to get!"

says W. W. Johnston, Chicago businessman, after traveling to New York in a new kind of sleeping car.



1 "Wouldn't you like a private room?" the conductor asked. I laughed it off, at first, 'cause luxury like that runs into too much money. Then he told me that a new Duplex-Roomette car was on this train.



2 "It's yours," explained the Pullman man, "for only 70c more than the price of your lower berth!" You can imagine how fast I counted out that change and made myself at home! And I mean home, because . . .



3 A Duplex-Roomette really is a well-kept home-on-wheels, where you can work or relax in privacy and comfort. That counts for a lot when you're traveling! And look what happens when it's time for sleep.



4 A great big bed comes out of hiding, all ready to a-t-r-e-t-c-h out in. The sheets are fresh, the pillows soft, and you feel so comfortable—so safe—that even a good book can't keep you awake!



5 That's why I say to myself, as I douse the lights, Pullman sure does keep ahead of any other way of going places fast! What a travel-bargain you're going to get in these new Duplex-Roomette cars!



6 Private rooms at bargain prices! That's what you'll get in new Duplex-Roomette cars. There will be other kinds of new sleeping cars, too—

establishing more firmly than ever the mastery of travel hospitality for which Pullman has been famous for more than 80 years!

Go PULLMAN

THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST—THE SUREST WAY OF GETTING THERE IN TIME!

© 1946, The Pullman Company

Hormel: The Spam Man

An inventive meat packer who says that GIs slander his product is full of ideas like Spic, Arf and an annual wage for workers

by FRANCES LEVISON

Now I lay me down to sleep

And pray the Lord the Spam don't keep.

This fervent prayer was penned by a weary GI overseas. Along with other odes, jokes, art work, praise and downright vilification, it represents a body of literature centering on one of the most celebrated nouns of World War II and voices the consolidated attitude of American servicemen who ate meat from tin cans.

The British Isles came to be Spamland. Uncle Sam turned into Uncle Spam. LCTs invading Europe were collectively the Spam Fleet. The ETO ribbon became the Spam Medal. USO troupes toured the Spam Circuit. Spamvilles sprouted on South Sea islands. Comedians quipped, "Spam is a ham that didn't pass its physical." "Spam is a meatball without basic training."

Europeans were more courteous. The Russians facetiously called Spam "the second front," and, later, appreciatively, "Roosevelt Sausage." Britishers swankily served Escalope of Spam in fine restaurants. The London *Daily Mail*, crying a halt to the vituperation, ran a first-page headline proclaiming, "Spam Has Suffered Enough." Many grateful civilians credited Spam with a large share in winning the war.

Long before V-E Day, however, it had been authoritatively established that the mottled pink meat of which GIs complained was not Spam at all. A lively correspondence between *Yank* and George A. Hormel & Co., makers of Spam, revealed that the victual in question was made by a number of manufacturers according to recipes prepared by the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps and then packed in bulk tins. Spam, the Hormel company insisted, was a special high-grade compound of ham and pork shoulder and came only in 12-ounce packages. Quantities of real Spam were shipped to England and Russia, via Lend-Lease, but little to the Army. Spam makers carefully pointed out the vital distinction that dainty, tasty Spam retained liquids in the meat, whereas the bulky Army preparation was guilty of the worst sin in the tinned-meat world—the presence of "loose juice." But Spam had grown into legend, and to fed-up GIs the truth was a quibble. *Yank* ended the discussion with the dry couplet:

*What's in a name? That which we call Spam
By any other name would taste as lousy.*

There is, as a matter of fact, some justification for the extension of the trade name Spam into a common noun for all luncheon meats. Spam was the predecessor by several years of that bevy of monosyllabic tinned-meat concoctions, Treet, Prem, Snack, Tang, Mor and more than 100 other imitators. Its current notoriety climaxes a 25-year campaign by its progenitor, Jay Catherwood Hormel (rhymes with normal), to induce society to eat meat out of tin cans.

Jay Hormel is president of what he incre-

gantly calls a "butcher business," founded by and named for his father, George Albert Hormel, and situated in the Northwest corn belt at Austin, Minn. Under the elder Hormel's management the company thrived as a conventional packing house whose white-aproned employees never heard of Spam or any other kind of tinned meat. Today George A. Hormel & Co. still packs and sells more fresh meat than

being waged throughout most of the nation's meat-packing industry is attributable to the distinctive policies of which his annual wage plan is but one manifestation. For some years he has granted "incentive payments" to individuals in departments which exceed production schedules, and has given as much as eight weeks' extra pay a year to all his workers on a profit-sharing basis. The new contract

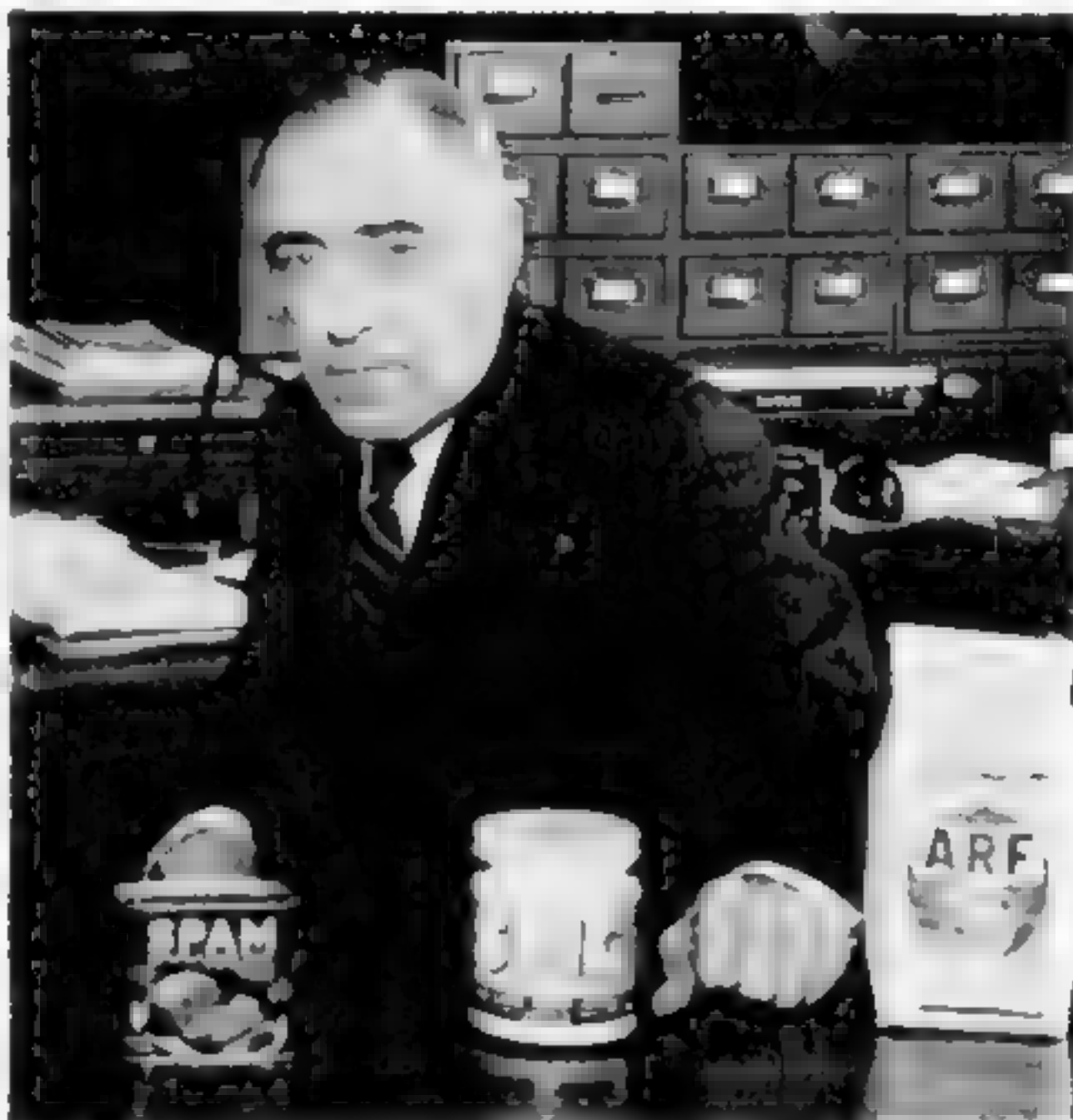
between George A. Hormel & Co. and U.P.W.A. Local 9 contains some unusual provisions. For example, no worker can be fired without 52 weeks' written notice except in cases of personal misconduct. Any employee not pulling his weight in his department is given written notification and his performance either improves or he is moved to a more suitable spot. The Hormel company boasts the lowest turnover rate of any packing house in the nation.

When Local 9's negotiators approached Jay Hormel for a raise last fall he astonished them by remarking pleasantly, "Of course you need a raise. How else are we ever going to pay off the national debt?" Informed that 200,000 American packing-house workers were asking a 25¢-an-hour raise, Hormel promptly granted his 6,000 employees a flat \$7-a-week raise for an interim period, with the added promise that he would meet any higher rate that might emerge from negotiations elsewhere.

Hormel's labor relations have not, however, always been quite so friendly. Like many men of ideas he likes his own proposals, and he was profoundly hurt in 1933 when his employees struck against compulsory insurance

deductions on their pay checks and carried him out of his office in Sewell Avery style. The strikers won their point and not long afterward Hormel recognized the union. He confessed to its members later, "I found out in 1933 I couldn't lick you, so I joined you."

Ever since his conversion to unorthodoxy, Hormel has been labeled everything from pale pink to red. His competitors sometimes wonder whether Hormel operates a butcher business in order to exercise his social convictions or practices social beneficence in order to stay in the butcher business. Hormel prefers the latter view. Contentedly surveying the 170 acres of his estate outside Austin, he remarks with indisputable logic, "I'm well situated. I don't want to get removed." His associates credit him with predilections which are anything but unworldly. "He has all the aptitudes and inclinations for high living," a friend remarked recently. "I can't understand what keeps him from being a playboy." Hormel's usual response to queries concerning his business assiduity is, "A man's got to eat." He insists that he is no more than earning his own large salary check when he sees to it that others are profiting from



HORMEL LIKES SIMPLICITY in his work as well as in his products' names. Spam is his classic. Spic is a shortening, Arf a brand-new dog food.

canned. But to U.S. housewives the name Hormel is most familiar on the label of a can on the grocery-store shelf.

Both the Hormel company and its president are odd phenomena on the U.S. economic scene. An only son who inherited a lucrative business from a self-made father, Jay Hormel is an original thinker who has put his novel economic ideas into practice. The best-known of these is the Hormel company's guaranteed annual wage, designed to cushion employees against seasonal fluctuations in the meat industry. Under this system an employee's weekly base rate remains constant whether he works 53 hours in wintertime when the hog kill is at its peak or a mere 18 hours in summer when animals fatten on the farms and slaughtering is at a virtual standstill. Although the annual wage plan swells Hormel's payroll, he has discovered that increased output more than covers the cost. Significantly Local No. 9 of the C.I.O.'s United Packinghouse Workers, the Hormel local, is one of a handful of packing-house units which have stayed on the job in the current meat crisis.

Hormel's notable immunity from the labor-management warfare which last week was still

People whose success depends on writing
know they can depend on Scripto Pencils



*"I like the Scripto long
lead because I write
such long words"*

COL. STOOPNACLE

Radio comedy star; daffy lexicographer; author of "You Wouldn't Know Me from Adam" and "Father Goosengale", and other stuff.

Col. Stoopnagle likes the long 4-inch lead in Scripto Mechanical Pencils because, as he says, he writes long words. You'll like the long lead because it keeps the Scripto Pencil always ready to write when you are.

Star performers in every field applaud the star performance of the Scripto Pencil. Its dependability has made it the choice of successful career people—the pencil of the pro's. Get one wherever mechanical pencils are sold, and learn about writing satisfaction first hand in your own hand.

Your choice of
clear-view or
opaque plastic

20¢

Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
the **PENCIL**
of the pro's

SCRIPTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA. Makers of the world's largest-selling mechanical pencils. Also no-smudge erasers and quality leads in 10 degrees of black and 17 colors



**"Whadya mean luncheon meat?
I say it's Spam and I say to hell with it!"**

HORMEL CONTINUED

his operations. "The community must eventually hold me responsible. I couldn't live out in that cottage [the Hormel estate] unless people figured they were getting some good out of me."

As one born to wealth, Jay Hormel admits a special admiration for men who started with nothing and built fortunes. He expresses a particular veneration for his father, George Albert, now 85 years old. The elder Hormel quit school when he was 13 years old and became boy of all work in a meat market. After holding a variety of jobs all over the Midwest he decided, at the age of 27, to establish a pork-packing house in the corn belt town of Austin, Minnesota's "Queen City of the Southern Tier." From the beginning Hormel Sr. determined to establish his business on a reputation of quality. "I don't think I ever flew off the handle at an honest mistake in judgment," he said recently, "but a meat scrap on the floor was something else again."

As his packing house grew, George A. gathered his mother and father and nine siblings to Austin. Soon the great Hormel clan dominated local affairs. One brother became minister of the Austin Presbyterian Church. The other three went into the Hormel company. George's wife was organist in her brother-in-law's church. George himself was the acknowledged patriarch of his tribe and community. A large man and well coordinated, he skated, captained the local ball team and excelled at "horse shinny" (Minnesota prairie polo). Last year, aged 84, he shot an 84 on the Beverly Hills Golf Course.

Young Jay Hormel, George's only child, grew up in the shadow of his father's talents. Strong-willed as his father but smaller, not particularly athletic, somewhat erratic, he was a little overwhelmed by the record he saw before him. His father sent him to Princeton for three years and then, deciding his tuition fees were a poor investment, brought him back to the packing house.

In 1917 Jay went off to war. Out of the shadow of his family he enjoyed himself and demonstrated for the first time his administrative talents. He was stationed at an ice plant in the quartermaster depot at Tours. One of its functions was to distribute beef that came from the U.S. frozen in quarters. Early in 1918 shipping space grew scant and supplies were running low. Hormel and his commanding officer, a Colonel Grove, figured that 40% cargo space could be saved if the beef were boned before it was frozen, and he dispatched a cable explaining this to Washington. The idea was accepted, and Lieutenant Hormel was sent to the U.S. to compose uniform orders for American packers on how to bone, freeze and pack beef.

After the war Hormel returned home with a lot more confidence and a little more prestige. He remained the boss's son, however, until one fateful Saturday night in 1921 when he made the simple announcement to his father, "Dad, I think we're broke." He was right. During the war the Hormel company had drifted into a long vacation and the old-time executives had worn their jobs into comfortable ruts. Under these circumstances an enterprising assistant comptroller, "Cy" Thomson, had found it simple to embezzle systematically over a period of years the sum of \$1,187,000. No one, neither Hormel officials nor accountants, had discovered anything amiss. It was not until Jay Hormel, coming on a slight oddity in the records, undertook a careful study of the books that Thomson's defalcation was uncovered. The blow was great because the sum embezzled vastly exceeded the company's cash supply. Over and above the theft, the stagnant company had sustained a half-



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"There's something I want to ask you, Colonel. Would the Army like to know how to make Spam interesting?"

million-dollar deficit for the year. Hormel accompanied his father as that indomitable man of 61 made a weary trip to his bankers and offered as collateral his personal integrity and the soundness of his organization.

The loan was granted. George A. went home to Austin, sadly but ruthlessly cleaned house by firing most of his executives and turned a good portion of the work over to his son. Jay gradually converted his father's old-style packing house into a modern firm of food specialists. By 1926 the Hormel company was ready to market tinned meats. Jay announced to his father one day, "I've just signed contracts for \$500,000 worth of advertising." His startled father gasped, "You did *what*?" George A. had operated on the theory that if you topped your competitors in quality, you required a minimum of promotion. His advertising budget had increased little since the early days when his wife knocked off price lists on a hectograph. He could only mutter, "A half million dollars. . . . I can't imagine spending my father's money in any such fashion."

"I'm sure you couldn't," said Jay, "but you didn't have a rich dad like me."

Although devoted to each other, Hormel and son disagreed increasingly on how to run a packing house. In 1927 George A. pleaded ill health, took his wife to California and built a house. "I felt that if I left the business it would go to pot, but if I did not leave it, I would not last long," he explained later. Today the 85-year-old chairman of the board sits in his Beverly Hills office, studies minute weekly reports of the business and writes back specific suggestions on new equipment and hog-killing schedules. Hormel employees and executives both step lively during the old man's regular visits home. "When George A. gets here he doesn't spend any time in the offices," one of them observed not long ago. "He'll say, 'Come on, put on your white coat and let's get out to the plant.'"

The birth of Spam

Jay Hormel inaugurated his Flavor-Sealed line of canned products in 1926 with a whole tinned ham. The next year he added spiced ham (the direct antecedent of Spam) and in 1928 canned chicken. With the depression, Hormel's cherished Flavor-Sealed line began slipping badly, so he conceived the scheme of launching a brand-new product with a trick name and initiated a series of contests climaxed by a New Year's Eve party at his own home. Each of the 65 guests was greeted at the door with a contest blank. The price of each drink was a completed entry in the contest. "Along about the third or fourth drink they began showing some imagination," Hormel recalls. Many of the names later adopted by competitors were offered and rejected. Finally the butler delivered to the host a slip of paper marked with the word SPAM.

In 1937 Spam went on public sale, ballyhooed by one of the earthiest, corniest and most successful promotion campaigns in U.S. advertising history. Radios blared what was probably the first singing commercial, a jingle set to the tune of *Bring Back My Bonnie to Me*:

SPAM, SPAM, SPAM, SPAM,
Hormel's new miracle meat in the can,
Tastes fine, saves time.

If you want something grand ask for SPAM.

Sound-effect experts produced noises such as "SPAM-RIP-POP-BOOM!" Announcers talked of "that new dance the can-can full

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The One and Only

In vases, it's "Ming"
...in Scotch, it's Haig & Haig...
treasures that have stood the test
of time



It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal
preference for 318 years

HAIG & HAIG

The Oldest Name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

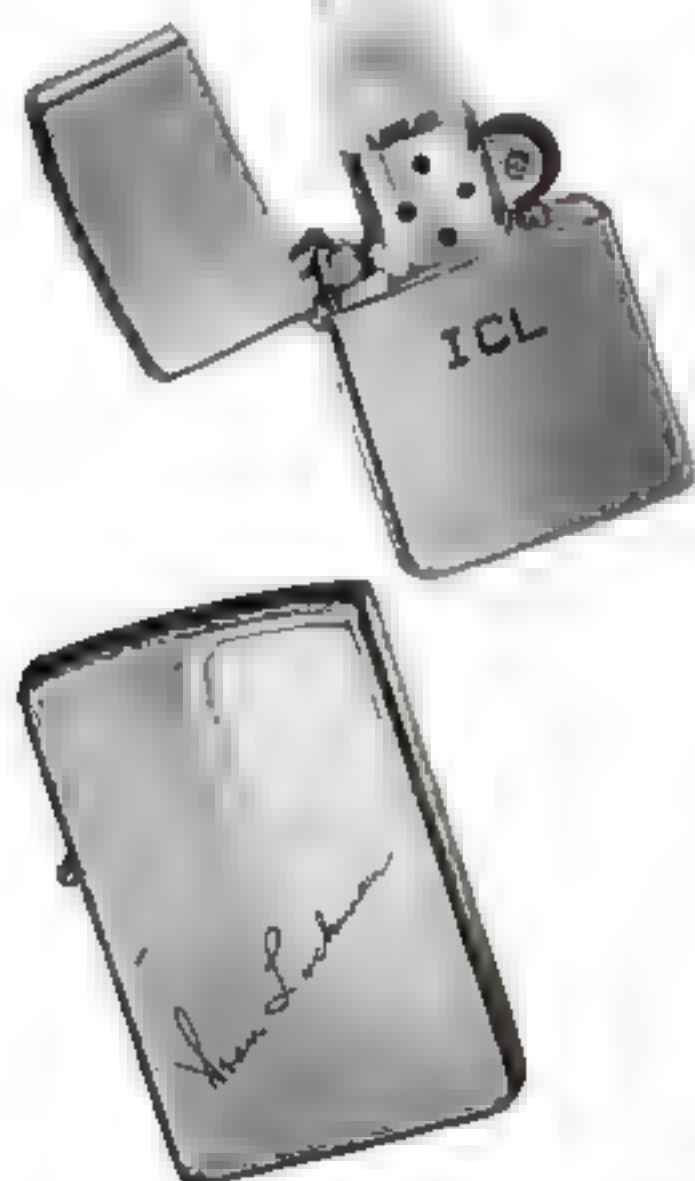


"Look what I just bought A genuine Post-War ZIPPO..."

"What a dandy style—slimmer too, and so well rounded. . . , I know it'll fit snugger in my purse and pocket—and it's made from a silver-like metal that's thrilling to the touch."

"It's out of this world! Wish I had one, but looks like more than I could afford."

"Don't be silly, darling, it does look like five dollars, but it costs \$2.50 for the standard model, and \$3.50 with signature or initials. Other models range in price up to \$175."



Yes . . . the NEW ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER is on its way to dealers everywhere. Thanks, everybody, for being so patient. They are more beautiful than prewar and defy imitation.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE The prices challenge the inflation market. Nothing has been spared to produce the finest in design and performance. The new ZIPPO is tops in value and long-lasting service. Backed by the same time-honored unconditional guarantee—"No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO."

Also demand ZIPPO Hard Flints and clean-burning Fluid

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. Z Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION This engraving ZIPPO MFG. CO. BRADFORD PA. ZIPPO PAT. 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A. is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO

ZIPPO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Windproof LIGHTER

HORMEL CONTINUED

of Spam-Spam." When Burns and Allen went on the show, Gracie introduced herself by proclaiming, "This is Gracie Allen, Spam's meat-heart, speaking." On one program the announcer was knocked over the head and as he fell he bleated, "Cold or hot, Spam hits the spot." And in the course of a color-comic advertising series the language was enriched by the addition of such words and phrases as Spamwich, Spambled Eggs, "Spam good idea."

Hormel will not disclose exactly how many tons of Spam these tactics coaxed into the public esophagus. But one evidence of his impact on American gustatory habits is that 70% of the urban U.S. was using canned meats in 1940 as against 18% in 1937. And more than twice as much Spam was sold as the analogous products of its closest competitors. George A. Hormel & Co. last year had net sales of \$115,000,000, a sizable figure, though small compared to the billion-dollar business of Armour or Swift. It marketed 550,000,000 pounds of pork, lamb, beef and canned meats, and it is now about to launch a number of new products on the market. Yet in Hormel's opinion, "We're now in what you might call the middle period of our business. Ever since the 1933 bank holiday we've just gone along in a rut."

Shortly after the reorganization of the Hormel company in 1922, Jay made a special trip to Europe and returned with a bride, an auburn-haired miller's daughter of La Vernelle, France named Germaine "Jerry" Dubois, whom he had met during his Army stint four years earlier. Home again, he built for her the first of seven installments of a rambling, white-brick, red-roofed house that was to become the talk of the prairie. Jerry Hormel, whom Jay affectionately and disconcertingly introduces to strangers as "my first wife," set the furnishings in gay French Provincial style. She overlaid the labyrinth of appended rooms, disappearing walls and secret staircases with a confusion of flowered wallpapers, plaid curtains, pastel linens, heterogeneous pianos and canopied beds. Notwithstanding a full staff of bilingual servants, Jerry Hormel still likes to exercise her considerable culinary skill by preparing elaborate beef ragouts and pheasant stews for her husband and guests. Hormel's canned Tomato Bretonne is a sample of the Jerry Hormel technique.

The peripatetic Spam man

Their children, 17-year-old Geordie, 15-year-old Tommy and 13-year-old Jimmy, range the Hormel acres and alternate between the swimming pool and the backyard paddock. During the war Mrs. Hormel ran an international establishment. "My wife collects refugees," her husband explains. "At one time there were 22 ration books in our house, all with different accents." This assorted ménage gave Jay Hormel, who avowedly aspires to be an orchestra leader, an opportunity to conduct not only his usual family trio of Geordie at the piano, Tommy on the clarinet and Jimmy at the drums but a full-scale symphonic aggregation, with various house guests filling in on the xylophone, tambourine, sweet potato and saxophone.

The Austin townspeople are, not unnaturally, interested in the extracurricular activities of their leading citizen. For one thing, Hormel always seems to be traveling somewhere. Many of his journeys involve active service on price or employment committees, appearances before Congress and attendance at conferences called to formulate improved business techniques. When Hormel pays social visits he turns his friends into sounding boards for his multifarious schemes. Some years ago, for example, he dreamed up a plan for a tax on savings in lieu of a tax on profits. "The consensus of the people I tried that one on was 'Nuts,'" he recalls.

Many of Hormel's ideas have born fruit; quite as many have fallen painfully flat. He no longer cares to boast that it was in the Hormel living room that a group of his friends hatched the America First Committee. Nor does he recall with pride a little ditty called *This Ain't Our War* which he sponsored in 1939 with unavailing energy. While Hormel never did get around to endorsing U.S. participation in World War II, like Robert Hutchins and others, he ultimately acquired a distaste for the America First Committee and for isolationists in general. "Isolationists just don't know the facts of life. Neither," he adds hastily, "do One Worlders. I don't believe any group of men can get together and run the world." Hormel's internationalism tends to embrace practical projects within his own sphere, such as maintenance of the multilingual ménage in his own home and an energetic but abortive attempt to interest the Republican Party in a scheme to export to hungry Europe the little pigs that were being plowed under at home.

Hormel's managerial imagination often leads him to brood upon the organizations of competitors and adversaries and sometimes even to offer concrete ideas for their improvement. Currently he is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

TWO GRAND PIPE TOBACCOS THAT ARE
WINNING THOUSANDS WHO

Never Smoked Pipes Before



The Flavor's In... the Bite is Out!
TWO PIPE TOBACCOS YOU CAN INHALE

SMOKERS of all kinds — thousands who never smoked pipes before — are turning to these two grand pipe mixtures — made by Philip Morris.

Try them! You'll find both extra good . . . smooth, cool-smoking! Thanks to a Philip Morris advance in preparing pipe tobaccos — the flavor's *in*... the bite is *out*!

So go to your favorite tobacco counter . . . ask for REVELATION or BOND STREET — the pipe tobaccos you can inhale.

ATTENTION! PIPE SMOKERS

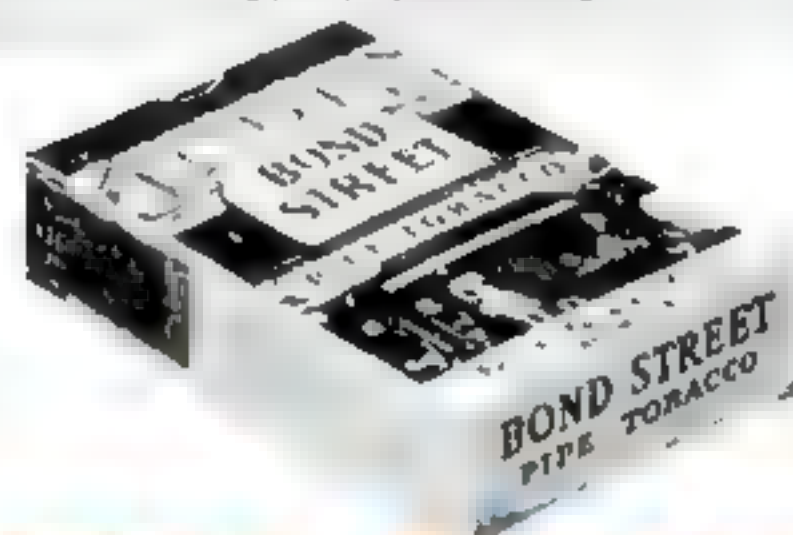
If you're just starting to know and enjoy the pleasure of pipe smoking — you'd be wise, indeed, to choose REVELATION or BOND STREET — the two pipe tobaccos you can inhale!

HERE'S PROOF Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is *over three times as irritating as REVELATION!* Since BOND STREET is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.

DEDICATED TO THE PRODUCTION OF FINE TOBACCO PRODUCTS

PHILIP MORRIS
Presents
PIPE TOBACCOS YOU
CAN INHALE



BOND STREET

A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture. Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor and aroma, even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.



REVELATION

One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends. A magnificent "flavor-blend" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; smokes clean, cool and even — every puff a pleasure.

*Finest Quality
at a Popular Price!*

An extra hand for Mother

Though Junior tore his Daddy's book,
It's hard to tell just where.
His Mother used some Texcel Tape
To mend and hide the tear.

(Texcel mends
securely—
the "stickum's"
bonded on!)



And where Sis kicked the table leg,
The rough spots covered in.
A little shield of Texcel Tape
Protects both clothes and skin.

(Texcel protects almost
completely—
the "stickum's"
bonded on!)



When Junior's wooden toys break up,
Mom puts 'em on the mend
With just a wrap of Texcel Tape—
The home and office friend.

(Texcel holds and holds—
the "stickum's"
bonded on!)

Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stickum's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
It holds with lots of brawn.



To get this improved tape, however,
You want to make quite sure—
The brand name Texcel Tape is on
The roll that you secure.

Texcel Tape

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation • New Brunswick, N. J.

HORMEL CONTINUED

dissatisfied with the conduct of labor unions in America and, operating on the assumption that other businessmen share his own openness to suggestion, complains, "Why don't the unions stop talking about 'hourly wages' and fight for an over-all share of total available income? They should get management to agree in advance on the proportion of production which should accrue to labor." On the other hand, Hormel feels that U.S. businessmen, instead of grumbling about administrative restrictions, should assume responsibility for postwar expansion, devise extra goods and services and plan for productivity that will be steady and progressive.

By the nature of the case, fellow businessmen, particularly meat packers, acknowledge something less than unbounded devotion for Jay Hormel. They weary of hearing union negotiators recount to them the bounties bestowed in Austin, Minn. Only Hormel's lack of affectation, easy good humor and placid acceptance of the opinions of others have preserved his friendly status in the business world. One morning recently, after reading a violent explosion by General Motors' Charles Wilson on the irrelevance of profits to wages, Hormel commented mildly, "That's where Mr. Wilson and I differ. He's older than I am, so he must be right."

At heart, Jay Hormel regards himself simply as a meat packer. No flair for extraneous schemes blankets his fundamental love of his business. The mobile tables in the hog-cutting rooms, which have eliminated the aching labor of lifting and shoving heavy meat sides and thereby increased the capacity of the operation by one third with a one-third cut in labor, are evidence of Hormel method. And at the Hormel Institute, a research laboratory affiliated with the University of Minnesota but situated on Hormel's estate, agrarian scientists study soil conditions, feed growth and animal health, and periodically impart their findings to the meat industry and farmers in a free pamphlet, *The Hormel Farmer*.

Hormel's current concern is to re-employ some 1,200 returning servicemen and at the same time keep his present staff of 6,000 busy. To this end he and his "gang" have evolved more than 100 postwar employment projects. His rule of thumb for any suggestion is, "If it isn't profitable we wouldn't think of it. And it's got to be useful as well as profitable." Despite the threats of veterans to boycott Spam, one of Hormel's immediate projects entails selling that commodity to new people in new places. He also is preparing to offer the nation a number of new products, two of which display the Hormel genius for monosyllabic nomenclature. One of these is Spic, a shortening, the inevitable companion piece to Spam. The other is a dried dog food called Arf. This will be heralded to the hungry canine world in accordance with the highest standards of Hormel schmaltz. The prospectus runs as follows:

"Watch ARF! say we of the Hormel company.

To which our new customers reply, 'ARF! ARF! ARF!'



EXPERIMENTAL PIGS, bred by Hormel Institute, are admired by Mr. Hormel. Institute is on his estate and he takes firsthand interest in its work.

Twins in Compartment A

Carnation makes them
feel at home!

It's no trouble at all to fix a formula or a glass of safe, nourishing milk while taking a trip—if Carnation travels with you.

Just the *safety* is wonderful! Carnation Milk is sealed air-tight in the can, then sterilized, to guard its goodness perfectly. Its extra and abundant amount of vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin—gives essential protection during the days away from the sun. And you always know that the Carnation Milk you buy in *any* far-away place is the same good Carnation Milk you get at your own grocer's.

No wonder mothers feel at home—traveling with *Carnation*!

BABY'S FORMULA

Your doctor will give you directions for your baby's formula. It can easily be prepared with safe, nourishing, vitamin-D-fortified Carnation Milk, which is so easy to digest because it forms a finer, softer curd. Remember that adding an equal amount of boiled water gives you whole-milk richness. Millions of fine husky youngsters owe their splendid start to Carnation.

FORMULA FOR WEE TRAVELERS

Take a vacuum bottle of baby's boiled water and carbohydrate (sugar) mixture; a can of Carnation Milk; a supply of capped, sterilized nursing bottles; a jar of sterilized nipples; a clean can opener. Measure the required amounts of Carnation Milk and the water-sugar mixture right into the individual bottle as needed. Cap with nipple and glass cap and have the porter warm the bottle before feeding.

Carnation Milk, mixed half and half with cold water, makes a delicious drink of good whole milk for the older children.

"YOUR CONTENTED BABY"—

Carnation's recently revised, practical, and helpful book on baby care—devotes a whole chapter to the baby who travels. Send for your free copy to Carnation Company, Dept. L-57, Milwaukee 2, Wis., or Toronto, Ont.



Listen! Music America Loves
The New "CONTENTED HOUR"
Every Monday Evening—147 NBC Stations



Carnation
"FROM CONTENTED

Milk
COWS"





From filament to finished fashion

From the purr of spindles, the rhythm of thousands of looms comes the beautiful quality-controlled fabric of your Textron slip today. Textron puts this famous fabric through a rainbow of beautiful dyes.

Clicking cutters follow Textron's ingenious designs. Buzzing stitchers tailor it with the same precision Textron used in turning out parachutes—until it becomes the finished Textron masterpiece. For quality blended with the strength and beauty for which Textron is famous, ask to see Textron's breath-taking lingerie fashions.

HOME FASHIONS



Silky-soft as a Dandelion Puff

Fairy-White enchantment for you. As soft and fresh as Spring's first breath—Textron's newest slip of finest, puff-soft rayon. Willow slim, to follow the lovely lines of your lovely figure. Cut, stitched and tailored with Textron's* famous parachute precision. In pretty Petal P'nk and Midnight Black as well as pure Snow White. Sizes from 32 to 42. \$2.95 at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON Inc. Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

TEXTRON
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

H O S T E S S C O A T S • M E N S W E A R • L I N G E R I E

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have *Lovelier Skin in 14 days!*



"You've just got to do better by me!"

Kathleen Pothier of Hollywood, California, stormed at her mirror. "Don't let me catch you showing me this dull, dingy, coarse-looking complexion again! Other girls have nice complexions—and I want one, too!"



"Then my best friend told me

about the wonderful 14-Day Palmolive Plan! Now 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days.

**14-Day Palmolive Plan tested
by 36 Doctors on 1285 women
with all types of skin!**

"Here's all you do:

Wash your face with Palmolive Soap! Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin the full beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather.

14 days after I started this Plan, my complexion was fresher, brighter—finer looking, too!"

**YOU, TOO, may look for these skin
improvements in only 14 Days!**

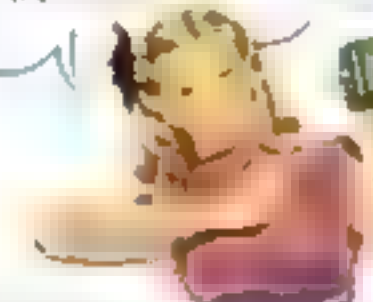
Less Oily
Smoother, Younger looking . . .
Less Coarse-looking
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads . . .
Fresher
Brighter, Clearer Color

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin: Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

For loveliest oil over
For tub and shower, too,
Try big Bath Size Palmolive
It's the try! Sold at New



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!**





A SURPRISE VALENTINE is given Mrs. John B. Stepien as her sergeant husband comes back to her after 12 months by leaping through a paper Valentine during

a WWJ (Detroit) broadcast. Station secured his discharge early, shipped him to Detroit secretly for *Coffee Club* program on which his unsuspecting wife was interviewed.

ZANY RADIO

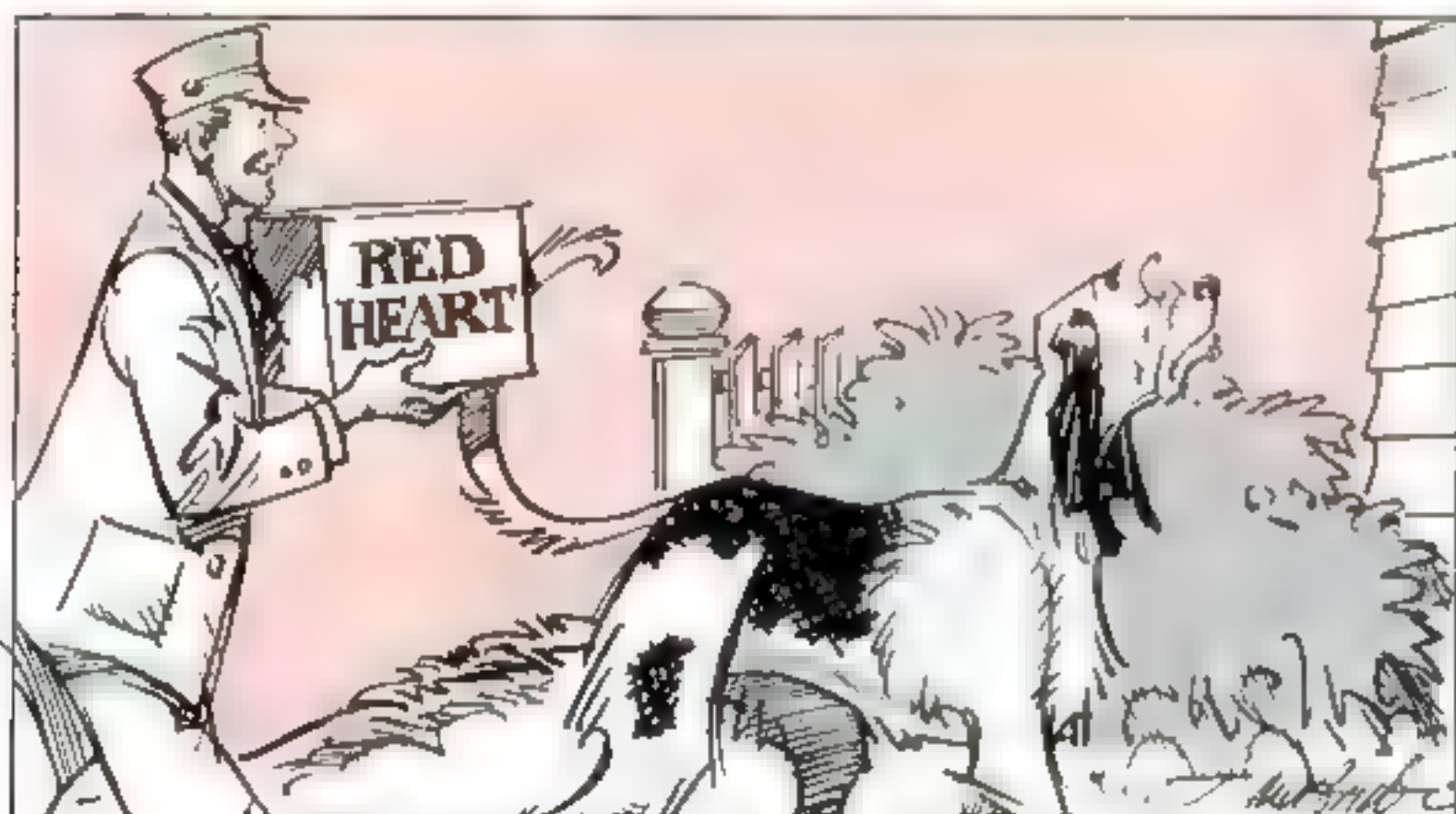
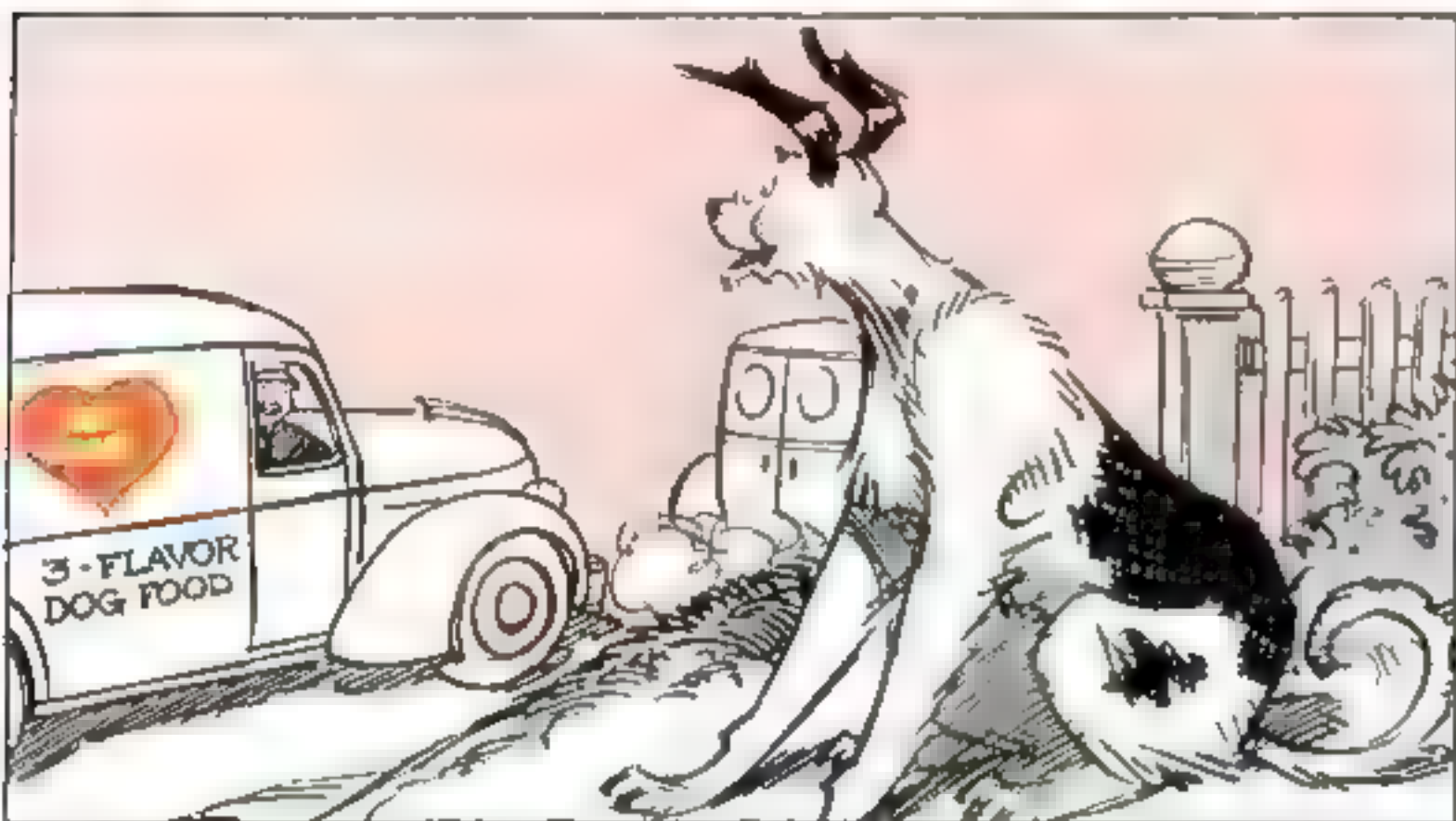
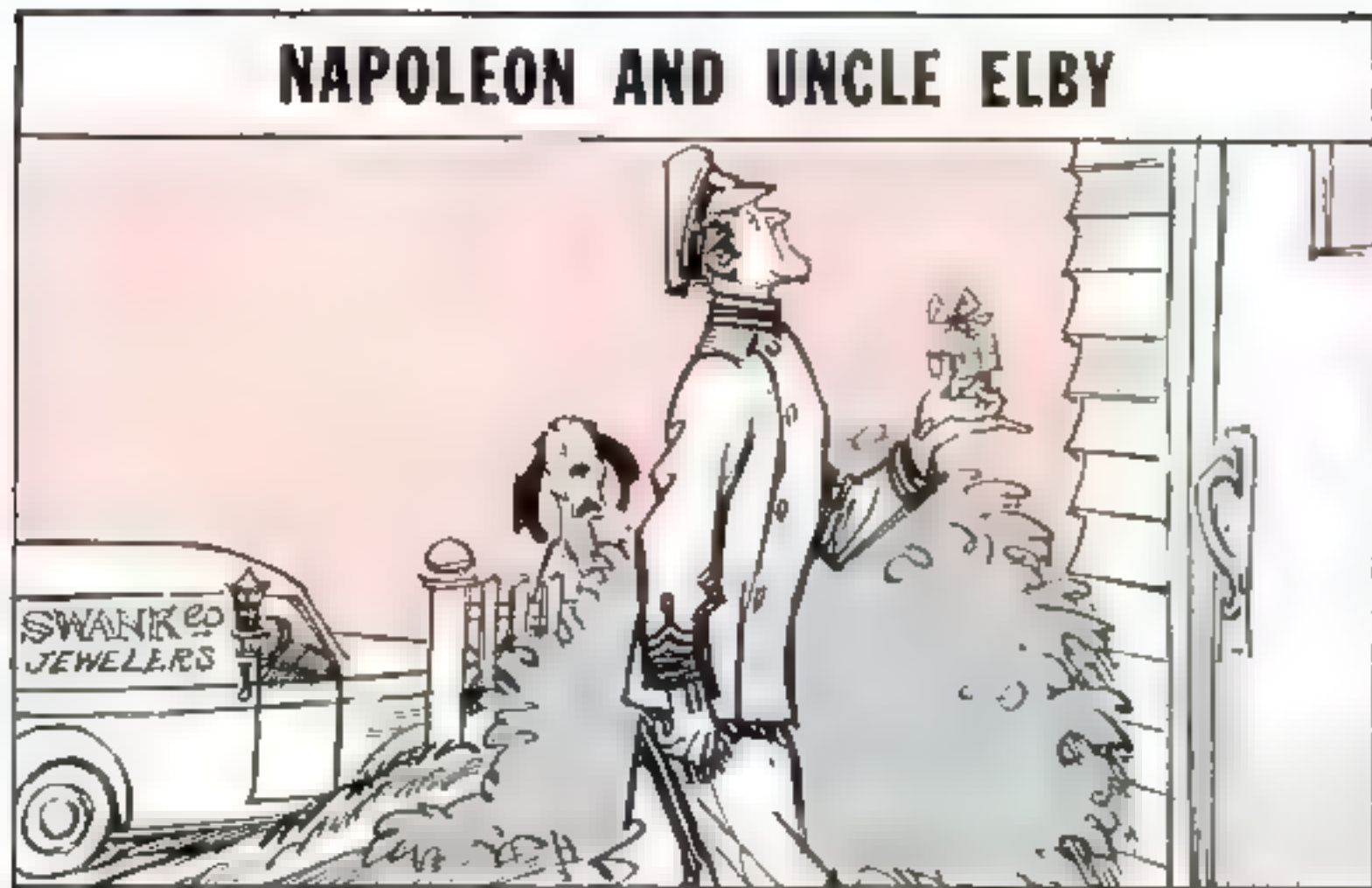
Stunts grow wilder and wilder
in audience-participation shows

"In the old days," said Fred Allen recently about radio studio audiences, "we had to drag them in. Now they fight to get into the act." Today people submit to embarrassment, ridicule and indignity to take part in radio programs. They ride on ice cakes, fight with pillows, do strip teases, make cross-country trips, go into lions' cages.

The audience-participation show began humbly as a question-and-answer program on which

participants were rewarded with small gifts of cash or samples of sponsors' products. Today people are required to make holy shows of themselves and win munificent prizes—hundreds of dollars in cash, automobiles, furniture, diamond rings, truck horses, free honeymoons. Some of the recent stunts they have done are shown on these pages. The end seems nowhere in sight. Omnisciently, even television has taken up the idea (*see p. 70*).

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY

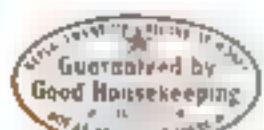


No wonder Napoleon's proud. Red Heart's rare 3 flavors—beef, fish, or cheese—are jewels in any dog's feeding dish.

Taste tests all over the country show 9 of every 10 dogs like Red Heart's tempting variety. What's more, needed proteins, vitamins, carbohy-

drates, fats and minerals are all there in the right quantity.

Give your dog Red Heart's three flavors in rotation, watch him smack his lips... and grow happy and healthy, sleek and chipper.



3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD

JOHN MORRELL & CO., MEAT PACKERS, OTTUMWA, IOWA

Zany Radio CONTINUED



BULL IN CHINA SHOP was on NBC's *People Are Funny*, with red-coated contestant leading 2,400-pound beast through Los Angeles store. The only casualty was vase, broken by spectator. Bull was more scared than contestant.



LADY AND LION met because *Give and Take* (CBS) offered 12 pairs of nylons to woman who would take them from box in a cage in Bronx Zoo. Miss Charlotte Morgan (above) secured nylons after lion was lured away by raw beef.



CROSS-COUNTRY HUNT on NBC's *Truth or Consequences* sent two men across U.S. with halves of torn thousand-dollar bill, seeking each other by yelling, "Heathcliff." In Pittsburgh Claude Cope yelled, was arrested (above).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



lighter with cola

with ginger ale

with soda

in cocktails

CORONET v.s.q.
the highball
BRANDY

California grape brandy 84 proof Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., San Francisco.

STUNTS ARE TESTED ON PROP GIRL

Although it may not seem so, men who run audience-participation shows sometimes think they go too far. On CBS *County Fair* (Saturday, 1:30 p. m. EST) they test their stunts before using them. A prop girl named Lanie Harper does the tricks and suffers the indignities the show dreams up. If Lanie can do the stunts without trouble, they are put in the show. Here are some things she goes through for \$72.50 a week.



BALLOON-BREAKING STUNT required Lanie to hang in swing, squeeze balloons. She broke eight balloons in three swings so the act was used on air.



IN OBSTACLE RACE lissome Lanie had to carry ice cake through a barrel. This proved feasible and was used but the sponsor paid for clothing damage.



IN SPAGHETTI TRICK 17 pounds of overcooked goo had to be scooped from one pail to another. Lanie did well. Contestants dropped most on floor.



Be lovely to love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use **Fresh**.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.





CREAM PUFF EATING ON SWING was done by having prop man hold pastry with Lanie snapping at it as she swung. It was sneaky but passed test.



PILLOW FIGHT on rail proved too much for Lanie. Here she is about to be knocked off her perch. Two boys did the fighting during the actual broadcast.



DOOR-CHOPPING RACE was used for women. When they succeeded in chopping through, they were squirted with soda. Lanie says she likes her work.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"I'm gonna show the Easter Paraders
ALL of my TruVal Shirt!"



© '46

* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TruVal Mfrs., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

AMERICA'S
SMARTEST BUY

SONNY TUFTS

starring in
the Paramount film

"MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S"

"Who says who is funny?"

asks SONNY



"So you smile at the Fuzzy Wuzzies? Can you blame them for laughing at us, in our funny duds, clothes? If Arabs don't speak English, does that make them dumb? Brother, can you picture how our jive talk must sound to them?"

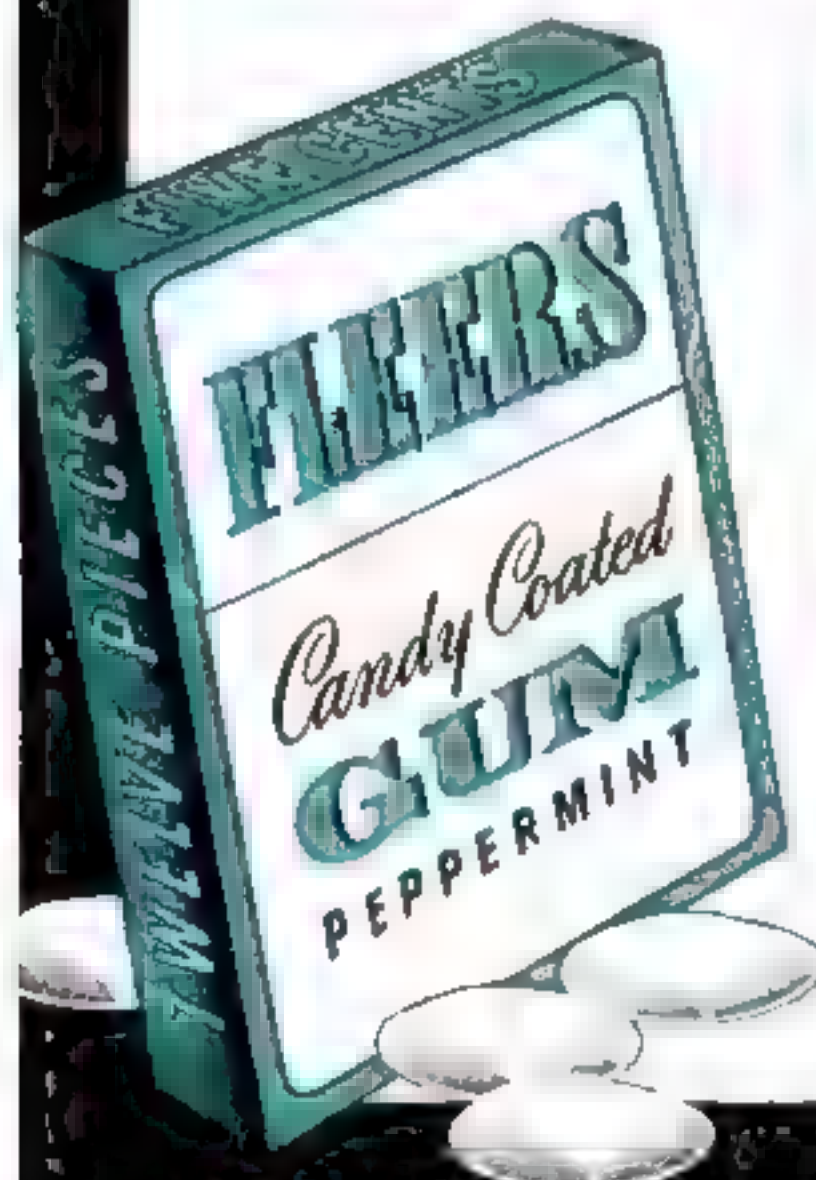
"No matter where they live or what they wear, there's one language all people understand. That's mutual respect and willingness to help each other. For the Love of Peace, let's try to know our new world neighbors. Let us all like 'em fine... and they'll like us better, too."

Sonny's little message is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the hopes of better understanding among friends and enemies.



FLEER'S, you know, is the delicious, juicy gum with the peppermint flavor. It's new to look at, it tastes new. Five cents at a candy store. The rules that put it out at a time from the candy store and where people say, "I like Fleer's. I've it today."

Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Est. 1911



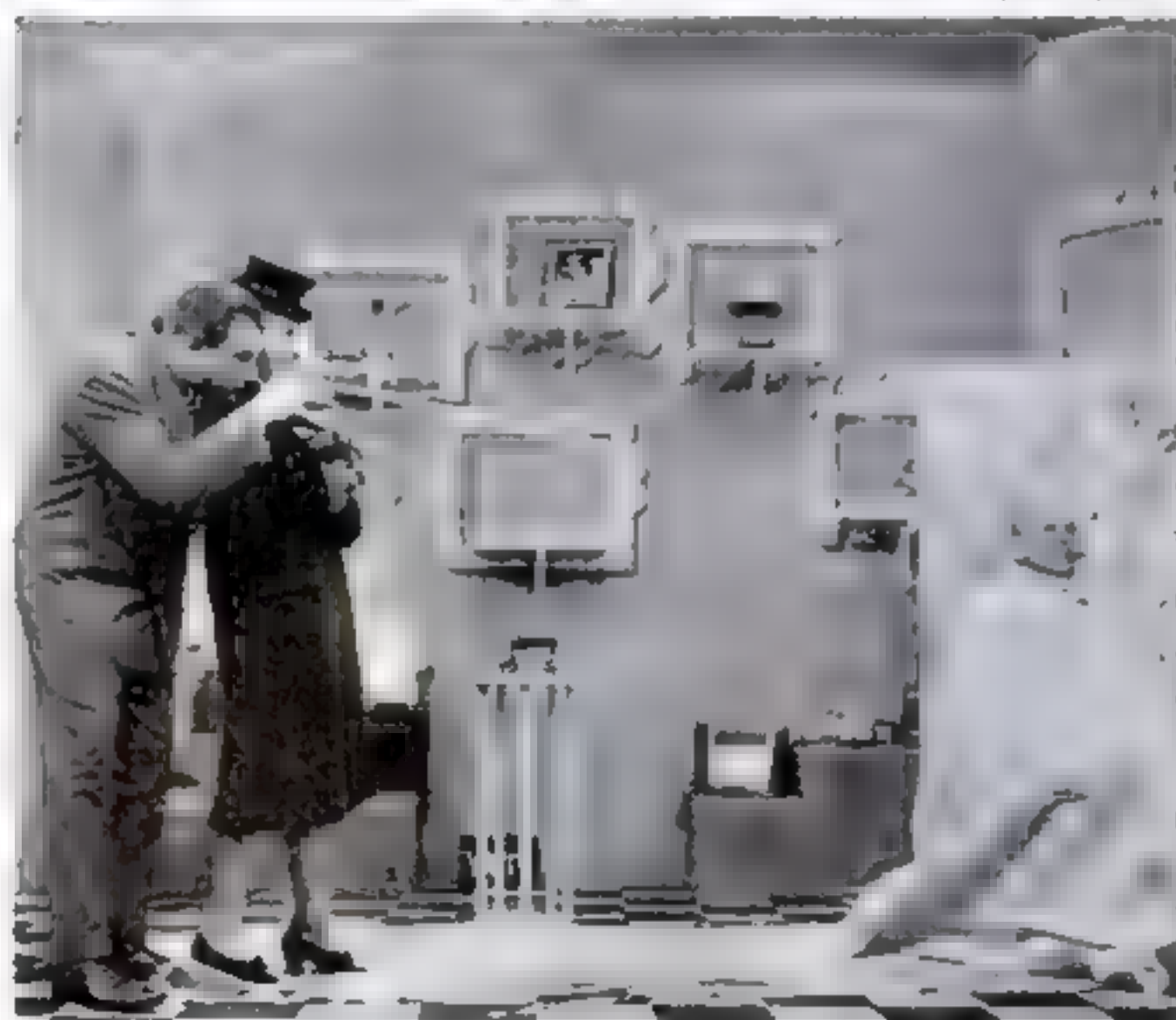
Chewing gum in its nicest form!

Zany Radio CONTINUED

TELEVISION IS ALREADY USING STUNTS



TELEVISION opens an even more appalling stunt prospect. This is *It's a Gift* (CBS), which invites studio audiences and gives presents to participants.



WIFE PUTS OUT CIGAR of husband with aid of Master of Ceremonies John Reed King and seltzer. For this, couple received *Porgy and Bess* records.



WRAPPING BALLOON in newspaper stumped girl. King, imitating eagle, then asked paper's name. She guessed *Brooklyn Eagle*, won four Seamprufe slips.



"You're my darling..."
Say it sweetly, wordlessly,
with a touch of your hands...
the hands you've kept so lovely
with Trushay.

Trushay is the hand lotion
that works a special
"beforehand" way.

Yes... a few drops of this
fragrant liquid used before
soap-and-water tasks, before
dishes or light laundering...
actually help prevent rough,
dry skin!

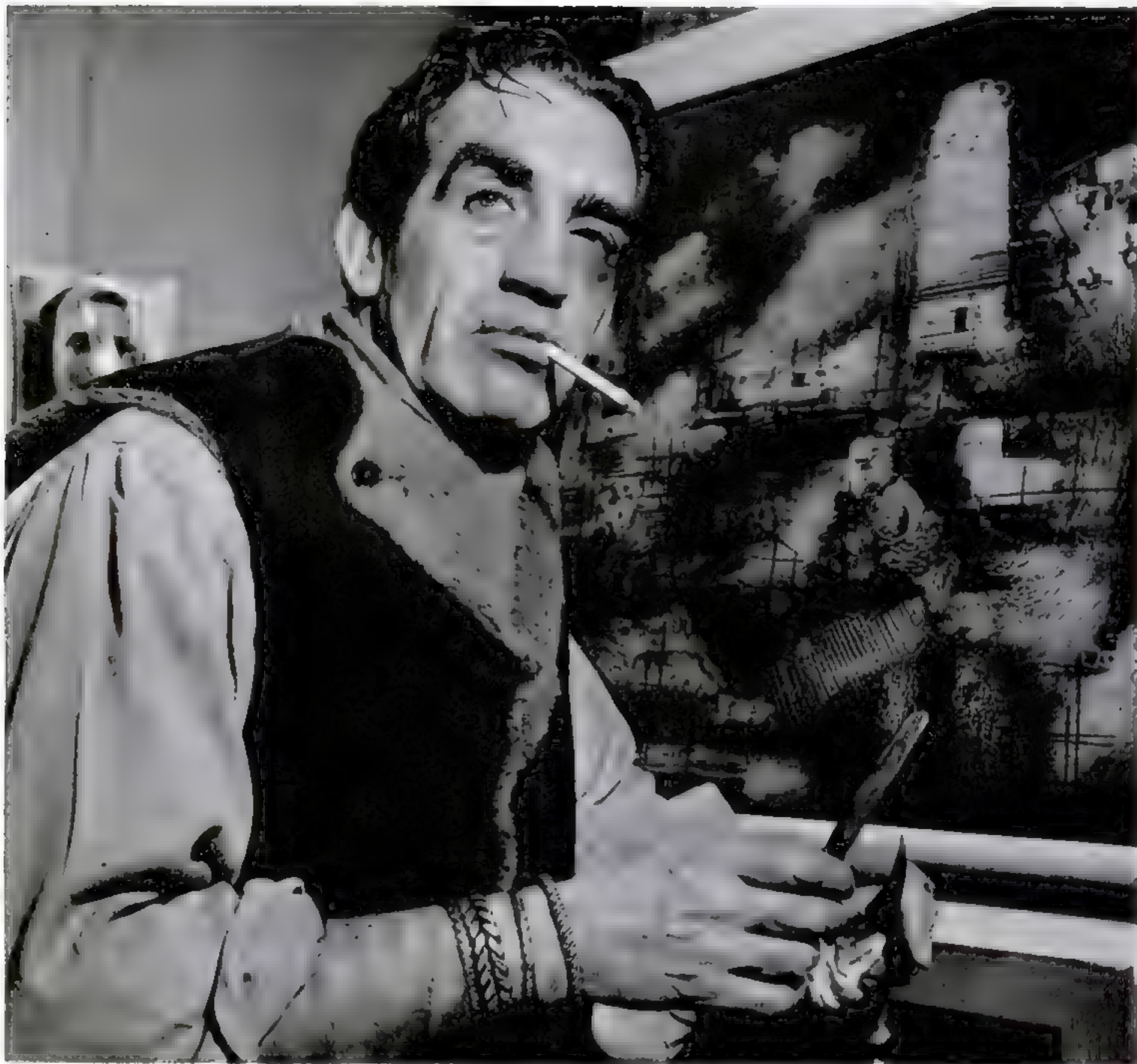
Rely on Trushay, wherever
and whenever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



JULIO DE DIEGO

HE PAINTS WEIRD
WAR AND PEACE

Great war paintings, like great war novels, are not always produced by eyewitnesses of war. Art critics agree that some of World War II's finest paintings have been produced by a genial, fierce-looking Spaniard named Julio de Diego (*above*), who spent the war painting in a New York studio. Julio de Diego hates war and paints it with fiery Spanish ardor. He also paints it with a technical precision and a subtle feeling for color that might be envied by many of his contemporaries.

Julio de Diego's pictorial war is not realistic. A product of his own feverish imagination, they establish de Diego as a leader in U. S. art in a trend away from factual scene paintings. De Diego's scenes suggest those of some weird, macabre ballet in which machinelike humans and human-looking machines fight relentlessly in front of fantastic architectural props and backdrops. His soldiers and statesmen are as impersonal as purposeful insects, their human qualities obliterated in a hopeless atmosphere of regimentation and mechanization. An incredibly rapid worker, de Diego turned out 45 paintings on war in the short space of three months, followed them with 40 cynical pictures about peace. Selections from these paint-

ings are now on exhibit at New York's Nierendorf Gallery.

Julio de Diego, now an American citizen, has lived in the U. S. since 1924. The technical mastery which characterizes his work is the product of a long career during which he has done practically everything a painter can do from sign painting to fashion design. Born in Madrid in 1900, he ran away from home at 15, became an apprentice in a scene-painting studio for Madrid theaters, was an extra in the Ballet Russe's performance of *Petrouchka* with the great Nijinsky. For two years he was with the Spanish army, fought six months in the North African Ruff wars. In 1926 he arrived in Chicago where he designed magazine covers, did fashion illustrations, got a commission to decorate two chapels in St. Gregory's Church. He also designed a laundry bag for the Hotel Sherman that led to a 33% increase in outgoing wash.

In his New York studio de Diego spends his spare time cooking aromatic Spanish dishes and reading works of Spanish mystical philosophers and poets. He smokes cigarets incessantly and dresses flamboyantly, affecting cerise mufflers and jangling bracelets. Like other good Spanish painters he is a fanatical foe of General Franco.



BESIEGED CITY under attack by army shows camouflaged red and white soldiers with huge eyes which, de Diego says, are the only feature which cannot be disguised.



THE PORTENTOUS CITY with a victory parade marching under an arch of triumph was inspired by New York where ornate eyes with their brave architecture.



BLUEPRINT OF THE FUTURE is de Diego's abstract interpretation of diplomats and statesmen working on elaborate blueprints to rebuild a war-ravaged world.

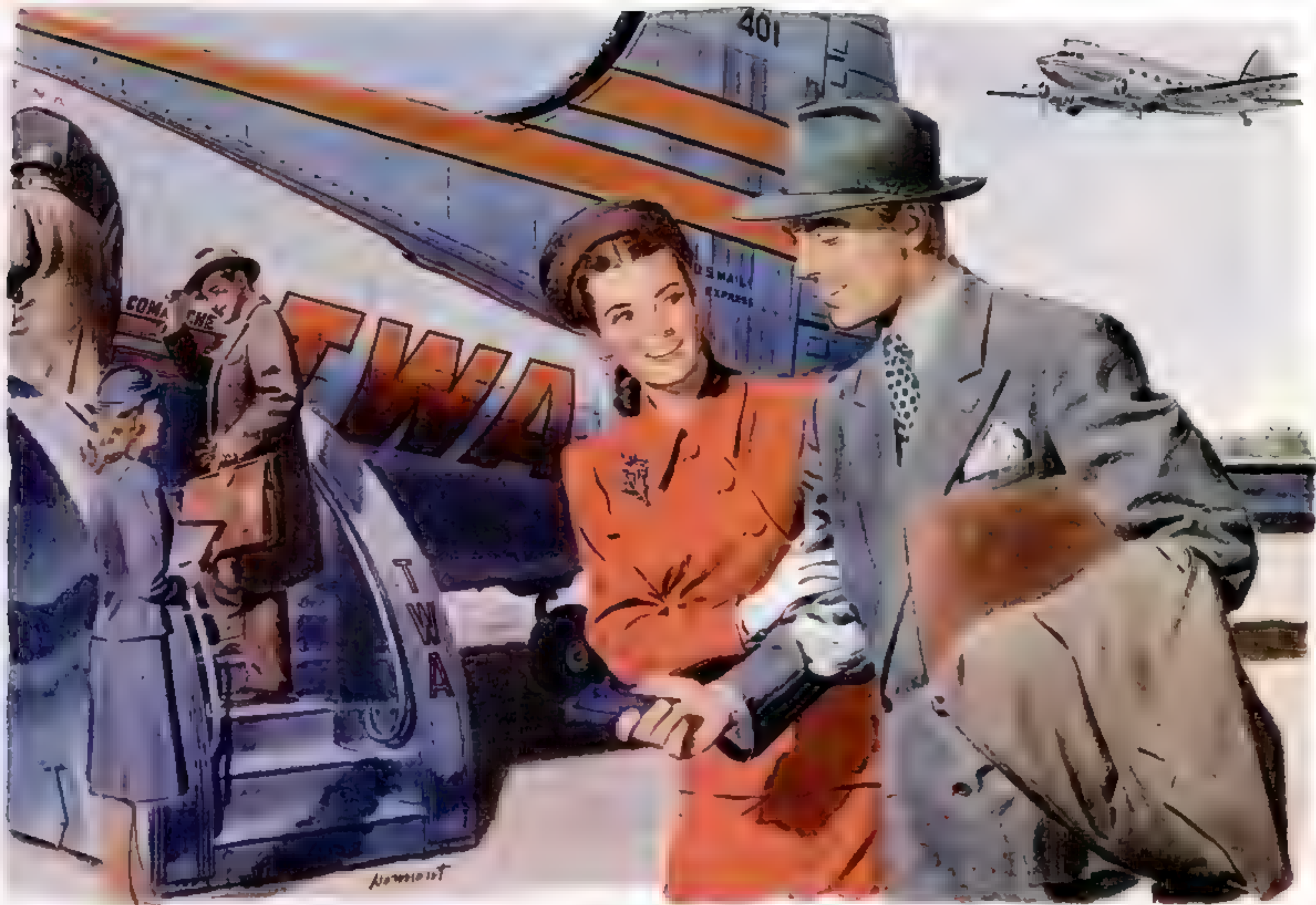
Hands in gold-branded sleeves symbolize council of statesmen. The green monsters behind them are sinister forces which are selfishly influencing the peacemakers.



ELEMENTS OF RECONSTRUCTION (above) shows classic architecture, symbolizing Europe, being rebuilt by powerful, almost human machinery.

UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER (below) was painted as a relief from war scenes by artist, who feels war among animals is less evil than among men.





THE STETSON SHE IS WEARING IS CALLED TOP FLIGHT...\$14.95

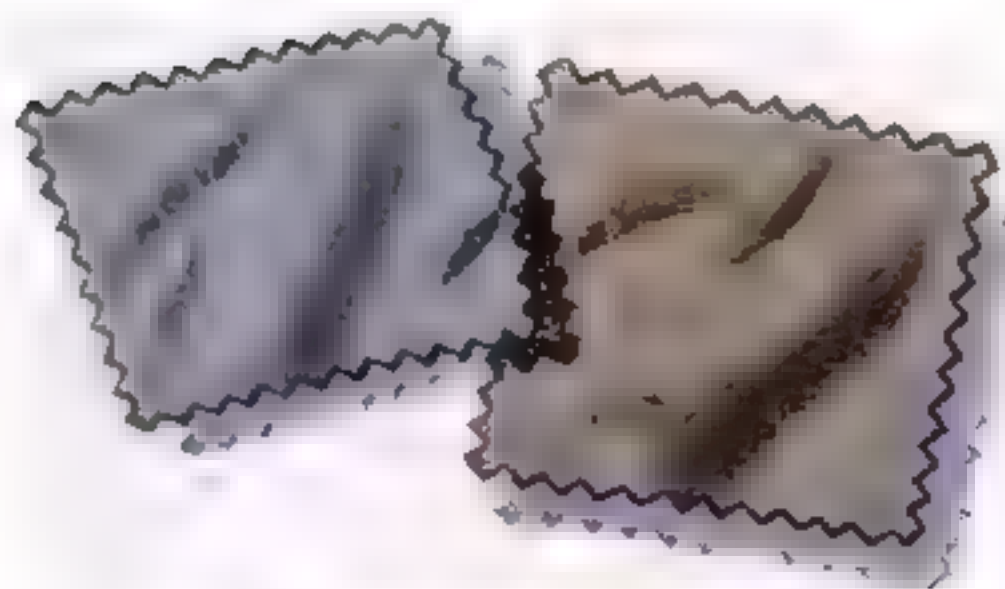
Why is Al going up in the world ?

1. Don't get us wrong. We're not suggesting that Al's bound to climb far just because he wears a Stetson Stratoliner—and the clothes that go with it.

Al's going places because he's got what it takes.

But, being a fellow who uses his head, he's always careful to dress for the occasion.

Note the effect of that good-looking suit he's wearing, for example...



2. The double-breasted flannel — in light gray with a chalk stripe — has an informal, comfortable look. It's the kind of suit you look for on a man on the way up.



3. That green and white tie he's wearing—and that pale-green shirt—lend a light, cool air. The green socks and brown shoes are right on the beam, too.



4. He tops it off with a Stetson Stratoliner, in Pine Green. A youthful hat that will take you on many a round trip in style. It's \$7.50. (The De Luxe Stratoliner, \$12.50)

Right for traveling in style — The STETSON Stratoliner

The name Stetson in a hat is your assurance of quality and fashion excellence. Stetson hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its subsidiary companies. Stetson hats are also made in Canada.

The Aristocrat of Bonds



Kentucky Tavern makes and keeps friends everywhere. For three generations this fine Bond has been the product of the same family whose ambition has always been to make the best whiskey the world over.

*Glenmore Distilleries Company, Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky*

©1944 G. D. CO.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS...SAVINGS BONDS!



Naked at Bergdorf's

A SHOPPER'S DREAM TAKES PLACE IN NEW YORK STORE

In a play by Dodie Smith which ran some years ago in London and New York, two women discuss an unsuccessful shopping tour. "I'd like to be naked with a checkbook," says one. "Wouldn't it be marvelous to start absolutely fresh?" says the other.

Between them these ladies summed up every shopper's dream—of starting from scratch on a

shopping binge with unlimited funds and nothing to "match." To many New Yorkers the place to have this dream is Bergdorf Goodman's, an elegant place with carpeted floors, crystal chandeliers and refined but not supercilious salesgirls. In it one can buy all the beautifully useful and silly things women like. It has \$45 panties, \$75 shoes, \$50,000 sables and swansdown powder puffs for 25¢.

To this white-marble emporium on Fifth Avenue, LIFE sent Stasia Linder, a model, and Photographer Roger Coster. Stasia started out practically naked at Bergdorf's, wandered through the store at night (*see above*), picking anything she wanted. Like Cinderella, she had to give up all her finery but not until her shopping reverie had been recorded in the pictures shown on following pages.



FUR SALON is first scene of Stasia's dreamy visit. She looked through dozens of coats, from sheared lambskin at \$295

to sables at \$50,000. She eyed a \$14,000 silverblu con dummy at right) but finally put on a \$6,000 wild mink

IN SHOE SALON she finds a great variety of Delman high-heeled evening slippers, some of gold and silver

and some of velvet. She spread them out, looked happily at all of them. Gold-kid sapper in her hands costs \$28



AT STOCKING COUNTER she sees some new styles. But, however cool, they happen only in a dream

IN JEWELRY DEPARTMENT Stasia decks herself with antique diamond necklace, a heavy





since all nyons at Bergdorf's are allotted to charge account clients. She was given present of two pairs

gold bracelet, a 25-carat peridot ring, fondly handles jewelry, earrings (clips worth from \$5 to \$50,000)



AN \$80 NIGHTGOWN starts Stasia waltzing in the lingerie department. On hangers are negligees at \$100

(right) and \$115 (left). Nightgown on chair costs \$55. Stasia wanted them all, plus satin and lace slips, pants

A PARADE OF MODELS in evening dresses, suits, coats and country club clothes glide before Stasia. Here

she considers full-skirted black lace and net dress for \$350, a white jersey and gold evening gown for \$365.





DRESSED UP AT BERGDORF'S Stasia stands in the things she would like to have for a gala evening. Her pink dress costs \$3,225, her shoes \$24, her antique neck

lace \$1,200 and sable cape on edge of chair \$15,000. Including nonvisible underthings, Stasia's dream finery would take \$20,400 from her imaginary checkbook.



Italian harvesters "spank" the prized juniper bush of the Apennines with sticks, to shake its ripe, purple berries into sheets laid carefully on the ground beneath. These—and all the rare botanicals used in Hiram Walker's Gin—are imported only in the best crop years.

Why we use imported botanicals exclusively in making our gin



Albert Hall (right), New York architect, gets a "Welcome home" drink from his neighbor, Henry Getty. Mr. Hall, who has returned from 5 years' service with Army Intelligence, also gets three tips on how to make a perfect Martini: (1) make it dry; (2) make it ice cold; (3) and always make it with Hiram Walker's Gin.

FINER, COSTLIER botanicals make Hiram Walker's a finer gin—that's the A B C of it.

So these choice herbs, roots and berries are imported by Hiram Walker from the many lands where each grows best...subtle coriander from Czechoslovakia, tangy Valencia peel from Spain, zesty cassia bark from China, to mention only a few.

And—what's more—Hiram Walker gladly pays a premium price to import all these botanicals only during their best, their "vintage" years.

But the best way for you to discover why we use imported botanicals is to make your next Martini with Hiram Walker's Gin—and taste the delicious difference!

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN



90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1946

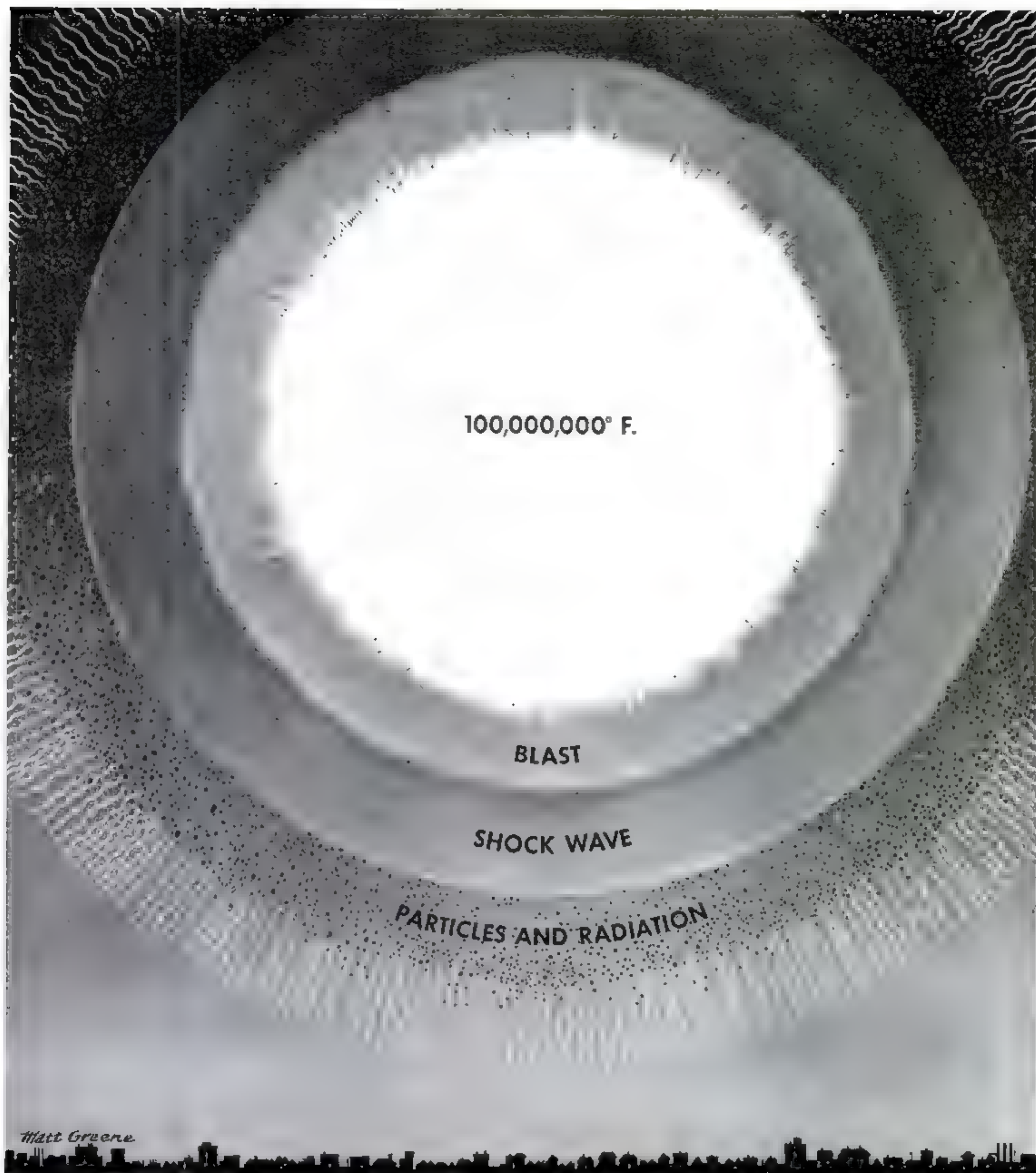


One of the many fine foods
baked by Nabisco
National
Cracker
Company

Man-what a Feast!

0 Soup steaming up its rich, rich tang—and crisp,
golden Ritz beside his plate—there's a la me coming to
meet w—my man! For Ritz is the cracker that shares
its glorious flavor with soup—makes it *sauz fin*—
is a banquer! He'll gobble handfuls of crunchy Ritz
and can resist its distinctive nut-like flavor
delightful crisp-crunchiness. They're the qualities that
make Ritz delicious! I want from all other
crackers! For a real feast remember—

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ—BUT RITZ!



THE ATOMIC BOMB, shown bursting in a blue-white flash at the Japanese-estimated height of 1,800 feet, sent out four destructive waves. First to arrive at the ground, traveling at the speed of light, are radiations like heat and gamma rays.

Second is a shower of atomic particles, comparatively few of which reach the ground from this height. Third is the shock wave, traveling at the speed of sound. Last and most damaging of all is the blast, which arrives almost instantly after the shock wave.

ATOM BOMB EFFECTS

U.S. commission analyzes blasts which hit Hiroshima and Nagasaki

The U.S. commission sent to Japan to study the effects of the atomic bomb has released some of its findings to paint the first precise picture of what happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The atomic explosion battered the city with several different waves of destruction (see above). Radiant heat, first wave to reach the ground, caused clothing on people half a mile away to burst into instant flame, set trees a mile and a half away on

fire. The patterns of dresses Japanese women wore were charred right into their skins.

In the following waves people's bodies were terribly squeezed, then their internal organs ruptured. Then the blast blew the broken bodies at 300 to 1,000 miles per hour through the flaming, rubble-filled air. Practically everybody within a radius of 6,500 feet was killed or seriously injured and all buildings crushed or disemboweled.

TOPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY



Number One Fifth. Here in New York at this popular Fifth Avenue cocktail lounge, it's easy to pick out the patrons who are having the best time. This time it's Peggy Hehman, Leatrice Kane and Donald Hudson, with Pepsi-Cola.

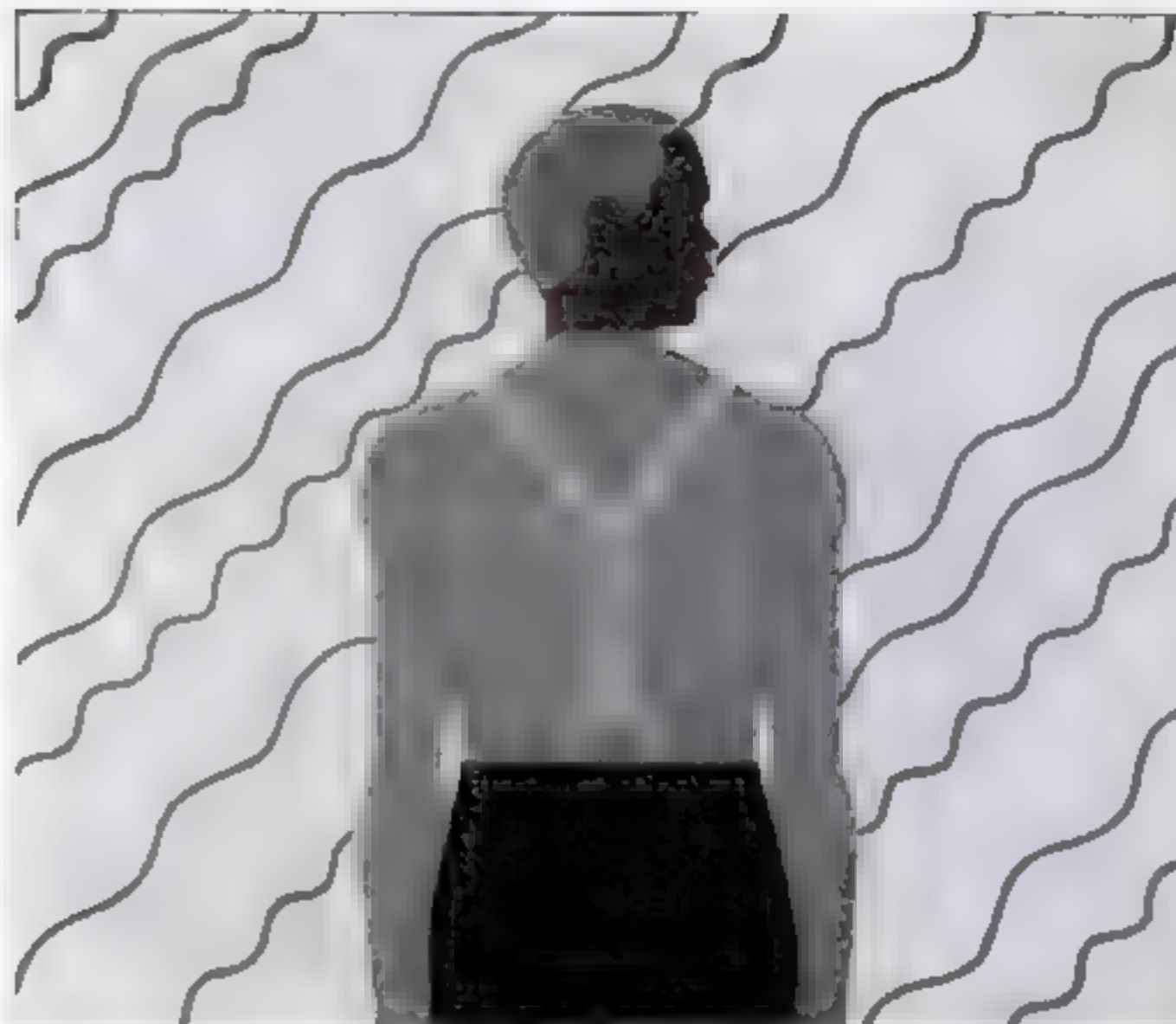


Chez Paree. Seems like folks everywhere know Pepsi-Cola hits the spot. Here at one of Chicago's gayest night-clubs are Ervete Mueseler, Bobbe Bosworth, Hank Lowe and Pepsi, the big drink enjoyed all over America.

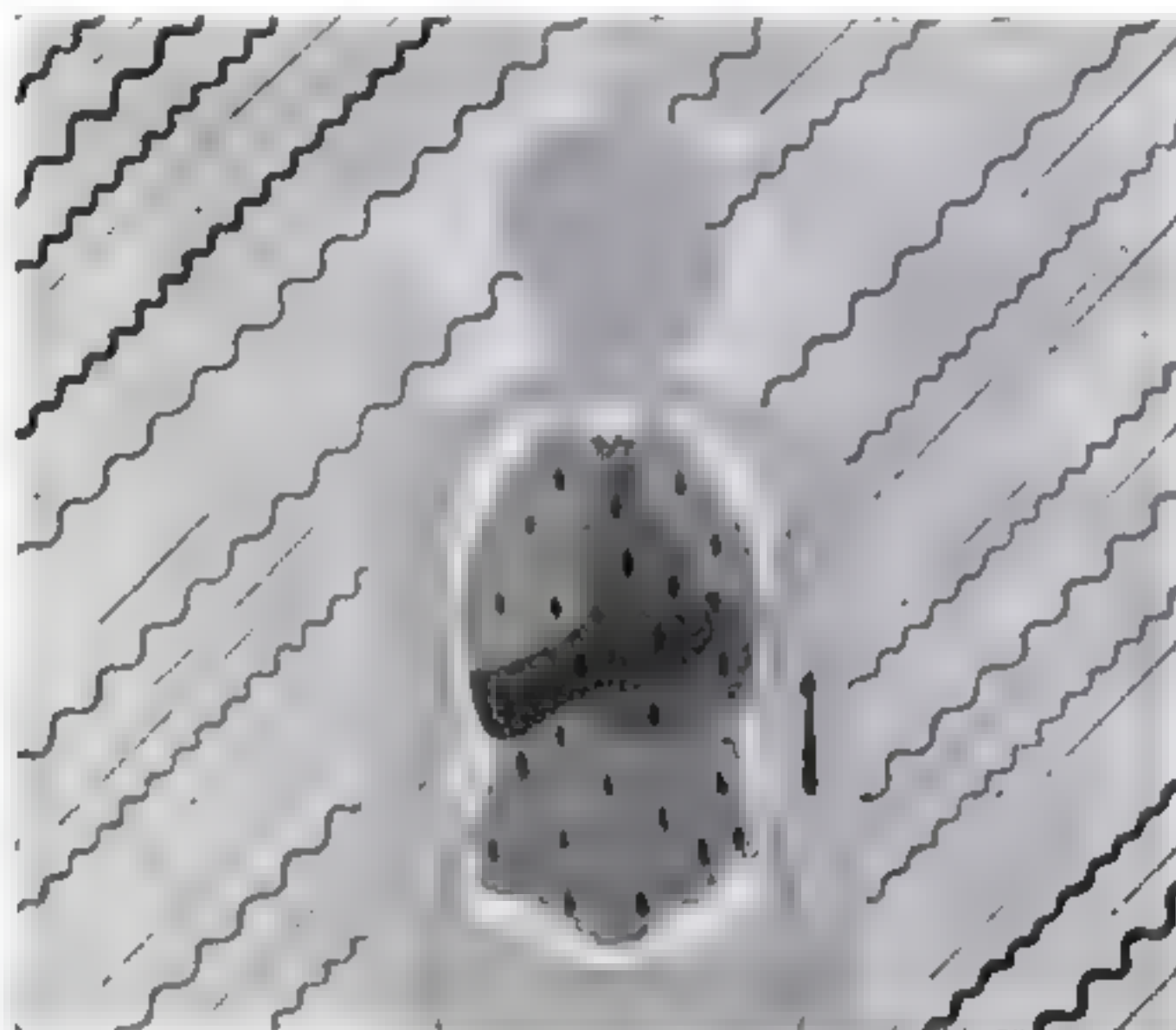


The Brown Derby. Where stars sparkle and movie folk meet. At home among other Hollywood favorites, Pepsi-Cola wins over Brooke Evans, Barbara Freking and Bruce Donovan, three more who have joined the growing Pepsi crowd.

Atom Bomb Effects CONTINUED



HEAT AND ULTRAVIOLET rays from an atomic explosion sear the skin of an unsheltered victim. Skin of the face is usually burned worst. Pattern of shirts and suspenders may be stenciled where they have given protection.



GAMMA RAYS and atomic particles penetrate walls of buildings, deep into the body, damage blood-cell production. This causes slow internal bleeding, wrecks body's disease defenses. The smallest wounds bleed uncontrollably.



SHOCK WAVE, transmitted through the air like sound, presses in ribs, often causing hemorrhages and bleeding from the nose and mouth. Partial vacuum which follows wave sometimes causes organs to rupture from within.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

**ARTA FOLWELL
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.,
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER**

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter Miss Arta Parvin Folwell to Mr. Stephen Tyres Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C. Miss Folwell attended Washington Seminary, Mr. Early attended Staunton Academy and the University of Maryland.



MERCY STEEL—Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe where they are so desperately needed. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee, now a nation-wide organization, has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are checked by trained nurses and sent on their merciful way.

SHE'S *Engaged!* **SHE'S** *Lovely!* **SHE USES** *Pond's!*

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy to see why she danced right into his heart for keeps.

There's a darling natural grace about everything she does. Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby-soft.

"I use lots of Pond's Cold Cream on my face right along," she says. "It's just the *grandest* cream, and makes my skin feel really super."

Yes—she's *another* engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's complexion! And *this* is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond's, working it 'round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off



You'll love a luxury-size jar of Pond's!

again. "I like to *cream double* each time—for extra cleansing, extra softening," she says.

Pond's *your* face twice a day—as Arta does—*every morning* when you get up, *every night* at bedtime. In-between clean-ups, too! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* luxury jar of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream *today!*



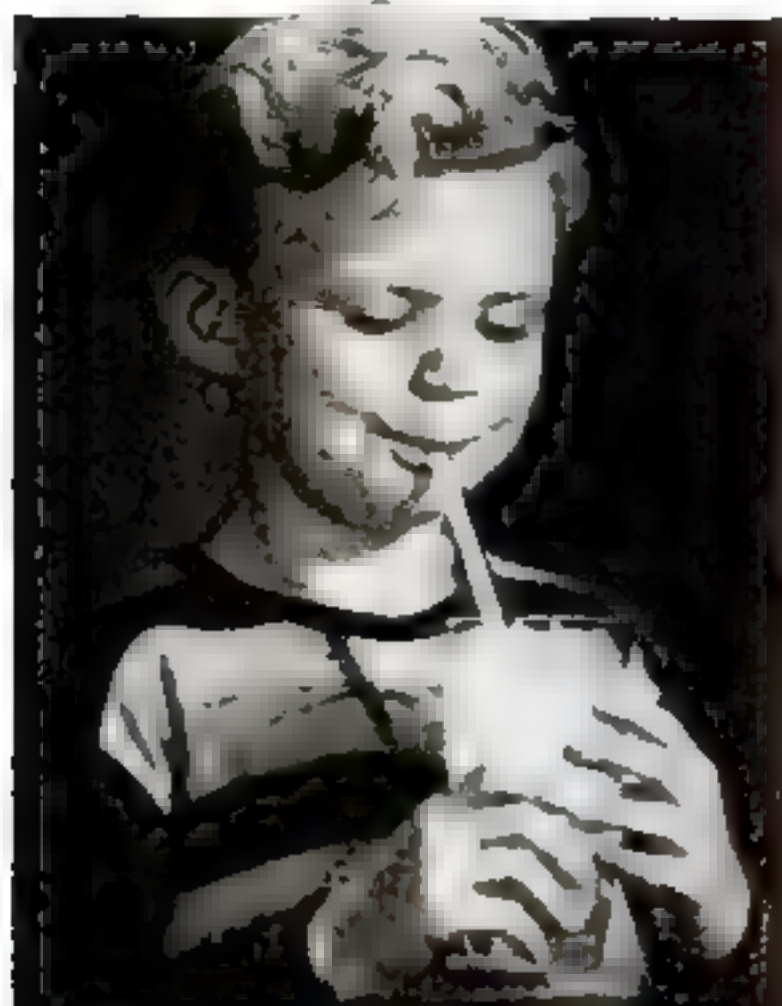
HER RING—
a stunning diamond
in a square setting
with three small
diamonds on each side.

**A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S
SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

*Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Moyra Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu*

SUGAR SHORTAGE

doesn't worry him!



He's enjoying a sweet, delicious milk shake made by adding one tablespoon of Brer Rabbit **GOLD LABEL** Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk. Rich in iron and calcium.

BRER RABBIT GOLD LABEL NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES

OVER 60% NATURAL SUGAR

That sugar in Brer Rabbit Molasses comes straight from the cane. Real sugar—in its natural form.

RICH IN IRON

Iron is essential for good red blood. Brer Rabbit Molasses is one of the richest sources of food iron.

TWO TYPES:

GOLD LABEL—highest quality, mild-flavored, light molasses for table use, cooking, and a delicately flavored milk shake.

GREEN LABEL—full-flavored, dark molasses for cooking and a richly flavored milk shake.



FREE! 15 SUGAR-SAVING RECIPES!

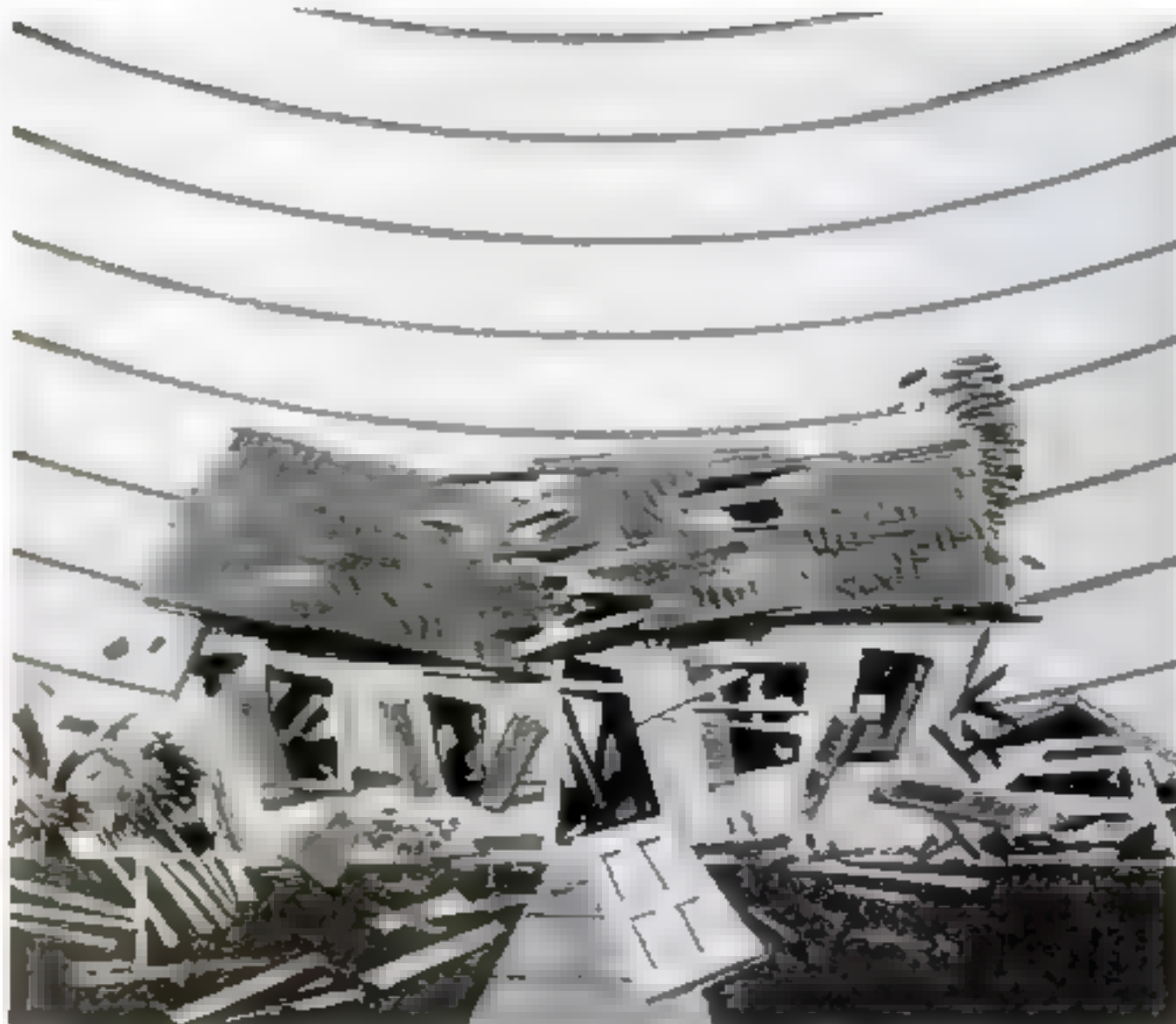
Send me your leaflet, giving recipes for no-sugar desserts. Also valuable 32-page cook book of 116 fine molasses recipes. BOTH FREE.

Name _____ (Print Name and Address)

Address _____

(Paste this coupon on penny postcard and mail to: BRER RABBIT, c/o Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. L311-6)

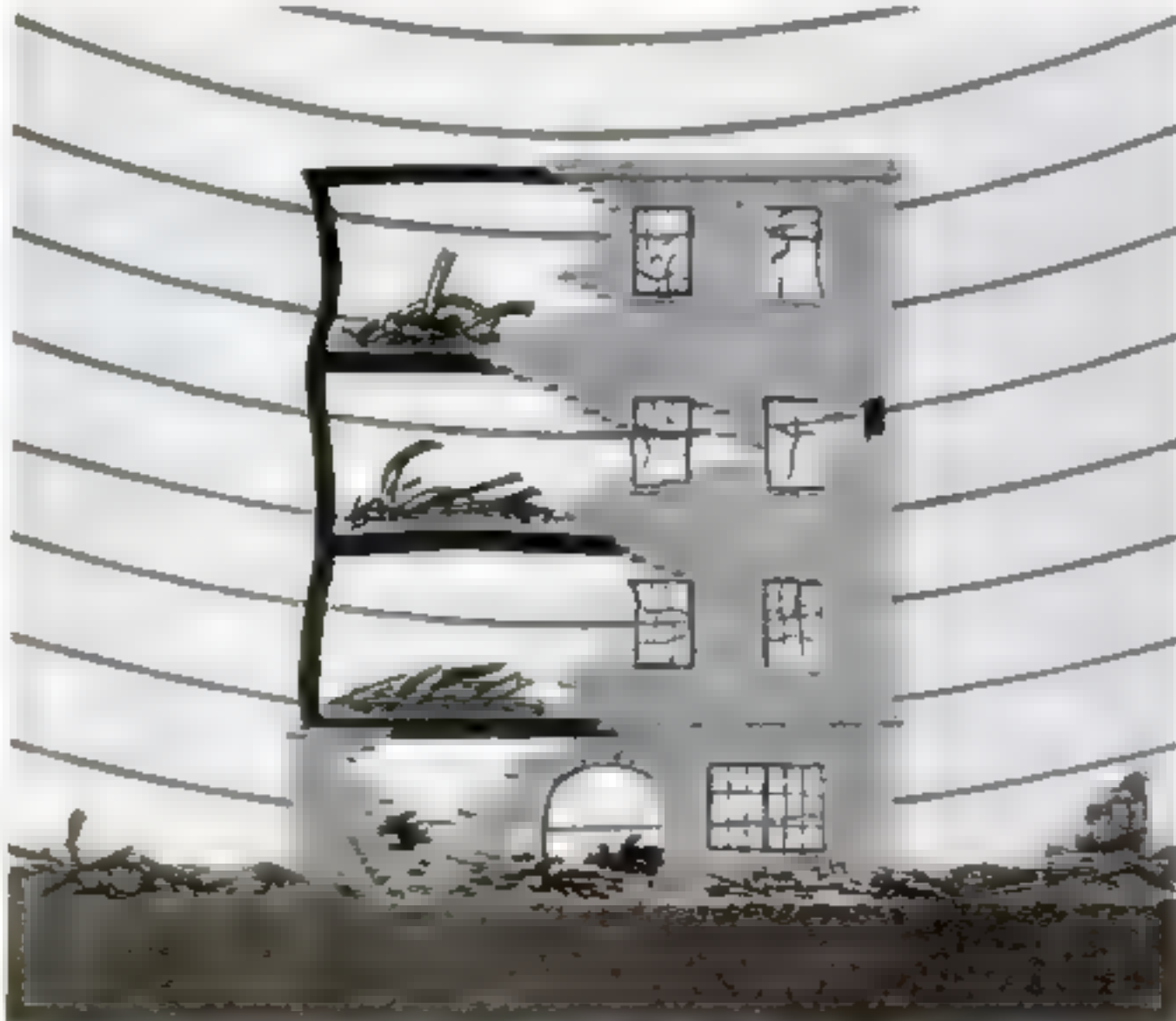
Atom Bomb Effects CONTINUED



FRAME BUILDING is smashed flat by the atomic bomb blast, which follows the shock wave with winds of 500 to 1,000 mph. Half mile from a point underneath the Nagasaki explosion, blast pressure was six tons per square foot.



REINFORCED CONCRETE BUILDING sometimes stands up under the full pressure of the blast but window frames, doors and partitions are swept away. The effects of gamma rays and blast still reach people who are inside.



STRUCTURAL STEEL BUILDING, the type most frequently erected in modern cities of the world, is stripped of its curtainlike thin masonry walls by the blast. Pressure from within causes further damage when blast has passed.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Shinola doesn't turn old shoes into new ones, but it certainly does keep your shoes, old or new, looking their best.

There's more to shining your shoes than just the appearance angle. Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1



Two perfect answers to the \$ 64 QUESTION



... and they're both **EVERSHARP!**

Did you ever see a handsomer pair... than this EVERSHARP Skyliner Set?

Smooth, streamlined design! Glittering deep-pocket clips contrast with rich plastic caps and barrels... in dubonnet, blue, brown, green, gray or black.

Magic Feed prevents ink flooding or leaking high in a plane... so of course at ground level too.

Magic Point is so smooth, it's actually silent. Matching Repeater Pencil feeds new points like a machine gun. Compare!

TUNE IN Phil Baker in "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"—CBS, Sunday Nights
and Ann Sothern in "MAISE"—CBS, Wednesday Nights

EVERSHARP
Skyliner Set

\$875

Pen Alone—\$5.00
Pencil—\$3.75

... a Guarantee Forever
If Your EVERSHARP Ever Needs Service, We Will Put It In Good Order For 35¢. This Service Is Guaranteed... Not For Years... Not For Life... But Guaranteed Forever!

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PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Maple Sugaring in New England



"Maple Sugaring," by Paul Sample, artist-in-residence at Dartmouth College. This painting is included in the Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Painting.

and it's Maxwell House wherever you go

LIKE maple sugaring in New England, when winter snow is on the ground and spring sap in the trees, Maxwell House Coffee is part of the American scene.

For generations the mellow richness of this famous coffee has been making friends everywhere in this nation of coffee lovers. Today it is enjoyed by more people than

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Experts blend many choice Latin-American coffees to give Maxwell House its *mellowness*, its *vigor*, its *richness* and *full body*—then "Radiant Roasting" develops the full flavor goodness. That's why coffee time is Maxwell House Time wherever you go!

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SENATORS FACE ELECTION

AN ESTIMATION OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE AND CAPACITY

This year 35 seats in the Senate will be up for election. Because the Senate is the nation's most important legislative body, where a single vote can sometimes be decisive, the successful conduct of an intelligent domestic and foreign policy in the next few years will depend to a large extent on the caliber of the men who will occupy those seats. Of the 35 men there now, two (Hart of Connecticut and

Andrews of Florida) have announced their decisions not to run. Most of the remaining 33 will be candidates, at least in the primaries or party conventions, to succeed themselves. The first convention will be held March 13 in North Dakota.

To help the American people consider whether they can improve on their senators, LIFE asked a panel of top-ranking Washington correspondents

of varying political beliefs for their opinions of the intelligence and capacity of these 33 senators. In addition LIFE asked reporters, business associates and friends in the home states for impressions of the senators, based not on the senators' political stands but solely on their fitness for such a responsible job. The opinion quoted at the end of each picture caption is based on their views.



CONNALLY of Texas, Democrat, of the wavy white hair, full-blown oratory and slick maneuver, was once asked to run for governor of Texas because he looked like a governor. His looks, his personality, his way of telling a story have made him famous. In Texas he is called a Democrat and that is enough. There it stands for conservatism, Protestantism, Southernism and love and loyalty for friends. As chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee his record on the surface looks good. Persuaded by Roosevelt into the paths of internationalism, he used his political skill to bring most of his committeemen along with him. He has

worked for Dumbarton Oaks and UNO. Yet essentially Connally remains a buffoon and a blunderer who has contributed nothing of his own to U.S. foreign policy. At the San Francisco UNO Conference it was he who gave the false story of the ending of the German war to reporters. He is in the tradition of great congressional statesmen but in his case the appearance sometimes overshadows the reality. For all his shortcomings of mind and manner, he wins many hearts. Last week he returned from the London meeting of the UNO Assembly, urged "restraint and caution in speech and comment" in foreign policy. Opinion: "It is good to have him in the Senate."



LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin, Progressive, is the famous son of a famous father, "Old Bob" La Follette, founder of the Progressive Party. "Young Bob" trained for politics as other men train for law or banking. His record in the Senate is a record of forward-looking legislation; his Civil Liberties Committee (1936-42) exposed antilabor practices of some big corporations. He is now working on reorganization of Congress (see editorial, p. 38). He is a hard, thorough worker, a political independent who will this year probably run as a Republican. An isolationist, he voted for U.N.O. Opinion: "One of the best parliamentary scientists."



McKELLAR of Tennessee, Democrat, the presiding officer of the Senate, came to Washington 35 years ago, a dashing Southern bachelor, raconteur of distinction and rich lawyer. Today he is 77, sick, lonely, bitter, considerably worse off financially. His later career has been based on getting excessive patronage for his friends and hating the TVA. A tremendous worker, his popularity springs partly from his assiduity in getting things done for his constituents at home. He works closely with the Crump political machine in Memphis. Opinion: "A selfish, vindictive old man, dogged in articulating his violent hates and violent passions."



BYRD of Virginia, Democrat, is a rich applegrower, newspaper publisher and once governor. He is the political boss of Virginia. His machine has given the state sound, conservative government. His strength is in the local precincts and wards; his mind is doggedly systematic and direct rather than deep or intellectual. In the Senate he is watchdog of expenditures, continually urging appropriation cuts. He is personally charming, works hard but is a bumbling debater and tends to be a prima donna. He has less influence in Congress than he is thought to have. Opinion: "An honest conservative. He is a valuable irritant. Let him stay."



HUFFMAN of Ohio, Democrat, was appointed senator by Governor Lausche last fall to fill out the term of Harold Burton, who was made a justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Huffman is a good, well-educated, well-liked lawyer with a reputation for terrier-like tenacity in cross-examining witnesses. As a politician he is virtually an unknown and his appointment came as a surprise. He will have a tough job getting the Democratic senatorial nomination this year. If he wins it, his Republican opponent will be John W. Bricker, a powerful vote-getter. Opinion: "He seems like a pretty savvy guy though there's nothing yet on the record."



KILGORE of West Virginia, Democrat, has risen in six years from an obscure county judgeship to a leading position among Senate New Dealers. He is the author of an unemployment-compensation bill and helped write the new minimum-wage bill. A student of military history and tactics, he has done hard work on the Military Affairs Committee and the Truman (now Mead) Committee. Constituents at home think he has yet to prove himself on domestic affairs. He tends to pay too much attention to world and national affairs, too little to the small things that keep home folks happy. Opinion: "One of the able senators on the Democratic side."



AUSTIN of Vermont, Republican, has been called by Truman not "just a Republican but first of all a great American." If it had not been for his age (68), Truman probably would have appointed him to the Supreme Court. As senator he is an internationalist, a man of stature. He worked on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals from which sprang U.N.O., was one of the authors of the original plan for the Act of Chapultepec. He is a hard, effective worker on the Foreign Relations Committee, a good floor debater. Opinion: "An exceptionally trained constitutional lawyer, he is the most constructive of the internationally minded senators. Near the top."



BUTLER of Nebraska, Republican, farm boy who made good as a grain dealer in Omaha, came to Washington and the Senate in 1941 after a campaign in which he visited almost every town in the state. As senator he has been a straight Republican Party man, active in the farm bloc. A shaky speaker with a tendency to pull boners, he has shown no legislative initiative. In the Republican primary he will be opposed by Governor Dwight Griswold, an administrator of considerable ability. In conservative Nebraska, Butler's conservatism is a badge of popularity. The primary should be close. Opinion: "Cuts a poor figure in Congress."



LANGER of North Dakota, Republican, is a shrewd, sharp lawyer with chameleon-like variability and a left-wing, isolationist background. In 1934, while governor of North Dakota, he was convicted of levying a 5% "political contribution" against salaries of relief workers. He defied the court, declared martial law. Later his conviction was reversed. After election to Senate, his right to a seat was unsuccessfully challenged, the Elections Committee charging him with "continuous, contemptuous and shameful disregard of high concepts of public duty." He introduces more trivial bills than any other senator. Opinion: "Take him out."



VANDENBERG of Michigan (see cover), Republican from a state which produces capable Republicans, is an expert on finance and international law. A successful newspaper publisher, he is one of the few crack speakers in the Senate. He was once a believer in isolationism but World War II changed his mind. No one contributed more than he to the success of the San Francisco UNO Conference and to its nonpartisan acceptance by the U.S. He returned last week from London, made an important speech in the Senate urging a firm stand toward Russia. Opinion: "He has grown tremendously toward statesmanship."



WHEELER of Montana, Democrat, was once a crusader, helped expose Daugherty's Ohio gang in 1924. He was against both World War I and World War II. He still has a blustering temper, is still a master at debate and parliamentary maneuver, still does effective work on the Interstate Commerce Committee (railroads, radio). His present campaign: opposition to the Missouri Valley Authority. Opinion: "Valuable public servant. Highly emotional so his judgment is sometimes warped. Every Administration should have a powerful critic and every Senate a continual opponent. The Senate should not be without him."



O'MAHONEY of Wyoming, Democrat, editor, lawyer, student of economics, has grown during his 12 Washington years into a senator of importance and stature. Acute and hard-working, he is a tough man in debate because of the knowledge and preparation that he puts into his speeches. His specialties are antimonopoly legislation and development of the natural resources of the Western states. A New Dealer in theory, he nevertheless plumps for tariff protection for his home-state beef. In terms of Senate influence he stands near the top. Opinion: "One of the steadiest, best-informed men in the Senate, especially on economics."



WALSH of Massachusetts, Democrat, the most powerful politician in New England, is still the idol of the Irish, Italians and Poles. Even Republican Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., fresh out of the Army, hesitates to run against him this year. Though an isolationist, Walsh helped build the wartime Navy as head of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Once he was a reforming zealot and patron of the laboring man. Now the fires in him have burned low. At 73 his capacity for new work is small. If he wants to run again, however, he would be difficult to defeat. Opinion: "No good. Narrow. The Senate would be better off without him."



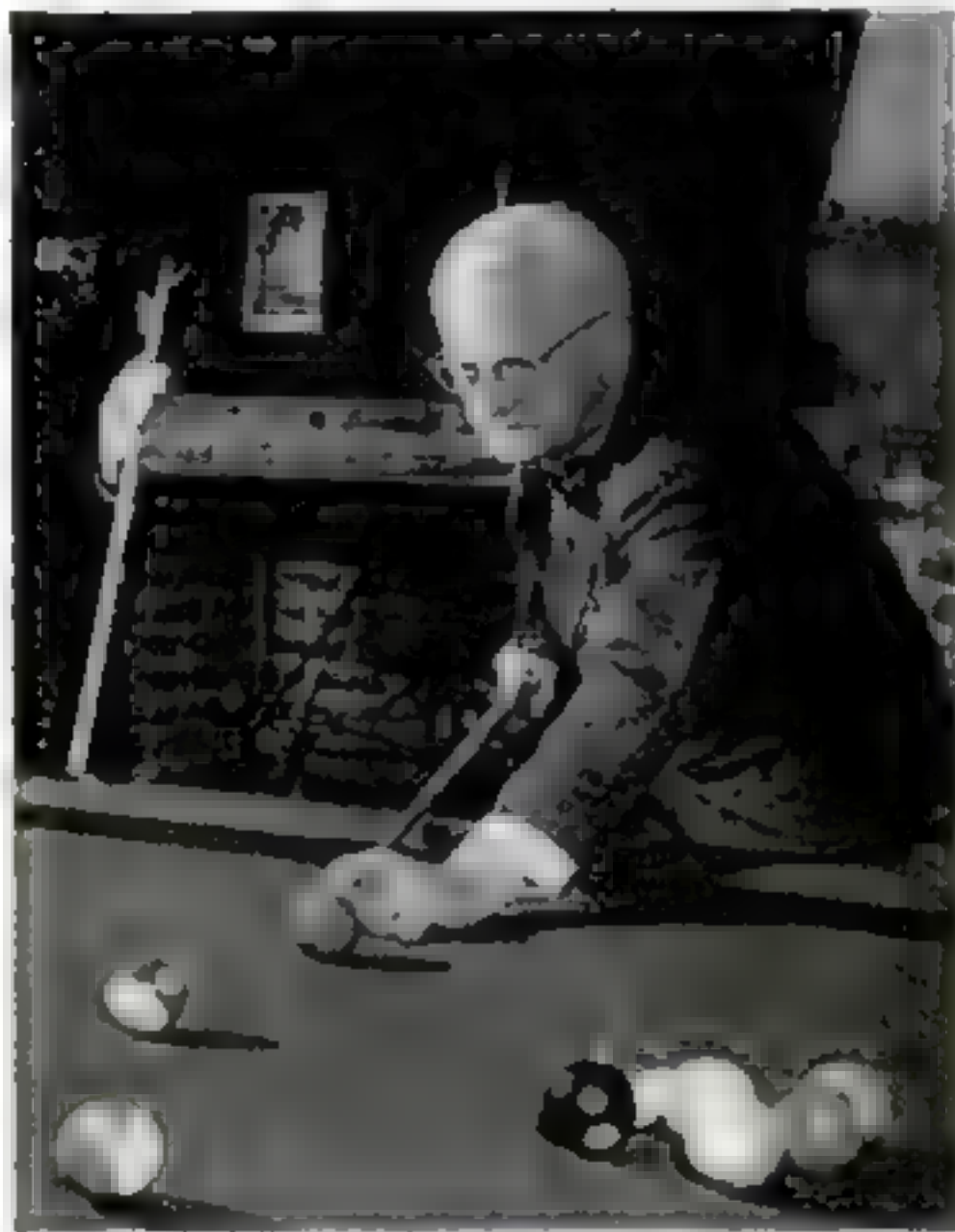
GUFFEY of Pennsylvania, Democrat (left above), is known as the "great coattail rider." He was first to support Roosevelt for another term hardly had Truman become President before Guffey was urging his reelection. He is shown with state Democratic Boss David Lawrence with whom he recently patched up a feud. Maker and loser of fortunes, sometimes under charges of embezzlement (later dropped) and income-tax nonpayment, he was boss of federal patronage in Pennsylvania. He fumbles his ghost-written speeches. Opinion: "A machine politician of the lowest order who's made a big thing of New Dealism."



RADCLIFFE of Maryland, Democrat, shown with his wife and his dogs, is a political enigma to his constituents. A rich banker, lawyer, socialite, with no strong organization, no speaking ability, no national stature, he keeps on getting elected. The answer is twofold: 1) the success with which he nurtures Maryland business interests in Washington and 2) his friendship with Senator Tydings and the Tydings machine. In the Senate he helps Maryland by being on the Commerce Committee and Banking Committee. There he votes against the Administration domestically, for it on foreign policy. He is a careful, serious worker. Opinion: "Except for Maryland, he makes little impression."



McFARLAND of Arizona, Democrat born in a one room cabin in Oklahoma, became a modestly successful farmer, lawyer and lumber man in Arizona. Before becoming senator, his most exciting days were spent as defense lawyer for Winnie Ruth Judd, notorious trunk murderer. He proved her insane. In 1940 he surprised Washington by beating Senator Ashurst, one of Congress' dullest men. Since then he has been inconspicuous, but a quiet, thorough worker who follows the Administration line. Opinion: "Not outstanding but not a party hack, either. He has proved to be a hard-working senator who is capable of growing."



TUNNELL of Delaware, Democrat is a banker who is also a strong New Dealer. Sometimes this makes his banker friends angry. He also is one of the largest landowners in southern Delaware and turns over half his farming profits to his tenants. This makes neighboring landowners angry. In the Senate, too, he is a thorn in the side of conservatives. Not a man of great ability nor always fair in debate, he loves a partisan scrap with Republicans. He is a sharp, smart speaker, does well on the Mead Committee, attends committee hearings regularly. Opinion: "A man of strong convictions with no hesitancy in expressing them."



WILLIS of Indiana, Republican, shown with his wife, who is his constant companion, neither smokes, drinks, chews nor swears. Known as "runtle bumble" because he sort of rumbles and bumbles about, he is old-fashioned by conviction, personally pleasant, has many friends, few enemies. He will have a tough fight this year to win the Republican primary because the party's young, new element is out to beat him. Most of his Washington work has been on the Agriculture and Appropriations Committees. Opinion: "A small-town newspaper editor who tries hard to think things through, but a party wheel horse. Far down the list."



YOUNG of North Dakota, Republican, is a vigorous, raw-boned farmer considerably more at home with his friends (*above*) than in Washington drawing rooms. He was appointed last year by North Dakota's able Governor Aandahl to take the seat of Senator Messersmith until a special election this June. He owns a 1,300-acre farm, works it himself, has retired his model tractor. As a senator he has supported MVA, gone along with internationalism, proved himself sincere, a hard worker, congenial, well-liked. Last summer he left the Senate for a few months to get the harvest in on his farm. Opinion: "Still an unknown. He is feeling his way. Against Langer and Nye, he stands out like a beacon."



BILBO of Mississippi, Democrat, has been sent to jail, discredited as complainant in a bribery scandal, voted by his own colleagues in the Mississippi State Legislature "unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body" and yet retains popularity among the independent farmers. The reason: he plays on their prejudices about Wall Street, Negroes, the North. His recent activity has been opposition to FEPC. He got himself a flurry of publicity by writing a woman with an Italian name in Brooklyn "My dear Dago." Said Senator Taft, "He is a disgrace to the Senate." Opinion: "Worst man in the Senate."



BRIGGS of Missouri, Democrat and Truman's replacement in the Senate, likes to broil steaks, fry oysters, make fudge smothered with nuts. A newspaper publisher and farmer, his political training came in the Missouri State Senate where he developed into an earnest, if monotonous, speaker. At home his neighbors call him "a mighty fine man." In Washington he has been a solid Administration supporter and Truman is already behind him for the Democratic primary this summer. He is undistinguished, earthy, hard working, phlegmatic. Opinion: "Still new and trying hard, but doesn't look as if he has any tremendous ability."



CHAVEZ of New Mexico, Democrat, is another senator who likes to cook. His favorite dishes: kidney stew and New England boiled dinner. Unpretentious, good humored but quick-tempered, he is a symbol of success to the Spanish of New Mexico, from whom he is descended. For them he pushes FEPC and from them he gets political support. He is also an expert on Puerto Rico, has pushed hard for the Good Neighbor policy. At home he is sometimes accused of overdoing patronage, particularly to friends and relatives. Opinion: "Suave, social, slick politician who makes the most of his Spanish blood. But he carries little weight."



SHIPSTEAD of Minnesota, Republican and small town dentist, still remembers the days of the Progressive-Farmer-Labor movement when he was with Borah, "Old Bob" La Follette, Brookhart and others in the great liberal movement. The son of Norwegian immigrant farmers, he quotes pages of Ibsen, speaks Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, likes his dog (*above*) and the cold winters of Minnesota. Today he is old and worn out, still an isolationist. During World War I his home was painted yellow in the night. Last year he was one of two senators to vote against UNO. Opinion: "He has lost his grip. An old man who should retire."



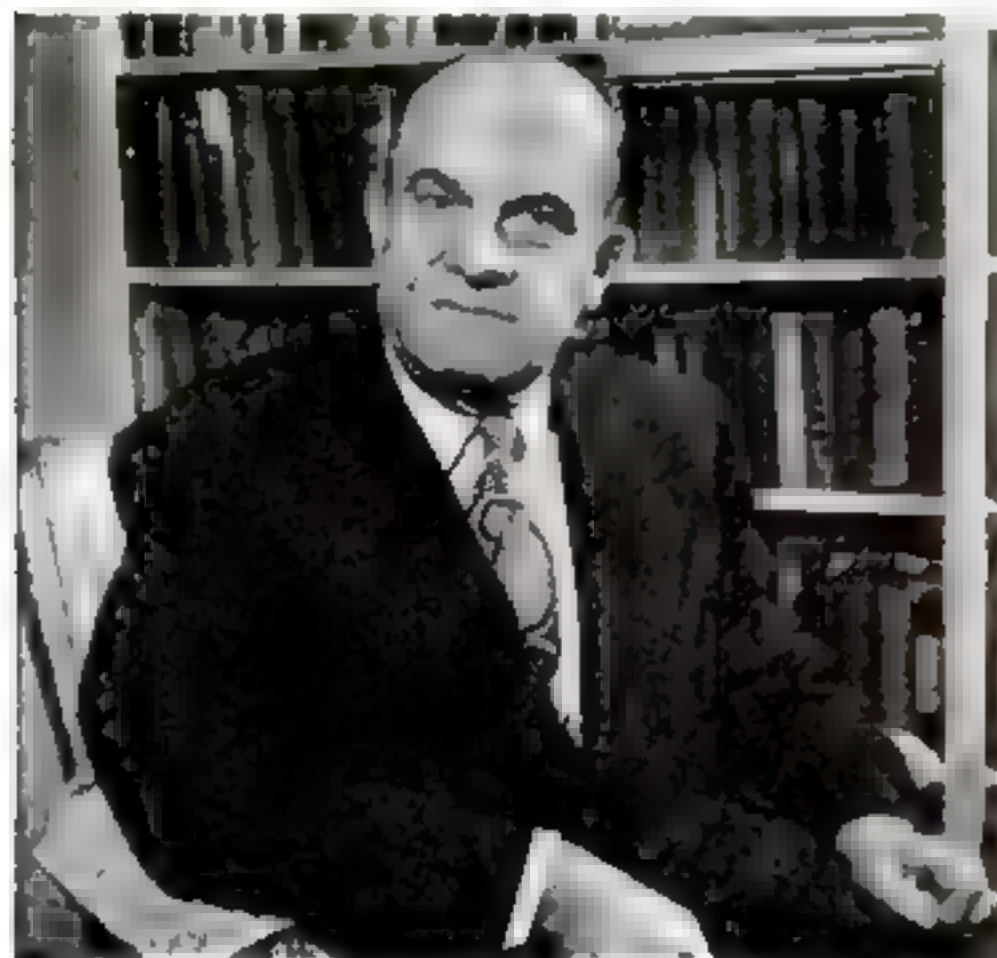
GOSSETT of Idaho, Democrat, is a farmer with a strong back, little schooling, unusually alert mind and boundless energy. Last year he resigned as governor to accept appointment as a senator. He is a rough-and-tumble orator who won his spurs in the Idaho legislature as a conservative in a radical administration. Opinion: "He is untried in Washington. He seems competent but possibly lacking in intellectual equipment."



BREWSTER of Maine, Republican, of Bowdoin College and Harvard Law School, has had a worthy career as governor, representative and now as senator. He has fought the Maine Republican organization, Samuel Insull and Congressional lobbying. An air-minded internationalist, he has done good work on the Truman Committee and Pearl Harbor Committee. Opinion: "He should be returned to the Senate."



SMITH of New Jersey, Republican, is a lawyer, college lecturer and hard-working advocate of domestic moderation and international cooperation. At Princeton he taught a course in international affairs. He joined liberal Democrats to fight Boss Hague of Jersey City. He brings to the Senate knowledge and character well above the average. Opinion: "A well-informed, intelligent citizen who is here to vote his convictions."



CARVILLE of Nevada, Democrat, has followed traditional pattern for a Western politician: small-town lawyer, district attorney, judge, governor. Last year he resigned as governor to accept Senate appointment. Though he is essentially conservative he responds to Administration pressure because it is expected back home. Opinion: "He is feeling his way. Pleasant, works hard, but a man of only ordinary ability."



STANFILL of Kentucky, Republican, is rotund, mousy, colorless. When he was appointed to the Senate last year to fill "Happy" Chandler's seat, he was an undistinguished lawyer with a small local practice. Some Kentuckians still ask, "Who's Stanfill?" As senator he has followed the Republican line laid down by Senator Taft. Opinion: "He thinks as he is expected to think. He is virtually the unknown senator."



MITCHELL of Washington, Democrat, secretary to former Senator Wallgren, was appointed senator when Wallgren became governor, thus is virtually a stand-in for Wallgren. A studious New Dealer, he is conspicuous only by his capacity for work. He is virtually unknown to his constituents. He has introduced a controversial bill to create a Columbia Valley Authority. Opinion: "A likable guy who is respected."



KNOWLAND of California, Republican, was appointed senator by Governor Warren in payment of a political debt due Knowland's father, Oakland *Tribune* publisher. Only 37, young Knowland is a veteran, took a hand in efforts to amend the GI Bill of Rights, suggested a system of profit sharing to end industrial unrest. In California his reputation has been rising rapidly. Opinion: "He should be good."



MURDOCK of Utah, Democrat, proficient lawyer, former representative, is serious, conscientious, something of a plodder. He is adroit at mixing favoritism to the Utah silver bloc with a New Deal line in national and international affairs. He is a tremendous vote-getter and likes debate, entering it freely and often. Opinion: "Not a strong man. Follows the Administration line consistently without questioning it."



GERRY of Rhode Island, Democrat, is one of Senate's richest men, receiving income from New York real estate. For years his pocketbook helped to keep the Democratic Party together in Rhode Island. Now he is old, is losing support of labor, which he once had, and his own party. He fought hard against the Full Employment Bill. Opinion: "He is a skillful background organizer but completely out of step with his times."



MEAD of New York, Democrat, shown planting a peck on the cheek of his granddaughter Loretto Ann Mead, has become a legislative expert after 27 years in Washington as representative and senator. Self-educated, a railroad switchman and semipro ball player, he arrived in the House as a reforming liberal, waxed mighty as chairman of the Post Office Committee. He gave postal employees a 40-hour

week and a pay raise, set up the air mail service, placed first and second class postmasters under Civil Service. Since then, steadily getting himself elected. He has maintained his close support of later, the New Deal and the Democratic Party line. But time has caught up with Jim Mead, no longer the leader. Now he is a follower in the cause of reform. He still studies nights at Catholic University in Washington. Still is a serious and hard-working

legislator, still likable, good natured, a good talker, a general mixer. But when he took over the Truman Committee, his current big job, all the steam went out of it. He may run for governor of New York this year against Thomas E. Dewey. Opinion: "Strictly a politician, not very smart, but a good record. A tireless and sincere worker, who in spite of his light weight has managed to make himself famous as a spokesman for the working class."



LIKE OTHER GERMAN CITIES, FRANKFURT AM MAIN IS IN RUINS. TEMPORARY FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS MAIN RIVER IS AMERICAN-BUILT

Report on the Occupation

In the American zone in Germany reconstruction stands still and victors are as glum as vanquished

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

THERE seems to have been a little trouble here," the young aviator in a 50-mission cap opposite me whispers in a soft drawl as the train slows down. I wake up with red rays stinging through the film of sleep in my eyes. A streak of dawn oozes through a row of windows in an empty wall and washes with bloody light the cracks in upended masonry and the tilting girders and the steel rods protruding from smashed concrete, twisted like the stems of weeds in a pond. The train is moving slowly through the wreckage of some great industrial plant. Farther on, the glare out of the east pours through a crazily toppling sky sign: WEST WAGON GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Germans must take a dum view of us," says the aviator, making a clucking noise with his tongue.

We all crane our necks to look out of the grimy window of our compartment at the tumbled desolation of battered buildings that stretches as far as you can see in the tawny light under a sky closepacked with dirty clouds.

"The more I see the more I hate the krauts for having made us do it," shouts a man from the far corner.

The train crosses the Rhine slowly beside the ponderous zigzag of a blown railroad bridge. Out in the olivecolored river a piledriver on a tiny black barge is at work on an abutment for a new bridge. Whang. Whang. Whang. There's something cheerful and busy about its metallic ring in the early morning air.



GERMAN VILLAGES, UNLIKE THE CITIES, WERE RELATIVELY UNTOUCHED BY THE WAR. LITTLE BAD WEISSEE (ABOVE) REMAINS IDYLIC

Through flattened suburbs the train glides gently into the Frankfurt station.

Frankfurt resembles a city as much as a pile of bones and a smashed skull on the prairies resembles a prize Hereford steer, but white-enameled streetcars packed with people jingle purposefully as they run along the cleared asphalt streets. People in city clothes with city faces and briefcases under their arms trot busily about among the high rubbishpiles, dart into punched-out doorways under tottering walls. They behave horribly like ants when you have kicked over an anthill.

Here and there on a scrap of blackened façade a clock has survived. The clocks are all going. They all tell the right time.

A tall spare elderly Frankfurter with a closeclipped banker's mustache takes us around to see the sights. The shells of great ruined stone houses stretch all along the riverbank. There is the old mansion of the Rothschilds northeast of the 14th Century cathedral. White columns still stand in front of the seared husk of the public library under a Latin inscription to the effect that knowledge insures the freedom of the state. At every intersection there's a traffic cop in blue uniform with a long warm overcoat. The traffic cops are the happiest-looking people in Frankfurt. They are warm. They are fed. Their uniforms are clean. And they can order the other Germans around.

Our guide is taking us around to see the sights as if they were still there. "Here," he says pointing to a trace of a medieval building, faint as a picture on a burned postal card blown out of an ashcan, "is the famous Romer where the emperors of Germany were once elected. On this balcony," he points vaguely upward, "they came out to show themselves to the people and pavilions were pitched on the square and the fountain ran with wine, this side white wine and the other side red, and oxen were roasted whole and the people scrambled in a merry scrimmage for the meat."

Our feet are sore from stumbling over building blocks and our mouths full of the taste of cold ash by the time we get to the zoo.

The director meets us at the gate. He is a well-built youngish man in a buttoned-up raincoat with a rather rakish felt hat. He has a way of smiling while he talks. He fumbles a little for his English but he speaks it with a humorous turn.

"It has been very difficult," he says. "I have been interested in the pseechological scientific study of the man-apes. The grown males are very furious, you know, but in the bombings, all through the bad time they were humble and clung to each other and sobbed. The gorilla died; it was too cold. Scientific work has been difficult."

He motions us into a smelly little building. "Here," he says proudly, "is the last two chimpanzee. The male is very furious. The female is 5

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FRANKFURT ZOO, although badly damaged and virtually devoid of animals, remains open and collects small fees, mainly from American soldiers.

OCCUPATION CONTINUED

years old. She should be larger but her nourishment is insufficient."

In the cage next to the woebegone primates is a furry tumble of lion cubs. He looks at them and laughs. "They look well, no? I liberated them from Leipzig in the last days of the collapse although I was very bad from bloodpoisoning by being in the hand by the man-ape bitten. I drove from Leipzig very quickly in a little car to save them from the Russians with the five cubs and a box of alligators."

Land of the Fragebogen

IT WAS a raw rainy German morning. We had been driving through woods of regularly spaced pine trees all the same size that alternated with square patches of green meadowland. Along the edges of the road trudged men and women bundled up in heavy clothes and bowed under the weight of rucksacks. Across their shoulders each one of them carried a bundle of sticks. Many of them pulled or pushed before them small carts stacked with cut logs.

"Their forests ought to be the saving of them this winter," I was saying to the Military Government officer who was driving the jeep. "If they can't get coal they'll at least have wood."

"It's hard to get the stuff into the cities. . . . Law Number Eight."

"What's that?"

"Denazification. The trouble is all the foresters turn out to be Nazis. . . . Forestry in Germany was a favorite occupation for von This and von That, bigtime Nazis every one. A lot of them were mandatory arrest cases. We are having trouble finding anybody else who knows how to get the logs out."

After a succession of smashed towns along a river the road broke through into the woods again and came out suddenly on an old stone wall built around a cluster of tall gables. On the corners were round towers with conical tops. We drove through an ancient gate into a village street of half-timbered houses, intact and as neatly picturesque as an illustration for a volume of Grimm's *Fairy Tales*. On a big pink stucco house a sign read **MILITARY GOVERNMENT**.

The office was heated by a white porcelain stove. When my friend explained what we were doing the tall captain at the desk in the center of the room got to his feet. He came from the California ranching country. He'd been 17 years a sergeant in the Regular Army and had won his commission in France.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm glad to see you. We are 90% denazified."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

How to Bring Up a Young Daughter

Tips from a teen-ager's smart mama!

Lucy's mother has big dreams for Lucy:

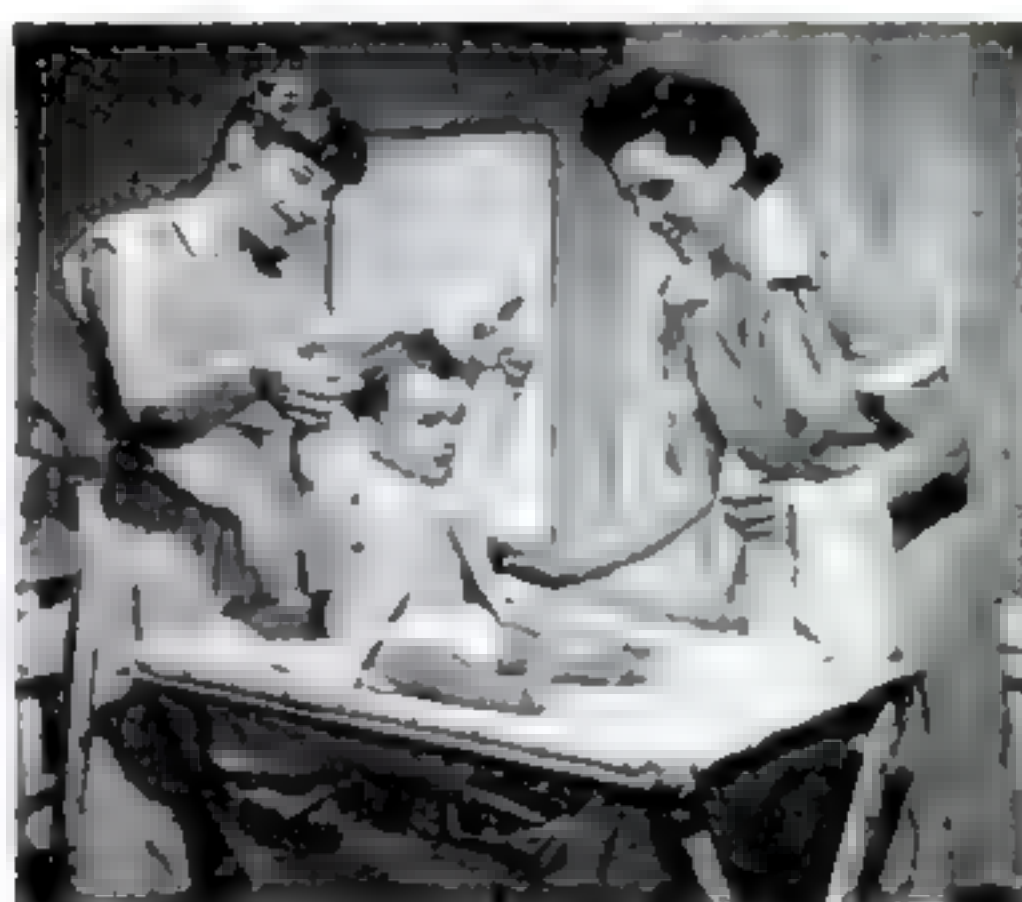
She wants her 13-year-old daughter to have the fun of being pretty and popular right now. And she knows (though Lucy might say "Oh, Moth-errr!" at the thought) that this just leads up to the day Lucy will leave to start a home of her own.

In reading how Lucy's Mother steers her daughter toward a happier life—both now and later—you may run across the name SWAN Soap here and there.

If you do—well, using SWAN is one of the little tricks of know-how that make the bigger things work out better!



1 Learning to be a smart shopper. Mother lets Lucy do lots of the family shopping. So Lucy learns to compare. And know a thrifty value when she sees it. Lucy's list doesn't say "soap"—it says SWAN—4 swell soaps in 1!



2 Getting used to handling babies. Lucy learns on Baby Sis. Feeds her, bathes her, the works. Every bath's a SWAN bath—doctor's orders. For SWAN's pure and mild as fine castles—agrees with delicate baby skin.



3 Showing Lucy short cuts on household chores. Dish-washing's a pest with slow, lazy suds; a hand-runner with strong soaps. But Lucy finds dish-doin' a breeze with mild, quick-sudsing SWAN!



4 Blossoming into beauty. "Complexion is everything," says Lucy's Mother. And the doctors say "Soap-and-water!" for teen-agers. So it's gentle SWAN for Lucy—it takes the bow for Lucy's glowing skin!



5 Good grooming becomes second nature. A daily bath—for garden-fresh sweetness. No need to coax Lucy to take her daily Swanning. She feels like a movie queen among SWAN's snow-cloud suds!



6 Choosing her own wardrobe. Mother lets Lucy buy some of her clothes—with just a word of advice. And because pretty clothes must be clean—Lucy tubs everything in safe SWAN suds! How color-fresh SWAN keeps them!

"Swan is Four Swell Soaps in One!"



GERMAN MODE OF LIFE depends on answers to fragebogen (questionnaires) required by Military Government of all German applicants for jobs.

OCCUPATION CONTINUED

"Ninety-two percent," said the thin-faced sergeant from his desk in the corner.

"How do you do it?"

"It's the fragebogen. You don't know about the fragebogen. The fragebogen's the greatest thing in Germany."

The sergeant came out from his desk with a long questionnaire of the type developed by U.S. immigration inspectors.

"If they get past this they can hold any job they want. If they don't they can't have any position where they employ labor or exercise a skilled trade or profession. They can't do nothing but dig ditches. . . . And if they lie on their fragebogen we've 'em up in court and they don't get off easy. Every man or woman who has any position of authority has got to make out a fragebogen. If it turns out they are big Nazis it's mandatory arrest. If they are small Nazis they report to the labor gang. Everybody gets fragebogened sooner or later. Then we know what's what."

"How about doctors?"

"If they can't be replaced we are allowed to give them a temporary permit to practice. Suppose a man's a plumber. He's got to do his own work. He can't hire an assistant. . . . Well, let's see what have we got to show you here. This is mostly a farming community. The people are all tailors in their spare time. We've got a shipyard and a wine plant. We've got plans to build a new bridge. Now they have to use a ferry. There's the boy scout movement. But I was forgetting," he added promptly, "I think we've got the only woman burgomaster in Germany in one of our little towns."

The captain led us back into his living quarters and offered us some German cigars. He introduced us to the slick-haired lieutenant who was his second in command. We sat down in front of the window in deep chairs of taffy-colored leather. It was a high-ceilinged yellow room. Around the walls were photographs of some German's family, healthy-looking young men and women with knapsacks starting off on walking trips, blond men with guns standing over piles of slain deer, old men with mustaches in the uniform of the Kaiser's officers. Above them were rows and rows of the small horns of roebuck and a few stuffed heads with the spreading antlers of the large European deer. From the balcony you could see a light-green valley hemmed in by hills, planted with orderly ranks of pines and firs marching down to the banks of a dark-green river. The captain poured out the thin German wine into tall crystal goblets that had some German's monogram on them.

"It's the life of Riley," said the captain. "Look at the quarters we've got. . . . A funny thing happened. One morning the kraut that owns this place comes back from a PW camp. I hear a funny

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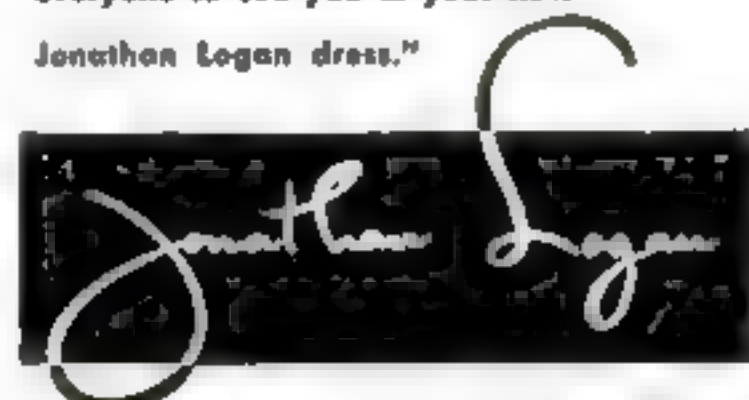
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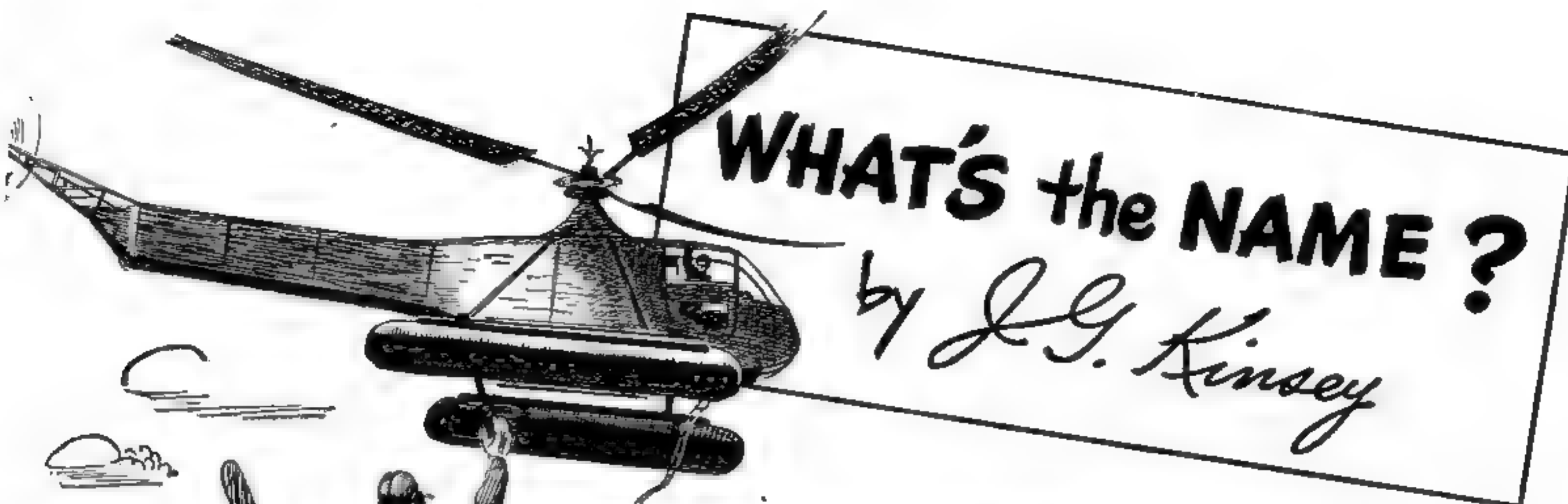
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



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by J.G. Kinsey

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OCCUPATION CONTINUED

little whistle outside the front door that wakes me up. I get out and there's a kind of a lanky guy waiting. I guess he thought it was his wife coming to the door. He didn't know the family wasn't here any more. You oughta seen his face."

After lunch we crossed the ferry and drove out up a broad winding valley to a little village perched on a ridge among fir trees. This was the village that had the lady burgomaster. Tiled roofs, broad eaves, barnyards piled high with manure. A few sheep. A couple of hissing flocks of geese. She wasn't at her office. We found the lady doing her housework in a big plain room with a stove with mustard-colored tiles filling half of one wall. There were white frilled curtains in the windows, red geraniums and a big tinted photograph of a stern-looking man with handlebar mustache, who must have been her father, on the wall.

Her name was Fräulein Wolff. She was a fresh-faced young woman with glasses. Unmarried, she had been chief clerk in charge of rationing under the old burgomaster. She had never been a Nazi. No, she had never had anything to do with politics. Her eyes were spry and self-possessed behind her glasses. Her dress and apron were very clean. She had the look of having just been scrubbed with strong kitchen soap and so had everything in the room. This was her father's house. She'd always lived here.

We asked if she knew she was the first woman in her country to hold the post of burgomaster. She didn't seem impressed. "Somebody's got to be first," she said flatly.

She stood there with the dust cloth in her hand looking at us attentively through her glasses, waiting for more questions. Nobody seemed to think of any so she made an impatient little motion with the dust cloth. You could see she wanted to get back to her housework. We said goodbye and she gave us one of her doubtful smiles.

A Saturday afternoon

WE DRIVE north under a squally gray sky along the curving double ribbon of the autobahn. Again the picturebook landscape: flattened hills crowned with orderly plantations of beech and pine, castles ruined in far earlier wars than this, villages of half-timbered houses with here and there a sharp thin steeple like an exclamation point. Very few relics of this present war. Only occasionally an old gun emplacement, a tank abandoned at the edge of a patch of woods or a shapeless mass of twisted metal at the foot

of an embankment that might have been a half-track or a fighter plane. After all the ruin it's a pleasure to see a string of towns that are undamaged.



FRÄULEIN WOLFF, of Eichelsbach, is first German lady burgomaster.

We've left the autobahn and are following the windings of a secondary road paved with smooth square cobbles through medieval villages out of the backgrounds of Breughel and Hieronymus Bosch. By the time we are thoroughly chilled riding through the raw autumn gale in the open jeep, we see ahead of us the fine spires and the battlements and huddled hunchbacked houses of a considerable town. We climb up

through winding stone streets, come out on an open parade ground under a brownstone city wall and turn in to a court beside a gawky German barracks building of gingerbread-colored brick. Sleet blows in our faces as we haul our legs stiffly out of the car. Inside the house it is warm. There's a parlor with overstuffed furniture and a dining room beyond. This was the officers' mess of the German regiment that used to be quartered here. Along the walls there are still some big silver trays bearing the regiment's crest and insignia. There are white tablecloths. The major is sitting at the end of the center table drinking cognac and water. He greets us hospitably and pours us out a drink. Several other officers are sitting around with their tunics unbuttoned, smoking and drinking. It is Saturday afternoon.

The major calls loudly for Mama, and a Russian woman with deepset brown eyes comes in from the kitchen. "Bring 'em some lunch, Mama," roars the major. "She's our housekeeper," he explains. "Her people were White Russians but the krauts had her in a concentration camp." With a good deal of giggling two girls, one of them German with her blond hair done up in a high wave and the other French, come in to set our places for us. The French girl

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

\$64 QUESTION BRINGS A Billion Dollar Answer

Coming out of the war—in which they were called upon to carry more than 90 per cent of the military transportation load—the railroads are being asked this question:

“What are you going to do about peacetime equipment and services?”

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OCCUPATION CONTINUED

has little curls around her forehead. She is very young. She throws herself around like a French maid in a play. She's very pretty but her voice is husky. The Russian woman with deepset eyes explains that it is because the Germans made her work in a sulphur plant. The fumes ruined her voice. When the girls have brought in our plates they drop down into chairs between the officers at the table. Somebody makes a pass to grab the little French girl around the waist and she punches him in the muscle of the arm with her two small fists. They laugh and scuffle. Every time the Russian woman comes in the room she is followed by a tiny golden-haired child. "That's Mimi," explains the major, pouring himself out another drink. "Mama found her in a concentration camp. Her parents had disappeared so she adopted her. Then she adopted us." The little girl sees that we are talking about her. She toddles over to us bringing a painted tin candy box. She opens it to show us what is inside. It is full of cigaret butts. "She learned that in the concentration camp," says Mama with a motherly smile. "It is her greatest treasure."

Outside the weather is fierce. Sleet beats against the windows. We sit all afternoon at the table in the warm mess hall drinking cognac and water and talking. Every now and then somebody comes in from out-of-doors shaking the wet off his clothes and bringing a gust of cold in with him.

"We ought to have more preparation," a lieutenant is insisting.

"I went to school all right at Charlottesville," says an older man with glasses who had been a school superintendent back home, "but most of the time I've had to throw the book out of the window."

"In this game you have to work by guess and by God," breaks in a third man.

"It's surprising we do as well as we do with the conflicting directives we get and the reports—my outfit sent in 87 separate reports last month—and redeploy, taking our best men as soon as they are broken in."

"Everybody gets redeployed except Military Government officers."

"We're Saturday's children all right. . . . They've got us frozen. . . . And promotion? Nix. Nobody ever heard of a promotion in Military Government."

"And are we browned off?" They look into each others' long faces and all burst out laughing.

"And then some joker writes an article in the newspapers and calls us dregs."

"Oh my aching back."

Mama has brought in two more bottles of cognac. The major fills his glass and sends them off around the table. The towheaded young lieutenant raises his glass. "Hello, dregs," he says.

We tell the Germans

THE lieutenant representing Military Government sits at his desk in a small Hessian town. Across the room is a stout German woman at a typewriter. Between them on a chair beside the telephone sits the pretty little dark-haired girl with a glum expression on her face who's the interpreter. Across the hall is an office full of German employees who keep coming to the door to ask for instructions. Beyond is an anteroom full of the local inhabitants. People don't mind waiting because here it is warm. In every other house in town it is cold.

The lieutenant is a young man with dark hair and a high forehead. The light glints on his glasses as he leans over his work. He has taught school in South Dakota and worked in a bank in a farming community in Minnesota.

A rat-faced little man in a very large black overcoat with a greasy velvet collar is ushered in, trembling visibly.

"Oh you're the man I wanted to see," says the lieutenant cheerfully. "We are authorized to open three movie theaters in three separate towns in the *kreis*. A *kreis* is like a county," he whispers for my benefit. "But none of the owners is qualified. Each theater must be placed in the hands of a trustee. I understand you only applied to run one. Well, you've been cleared. You are completely okay. At least that's the present report. You must go down to Frankfurt tomorrow to get film."

The little man doesn't seem at all elated by the prospect. He backs out of the room nodding violently and saying, "Yes sir, yes sir."

"These people, you know, are the damndest squealers," says the lieutenant apropos of nothing. "They are always turning each other in. There's a dentist in one of these little towns up the road who turned in his own brother-in-law."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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OCCUPATION CONTINUED

The blackhaired girl looks from one to the other with the same glum pouting expression on her face and nods gloomily.

"No use waiting for this case to be decided," whispers the major who brought me in to the courtroom. "We can only give a year in this court. . . . This'll have to go up to the Intermediate Court that rides circuit. They'll give him plenty."

Old-time Germany

WE'RE DRIVING around Upper Hesse, the land of the Hessian mercenaries of the American Revolution. We visit an immense light and power plant that Allied aviation mysteriously spared in the bombings. The plant runs on brown coal taken from two mines a couple of kilometers away and supplies electricity to Frankfurt and Berlin. It's not as tidy as an American powerplant but it's running full blast. We visit an immense Heinkel plant in a group of modest-looking sheds that turned out aluminum castings for airplanes and high-precision instruments. The airplane parts stand in the lathes and presses right where they were when the Americans came into town. The girl interpreter who's going around with us tells us that she was working there that day. "Brr, it was cold in the unheated buildings," she says. "The night shift worked that night and then the Americans came and that was all."

We begin to see Hessian peasants in their traditional dress. The women wear their hair pulled off their faces and tied up in stiff little cylindrical topknots on top of their heads. They wear embroidered blouses and black knee-length dresses fluffed out by innumerable petticoats. The men wear black smocks and knee breeches over the same heavy knitted stockings the women wear. Some of them have 18th Century-looking black felt hats. They have grim nutcracker faces. They slog along beside long wooden carts drawn by oxen or bulls or cows. Their wheelplows and heavy harrows have an antiquated look. Here and there you even see a wooden plow. In every farmhouse yard, right under the front windows, you see the steaming manure piles that so intrigued Mark Twain. The long coffin-shaped tanks on wheels are hauling tankage and human manure out to the fields. Like the Chinese, the Hessians can't afford to waste a thing.

Driving through one town we pick up a girl working for Military Government who wants to go to the dentist in the next village. This is a village of Elizabethan half-timbered houses and an unusually steaming and mountainous manure pile in every front-yard. When we get to the dentist's the officer who's taking me around suggests that we go in while the girl gets fixed up.

The dentist is a little ruddy-faced man with red ears and a sharp nose. His office is well-equipped. He has a girl assistant. While he works on the patient's teeth he talks to us Americans in a suave little offhand voice. His English is good. It's all about this one being a Nazi and that one being a Nazi. When we leave, the officer says to me in a tone of disgust, "I just wanted you to take a look at this guy. He's the man who turned in his own brother-in-law."

After dinner the captain in charge of the I Detachment has to go to call on the burgomaster of the next town. The place is black as pitch. It is very cosy in the burgomaster's warm well-lighted parlor. It's the old-time Germany American students used to write home about 40 years ago. The burgomaster is a well-set white-haired man with clearcut features, an old Social Democrat the Americans found on the shelf somewhere and dusted off. His wife is stout and smiling. They have one plain and one good-looking daughter. The Landrat is there and his wife and son. The Landrat is a middle-aged man with a keen sharp face and the look of being used to giving orders. They bring out little glasses of schnapps and a plate of tiny dry cakes.

The captain has a lot to tell them. He is a breezy young man with the affable manner of an automobile salesman. He has arranged that some motion-picture houses can open. He's arranged that the pianist from Berlin who wants to give some concerts through the *kreis* can give them, that is if he gave the right answers on his Fragebogen. He's ready to open the public library.

Everybody is smiling and friendly. The captain is smiling all over to be able to bring these good people some good news at last. We drink a toast. In German and English we piece together a story they are trying to tell us about the books in the library. About the time of the book burnings the people of this town managed to make about 300 volumes disappear. One man walled up his library with a brick wall. All these old pre-Nazi books are ready to go back into circulation.

"Well, tell the librarian to be at my office at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning," says the captain. "We'll fix the whole thing up then." The burgomaster pours out another round of schnapps.

Next morning we are calling on the burgomaster in his office in

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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OCCUPATION CONTINUED

the old town hall. The captain wants to buy a Leica. Most of the cameras in the region have already been liberated. The Landrat's son thinks he knows where one is. While we wait for him to come back we study the pictures of former burgomasters on the wall. The oldest one is an etching of a splendid old fellow in a stock with bristling hair and granite features. The next one is a photograph taken around 1880 of a benevolent-looking German official of the Bismarck period. The latest photograph is of a half-draft, half-crafty looking man with a soft sharp face.

"He was very rich. He died in 1936," explains the present incumbent, smiling at us from his desk.

There's one blank square a little darker than the rest of the wall where a picture has been taken down.

The Landrat's son comes back with a camera. While we are looking at it a sharpfaced little German woman in a tweed suit bursts into the room. She's talking fast German in a hysterical hissing voice. The gist of it is clear enough. The camera is hers. She doesn't want to sell it. It's the last thing she has that was her dead husband's. The Americans have stolen everything she had in the shop.

"I just wanted to buy it," says the captain. "I could take it, you know."

She grabs the camera and bursts out through the padded doors of the burgomaster's office as fast as she came in.

"Nazi, Nazi, Nazi, Nazi," murmurs the burgomaster softly from his desk. He sits there vacantly wagging his old white head.

As we go out the captain is asking me, "Did you notice that last burgomaster, the one on the right? He had something in his lapel that looked like a damn good imitation of a swastika. That picture will have to come down. That's our orders."

"It's the recreation that hurts"

IT WAS a night of dense dripping fog. We were sitting drinking cognac and water at the officers' club. The club occupied the ground floor of the Schloss of a wealthy German family. In the hall you were greeted by a stuffed grizzled bird on a pedestal that might have been a greater bustard. Every inch of wall space was taken up by endless rows of small horns with the date and place of decease carefully written out on the triangular piece of bone attached to each pair. Interspersed among them were old English racing prints and photographs of groups of whiskered men on horseback in the uniforms of the first World War. In a back room a German orchestra was having tough sledding with *Night and Day*. A few officers were dancing with German girls but most of them sat around the walls staring into their cognac. Crepe curtains of homesickness and Saturday-night blues were settling down on the room so thick you could see them. When the music stopped the place was absolutely still.

An officer who'd been a police sergeant in Brooklyn had been sitting at a table with his head in his hands. Suddenly he lifted up his woebegone countenance and, with a voice stiff with gloom, croaked out, "I don't mind it when I'm on duty. As long as I can keep busy I feel all right. . . . It's the recreation that hurts."

The new master

MY FRIEND from Military Government is driving me home with him to lunch. The car leaves us on the steps of an undamaged modern residence in a corner of the compound. Beyond the barbed wire at the end of the street the ruin begins again. We walk through a library and sit down in a big bright drawing room with Chinese rugs. The place is neat and clean and warm. All the knickknacks are carefully dusted. The barbed wire outside the windows cuts the compound off from the suffering city. Double windows cut the drawing room off from the wintry day. Not a sound comes in to us as we sit in the brocaded chairs. You don't even have the feeling of being in Germany. Something about the way the Louis XVI furniture is arranged reminds me of the drawing room of a house I've occasionally visited in Grosse Pointe near Detroit. It might be the home of a \$50,000-a-year man anywhere.

"This is really a general's house," my friend explains. "I was here with several other officers but they've all gone home and the bulleting office seems to have forgotten me here."

A middle-aged German woman with crinkly blond hair in a maid's cap and uniform announces lunch. We sit at either end of an acre of white tablecloth piled with polished silverware and eat venison steak washed down by first-rate Burgundy.

"It's funny," my friend is saying, "but I don't have any appetite." Here he is, he explains with a shake of the head, all alone with a pack of servants. He can't get rid of them even when

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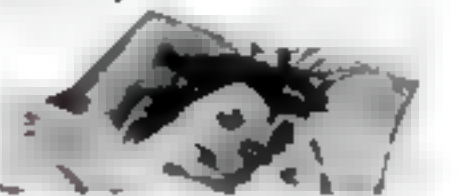
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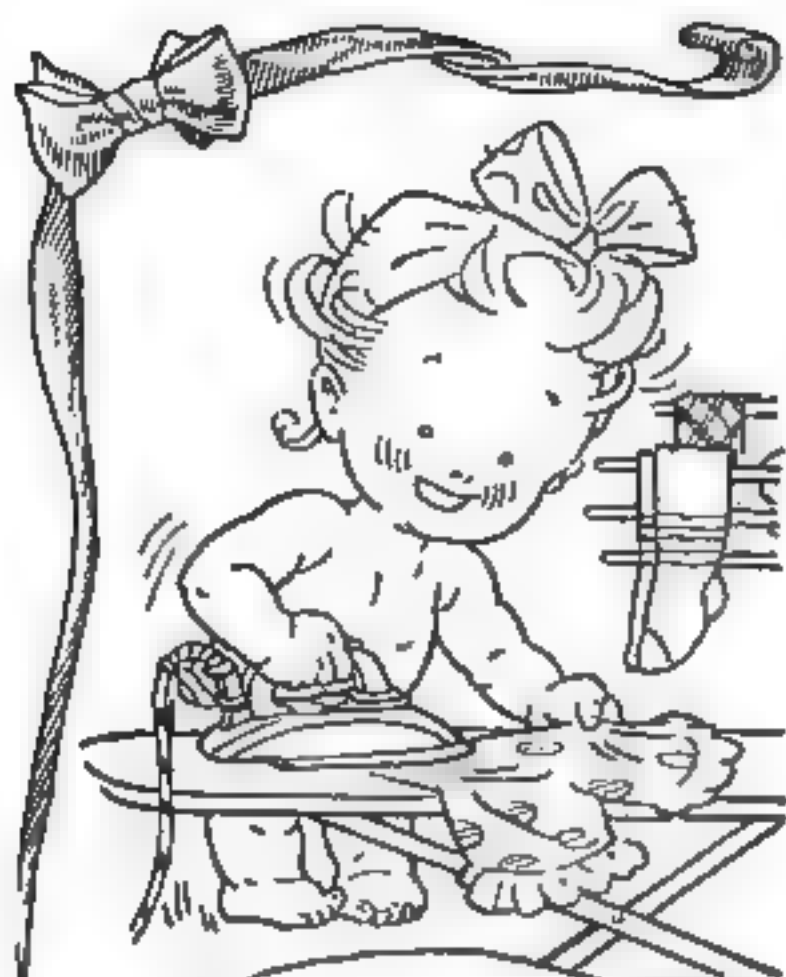
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1. *Piper Cub Brochure*. Brand new! Beautiful, full-color airplane illustrations, suitable for framing. Complete specifications of Piper Cubs.
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3. *"What Your Town Needs" Book*. Will help you or your community plan an inexpensive landing area now. Get these books from your Piper Cub Dealer now. Or, if you prefer, send us 10c per book or 25c for all three. Use stamps or coins. Specify which books you desire. Write Dept. L36.

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
LOCK HAVEN, PENNA., U.S. A.
In Canada: Cub Aircraft Ltd., Hamilton



AFTER A BUSY DAY
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
BABY'S OWN SOAP
FOR A BABY'S
BATH!



BABY'S Own is the name of a fine quality, gentle baby soap that is now in your store. Baby's Own may be a new name to you, but in Canada Baby's Own Soap has been popular for 75 years. Baby's Own is Canada's leading baby soap. It is kind to baby, soothing, pure, delicate. Your baby deserves this especially fine baby soap ... Baby's Own.

Baby's Own Soap



SOAP OIL POWDER
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

OCCUPATION CONTINUED

he stops paying them. He guesses they came just for the heat and to smell the good food. He has one of the best cooks in Frankfurt but he can't seem to eat. My friend comes from the Great Lakes region back home. He was in the insurance business but he has always been interested in the National Guard. Although he was overage he gave up his business and left his wife and children because he thought he might be useful to the Army in Military Government. He'd had experience in municipal affairs at home. He'd gone to Charlottesville and Leavenworth and worked his head off. Well, they kept him cooped up in England until a month after D-day and then he got over to France and was put in charge of a detail moving dead horses off the streets. He didn't mind that, he explains. He'd been crazy to do anything that got him within the sound of gunfire but the way he thinks he really could be useful is as an expert in municipal finance.

"What are we trying to do!"

DRIVING into town in the twilight had been like driving through one of Dante's icy hells. In the freezing fog along the road we had passed men and women bowed under knapsacks and bundles of sticks, people in twos and threes pulling baby carriages and carts full of wood, old men pushing heavily loaded bicycles. We went along pounding the horn and blinking the lights of the jeep to try to get them to move out of the way. "Damn krauts," the driver kept muttering. "They git themselves run over just on purpose. I'd just as soon run 'em down as not."

At last we had groped our way through the crowded foggy unlit streets and reached the correspondents' hotel. We dragged our stiff limbs out of the open jeep. The lobby was warm and brightly lit. The bar wasn't open yet so the lieutenant and I went up to the bedroom to thaw ourselves out over the radiator. We stood at the window a moment, pulling the drenched gloves off our chilled fingers and looking down the shaft of light from the window through a gap in the wall of the hotel next door into an emptiness of dangling plumbing where a piece of a stairway with the red-flowered carpet on it stopped abruptly at nothing.

The lieutenant worked in Intelligence. He was a young man from Brooklyn with a thoughtful ruddy face and full lips.

Suddenly he sat down on the edge of the bed and started to talk. "My people are Jewish," he began, "so don't think I'm not bitter against the krauts. I'm for shooting the war criminals wherever we can prove they are guilty and getting it over with. But for God's sake tell me what we are trying to do."

He got up and began to walk back and forth. "I've been interrogating German officers for the War Crimes Commission and when I find them half starved to death right in our own PW cages and being treated like you wouldn't treat a dog, I ask myself some questions. All these directives about don't coddle the Germans have thrown open the gates for every criminal tendency we've got in us. Just because the Germans did these things is no reason for us to do them. Well, I know war isn't a pretty business but this isn't war any more. This is peace." He jumped to his feet. "Hell, let's go down and get a drink before I blow my top and start talking."



GERMAN POLICEMEN, unlike other residents of Frankfurt, lead fairly comfortable lives, have clean, warm clothes, good rations and some authority.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

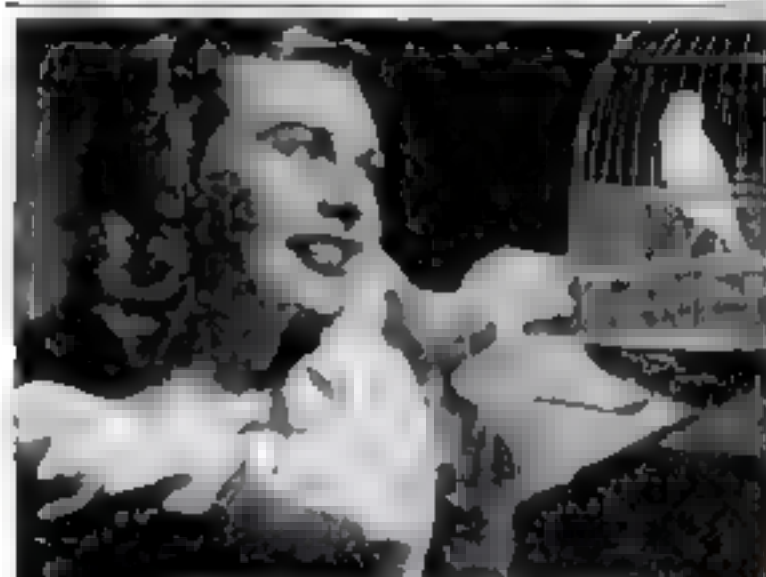
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Into each tired eye, put two drops of safe, gentle Murine. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that delightful, soothing, refreshing sensation that comes—Instantly.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific compound of seven important ingredients that cleanses, soothes and refreshes the delicate tissues of the eye—gentle as a tear—Murine gives tired eyes the feeling of "hours of rest" in seconds.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



REMEMBER YOUR ANNIVERSARY

Give Her a Canary

"The Singing Gift that Lives"

Whether for the first or fiftieth wedding date, she'll be delighted with a golden voiced canary. Easy to care for—radiant with cheer—one of these little songsters will be cherished proof that you remember—love her as a way. So, give a song and canary—the perfect anniversary gift!

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.



Take 1

Count 2

Two seconds! That's all it takes for JESTS to start their

FAST RELIEF FROM

Acid Indigestion, "Gas," Heartburn, Sour Stomach

*Due to excess stomach acid



10c A ROLL

IRON GLUE

MENDS FURNITURE

Easy to use. No mixing. Also mends toys, models, wood, china, glass, leather, "mends" anything. Sold "most" everywhere. Ask for this Iron Glue—in handy 10c bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore 2, Md.



AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



Pictured: North Star "Nocturne" in Rose Dust, \$8.95 . . . at fine stores everywhere

Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

Nothing's too good for Mother—on her birthday, Mother's Day or *any* day! And nothing's nicer for Mother's beauty sleep than a fleece-soft Nocturne, North Star's airy wisp of a blanket. Nocturne is made of fine-fibered virgin wool, woven to give warmth without weight. You'll treasure light-as-a-sheet Nocturnes, too, for their lovely soft colors and for their versatility . . . they're on the bed in varying numbers according to the temperature—not only in summer, but the whole year 'round!

FREE BOOKLET: "Decorate Your Dream Room" . . . full of exciting, inexpensive ideas on bedroom color, furnishings, arrangement. Write North Star Woolen Mill Co., 281 So. 2nd Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

Your favorite June bride will bless you for this luxury gift—a pair of heirloom quality North Stars. And year by year her smoothly double-napped North Stars, made of springy, long-fibered virgin wool, will outwash and outwear any number of ordinary blankets.



A pocket edition of your own loved North Stars is baby's best friend—her snuggle-soft, fine-fleece North Star Baby Blanket. It's the perfect, always welcome gift for a mother-to-be or for baby's first birthday.

North Star
Blankets

100% VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS

THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN THE MARKET



BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., at Louisville in Kentucky

© 1940 B. F. DIST. CO., INC.



STEPS GOING DOWN are indicated to a blindfolded soldier by a change in the signal from his set. New sound now tells him that distance to the ground ahead has increased.



ON LEVEL GROUND again the audible signal returns to normal. Steps down involve the exact reverse of the principle diagramed below for steps up.

BLIND MAN'S GUIDE

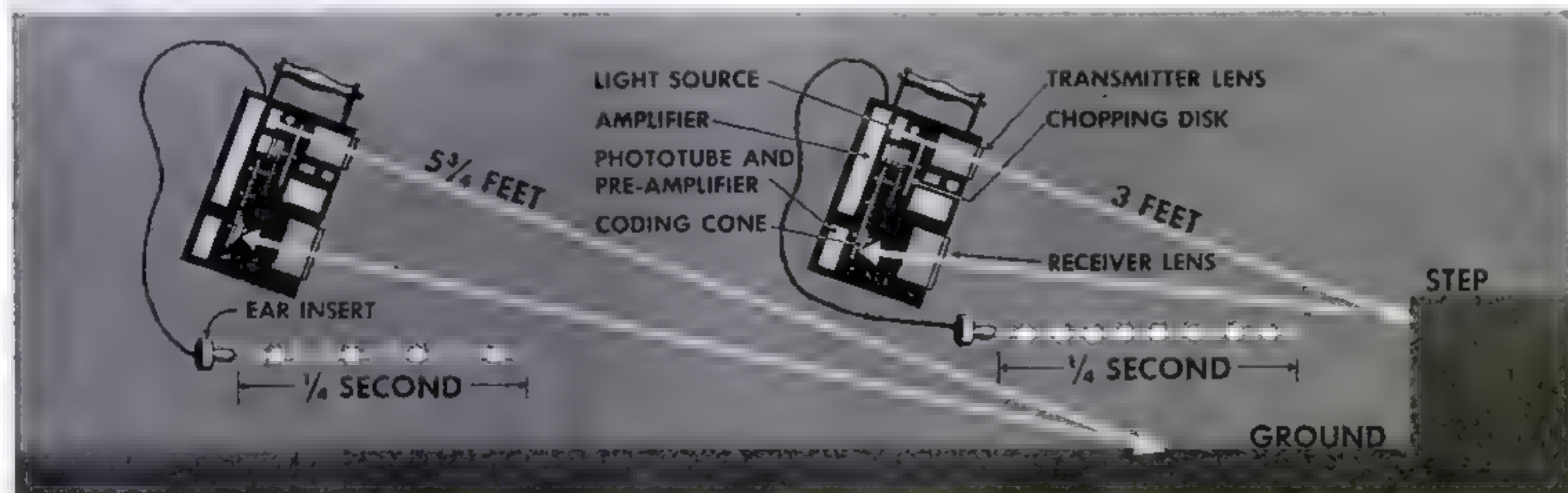
New range finder guides the steps of the blind with a beam of light

The technology of using echoes to determine the location of objects, which in the war was used as radar, is being used now in a potentially valuable aid to war-blinded U.S. soldiers. A portable "blind man's radar," designed by the U.S. Army Signal Corps at the request of the Surgeon General, uses light instead of radio waves to detect and give the range of obstacles from 3 to 30 feet away.

Carried by a blind man, the range-finder set scans the ground ahead with a beam of light. Part of the

light is reflected from ground to the set where it produces an audible signal, heard by earphones whose rate of repetition indicates the distance to the ground. When a person, building or curb intercepts the beam, the rate changes to give the range of the obstacle (see diagram below).

So far, experimental sets have been made and tested on blind soldiers. The results have been encouraging but much work still remains to be done before a practical device will be available.



RANGE FINDER DIAGRAM shows how device works in normal walking. Light source, an ordinary flashlight bulb, sends beam through a chopping disk which breaks beam up into 500 cycle light, thus giving it a pattern which will enable set to distinguish it from other light. On level ground (above) light is reflected at narrow

angle, is focused near center of revolving perforated coding cone. At this point, cone is perforated to break up light to produce four audible tones each quarter second. When step is ahead (right) light is reflected at wider angle, is focused farther out at edge of cone. Here perforations are arranged to double both rate of interruption and tones.

Imagine

a pen

like this

for only



\$3.50



Yours for years

...with every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much!



VENUS

-by the makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY

Blind Man's Guide CONTINUED



STEPS IN THE PATH of a blindfolded soldier produce a change in the audible signal (see diagram p. 121). The signal rate varies with distance to steps.



BUILDING is the next obstacle confronting the blindfolded soldier. His set tells him just how far away building is, thus letting him know when to turn.



APPROACHING PERSON is another common obstacle. Warned in time, blindfolded soldier stops and patiently waits for the other person to pass him.

A clean toilet bowl
HAS NO ODOR



Persistent stains and invisible film that are sources of toilet bowl odors are quickly removed by Sani-Flush. It disinfects—makes certain your toilet bowl is clean—and so, odorless. Sani-Flush works chemically. You just sprinkle it—and it does the rest the quick, easy, sanitary way. No messy scrubbing.

Effective in hard and soft water. Safe in septic tanks. Sani-Flush is sold everywhere, two handy sizes.

Sani-Flush

Essential to
Bathroom
Sanitation



SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS

Sani-Flush won't harm your septic tank. This has been proved by a nationally-prominent research laboratory. Your copy of its scientific report is free. Write for it. Address: The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 121, Canton 2, Ohio.

CORNS



SORE TOES
TENDER SPOTS
FROM TIGHT
SHOES

Away
Goes Pain
Out Come
Corns

Instant Relief

Instantly—that fast—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop tormenting friction, lift painful pressure of new or tight shoes on corns, sore toes, and tender spots. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads put you right back on your feet. Included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working little Medications for quickly, gently and painlessly removing corns while you go your busy way. No other method does all these things for you. Get this quick, scientific relief of Dr. Scholl's today at your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toiletry Counter. Costs but a trifle. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

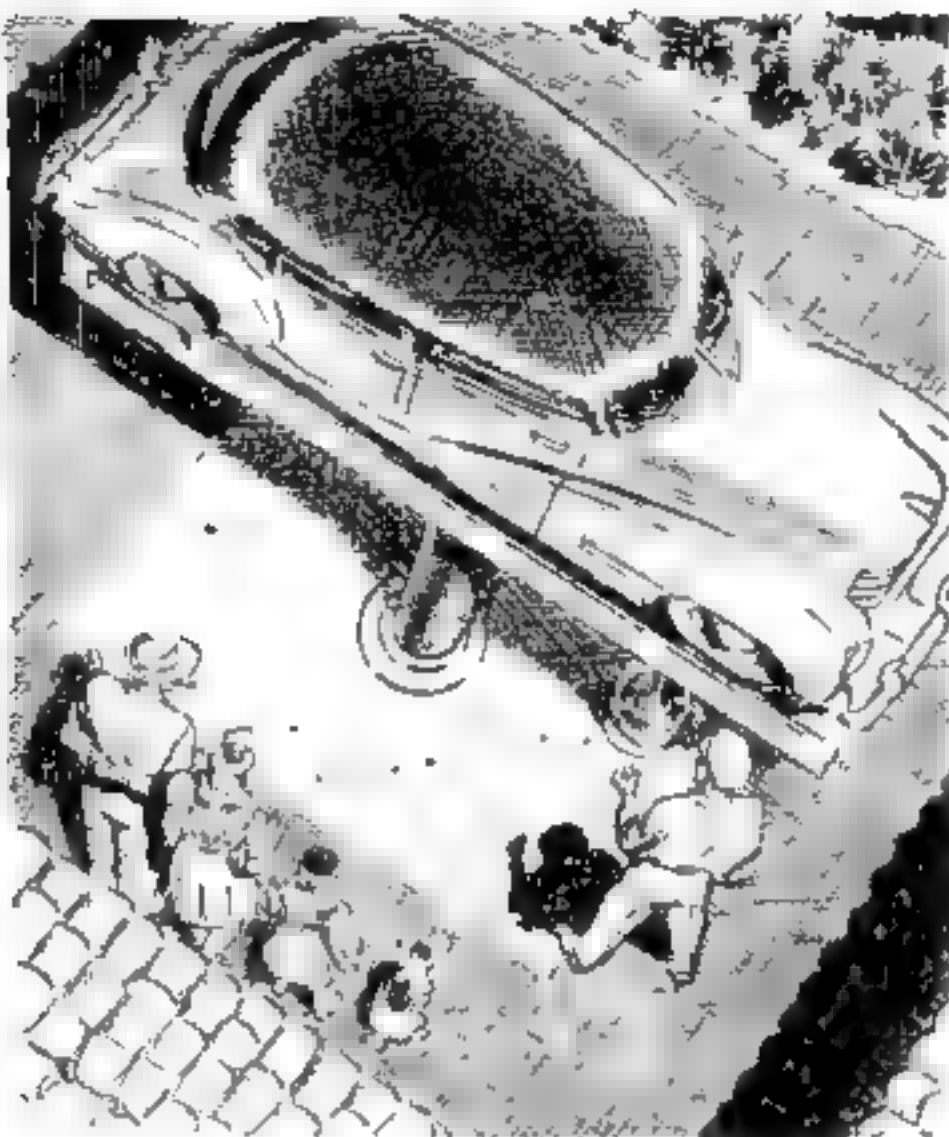
FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion. Soothing, refreshing. Send it to the boys in Service, 35¢

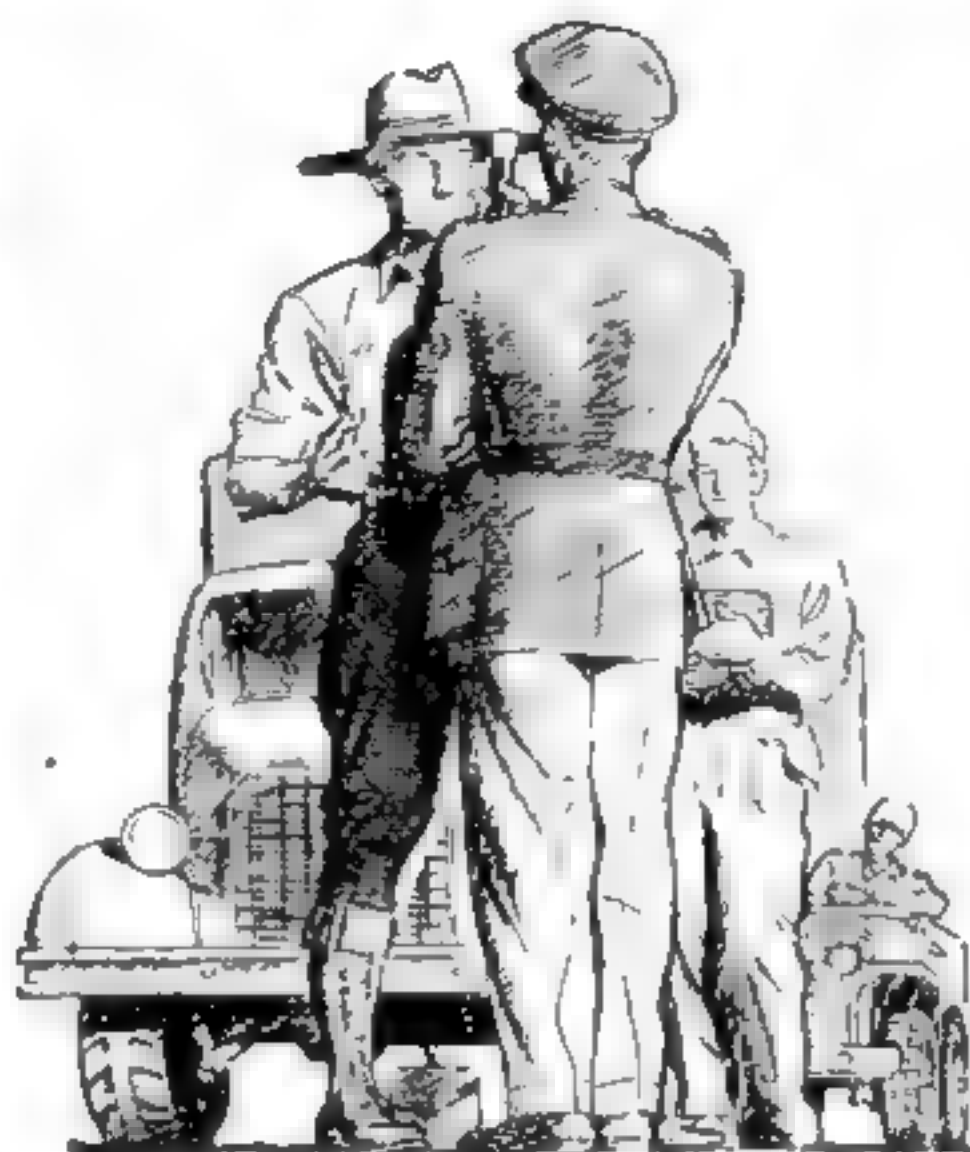


CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Sometimes it's good to make customers dissatisfied



1. For 25 years it has been an accepted practice to change the oil in an automobile every 1,000 miles. With the motor oils we had before the war this was the only safe procedure. And the public had been told about it so long and so frequently, the habit was pretty well fixed.



2. During the war, however, Union developed an oil that would last a good deal longer than 1,000 miles. In fact, it had to be changed only *two times a year*. A few months after V-J day we were in a position to offer this *New Triton* to the motoring public.



3. At that point we had to make a decision. Should we advertise *New Triton* simply as a superior oil and let people go on changing it every 1,000 miles? Or should we give them the whole story and upset a buying habit that had been established for years?



4. If Union Oil had been a monopoly—private or governmental—we would probably have kept quiet. There's no incentive to go after more business when you already have it all. And when the customers are satisfied, the motto of most monopolies is "Don't Rock the Boat."



5. But we didn't have all the business. We were in *competition*. By telling the whole story on *New Triton* we stood to gain two things: good will from our present customers and additional business from the dissatisfied customers of our competitors. So we told it. The results justified our decision.



6. Furthermore they proved once again that as long as there's room for improvement in an industry, the only way to guarantee *maximum progress* is to have an economic system that guarantees *maximum incentives*. Our American system, with its *free competition*, provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

For the 1 man in 7 who shaves daily

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To solve this problem, daily shavers have turned to Glider, Williams amazing shave cream discovery.

Rich, soothing Glider protects your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating the skin. Not sticky or greasy—needs no brush.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

Get Glider at your regular toilet-goods counter. Or send us your name and address with ten cents—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. I G-2, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.



It's a Lucky Day for Little Lucky

And, the day you start using LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC will be a Lucky Day for you, too. For LUCKY TIGER allays itchy scalp caused by loose dandruff and minor surface irritations. LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC makes your hair look better, your scalp feel better. Ask your barber for a LUCKY TIGER rub or get a bottle from your druggist today. For dry hair and scalp, use LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL . . . If your scalp itches, don't scratch!

USE



LUCKY TIGER



CARRIED IN THE HAND, the range finder is ordinarily pointed down to scan the ground. Here it is shown head-on so that the light beam is visible at the top. The set weighs nine pounds. The cord (above) leads to the ear insert.



AN OPEN SET reveals the inner parts of range finder. The primary light beam emerges from the upper circular opening and the reflected light enters set through lower. Perforated disk behind lower opening is the coding cone.

MOJUD

nylon stockings of long-lasting loveliness

At better stores everywhere

• "Mojud" means stockings we are proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. Skillfully fashioned of nylon, du Pont's miracle yarn, Mojuds are the last word in long-lasting loveliness.



© 1944 TRADE MARK REG. MOJUD HOSIERY CO. INC. N.Y.C.



CAMP Scientific Supports can HELP you do MORE WORK with LESS FATIGUE . . .

Fatigue* is often due to posture faults. Your bone framework with the pelvis as its base is supposed to hold your body up with the least muscular effort. Poor posture often takes part of the job away from the bones and loads it on your muscles.

Through a unique system of adjustment about the pelvis Camp Scientific Supports help "lift" you into truer anatomical alignment for more grace, comfort and energy.

*IMPORTANT TO YOU: Unusual or long-continued fatigue can be a dangerous symptom that no foundation garment, even the most scientific, can help. Only your doctor can tell you what is wrong and what to do.

LOOK FOR THIS Camp Authorized Service symbol at good stores everywhere. Remember these supports



are never sold by door-to-door canvassers. Always priced to intrinsic value \$5 to \$12.50. S. H. CAMP and COMPANY, Jackson, Mich.



Mothers find Gentleness and Strength
ideally combined in Scottissue



Magnifico!

Magnificent is the taste
of this "mountain-distilled" rum!



© 1941 N.D.P.C.

Ron Merito brings you the tang of breeze-fresh up-lands—a velvet-rich smoothness—a rare and distinctive flavor that gives rum drinks a new deliciousness.

This rum is produced in the mountains of sunny Puerto Rico—where soil, air and water combine with expert distilling to create the perfect rum.

Try Ron Merito for your daiquiri, your rum collins, your cuba libre . . . Good? Ah, Señor, the better the rum, the better the drink — and drinks made with this fine mountain rum are indeed *magnifico!*

SEND FOR FREE COLORFUL 24-PAGE RECIPE BOOKLET



THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Ron
MERITO

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 85 PROOF. WRITE NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., DEPT. L26, P. O. BOX 12, WALL STREET STATION, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.



WAVING A BUNCH OF GARNATIONS FROM BULBOUS CONESTOGA COCKPIT, TIGER ACE "DUKE" HEDMAN STARTS EAST WITH PLANELOAD OF CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

FLYING TIGERS' AIRLINE

China aces start coast-to-coast air-freight business



TIGERS' COMBAT INSIGNIA

put the fliers into business last July as the first coast-to-coast U.S. air cargo line. With 30 pilots, mostly combat veterans, Skyway has logged 180,000 miles, hauling everything from flowers to race horses. Though still shaky financially, it is one of most promising of the many airlines started by wartime pilots.

National Skyway Freight Corp. was put together by some veterans of the fabulous Flying Tigers who managed to come out of their war against Japan with both whole skins and good sized sums of cash. When Pilot Robert Prescott told his ex-buddies that he needed money for an airline, they responded with enough to make an \$87,000 bank roll and become partners. Matched with outside money, they bought eight transport planes and



SKYWAY'S FOUNDER and president, Bob Prescott, 32, checks orders with wife in Long Beach headquarters. An eight plane ace, he planned line while flying Hump.

EST. 1715

MARTELL

COGNAC Brandy

IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE

AVAILABLE AGAIN, Martell Cognac once more delights the American connoisseur. For the perfect after-dinner liqueur or for the always refreshing "Brandy and Soda", make sure you specify Martell, world famous since 1715.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y. • Martell Cognac Brandy • 84 Proof

You'll like **REGENT'S** *crushproof box*

POPULAR PRICE TOO!

REGENT
the milder, better tasting cigarette

Flying Tigers' Airline CONTINUED



STRANGE CARGOES are hauled by Skyway Corp. This cross-country load of two horses, two dogs, a cat cost \$2,000. Horses walk up ramp into fuselage.



ALUMINUM FURNITURE is shipped to Chicago's merchandise mart. Los Angeles maker chartered Budd Conestoga for \$1,400. Capacity: 10,000 pounds.



PASSENGER LOADS are fairly common. Unable to get regular airline seat, Los Angeles businessman chartered a Skyway DC-3, sold space to 11 others.



GLADIOLAS are flown from Florida to Los Angeles for wholesaler. Skyway has no set timetable or fixed routes, operates its planes on contract only.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1M



**“mom says most everybody’s catching things
... so we’re strong for *DIXIE CUPS*”**

You can catch a cold quick as anything drinking after other guys. And who wants to stay in bed with the sniffles! The beauty about a Dixie is that it never touches any lips but yours. . . . It *tastes* better in a Dixie Cup because you know it’s *clean*.



COMFORT

*steps
out in style!*

Exceptional skill in design—expert craftsmanship—finest leathers . . . all these give Porto-Ped Shoes their smart appearance. Their resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift provide utmost foot comfort. See your Porto-Ped dealer, or write us for his name. \$7.85—some styles higher. Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

THE
BR ARWOOD
Model 2360



PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot fresh



Flying Tigers' Airline CONTINUED



FRESH BROCCOLI shipped regularly by California Vegetable Growers reaches eastern markets days earlier, brings higher profits despite shipping cost.



8,000 POUNDS OF COMPACTS, a full DC-3 load, are flown to eastern cities. Some customers made one shipment just to get publicity, did not repeat.



BERRIES, which are highly perishable, go from California to winter markets in planes specially fitted with controlled heating and fiber-glass insulation.



ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON is Harry Goldberger of California Flower Shippers Inc., whose long-run contract has kept Tigers' struggling airline flying.

TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
JOHN RISSMAN & SON

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

4 to 10 12 to 20 36 to 44
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS JACKET
A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
Tub Test FABRICS OLD EVERYWHERE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON • MAKERS • CHICAGO
WRITE FOR AGENCY FOR YOUR STORE

MEDICO
FILTERED
SMOKING
(famous in pipes)
A SENSATION IN
CIGARETTE
AND CIGAR HOLDERS

- 1 Sensational filter whirl-cools smoke.
- 2 Filter retains flakes and shreds.
- 3 Replace filter when discolored.

NOW
SMOKE IS CLEANER
—COOLER!

HOLDER \$1
with box of 10 filters

ABSORBENT FILTER
for **Frank MEDICO**
PIPE, CIGARETTE & CIGAR HOLDERS
PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED AND BLACK BOX.

S. M. FRANK & CO., Inc., N. Y. 22

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



THE MEET

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning. Sleepy hounds stretch their legs, horses anticipate the chase with quivering nostrils. Saddle girths are tightened, stirrups adjusted. The hunting horn sounds the meet is on.

Time, patience and skill make the Champion

Ever since Americans first rode to hounds in 1739, fox hunters have demanded the best in horses, in equipment, and in whiskey for their stirrup cups. And because Hunter whiskey, like champion jumpers, is developed slowly and expertly, it has been acclaimed worthy of a place in so distinguished a sport.

HUNTER

Blended Whiskey

FIRST OVER THE BAR



Packed with Good Taste!

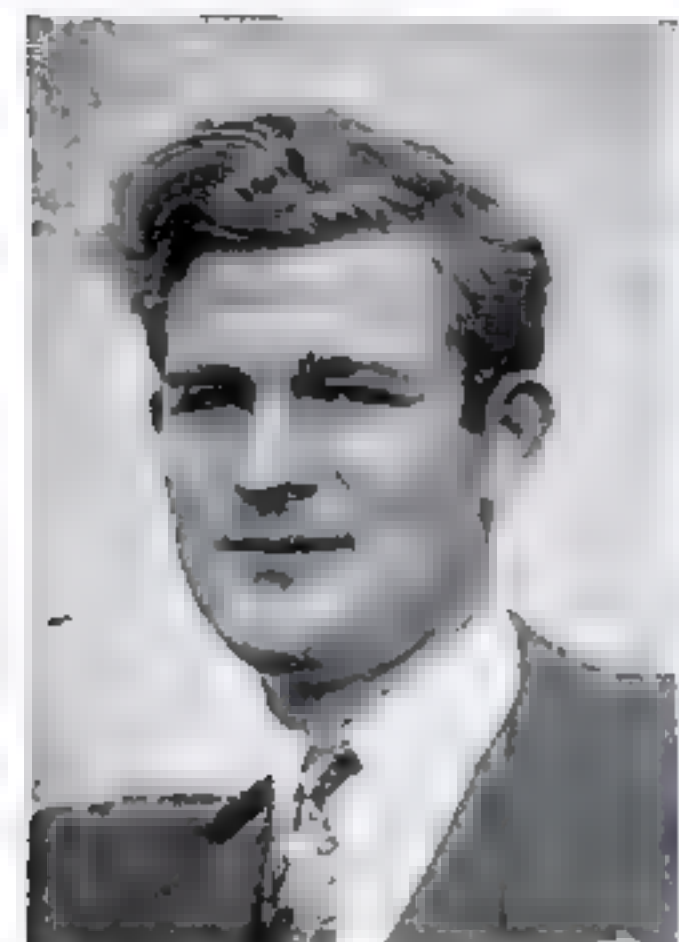


● Carried in the smartest pockets—
Teaberry Gum! Its deliciously *different* flavor appeals to
the most discriminating taste. One particular person tells
another about Teaberry's juicy coolness . . . Teaberry's
bracing refreshment . . . and Teaberry's *quality*—for
you can find no smoother, finer gum. Get a pack today!

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Carry It with You Always

Flying Tigers' Airline CONTINUED



CLIFF GROH, 28, ex-flight leader in A.V.G. and veteran of Hump flying, pilots big Conestogas and DC-3s on the Los Angeles-New York run.



JOE ROSBERT, 29, shot down six Jap planes, once wandered 46 days in Himalayas after a crash. He is now in charge of West Coast operations.



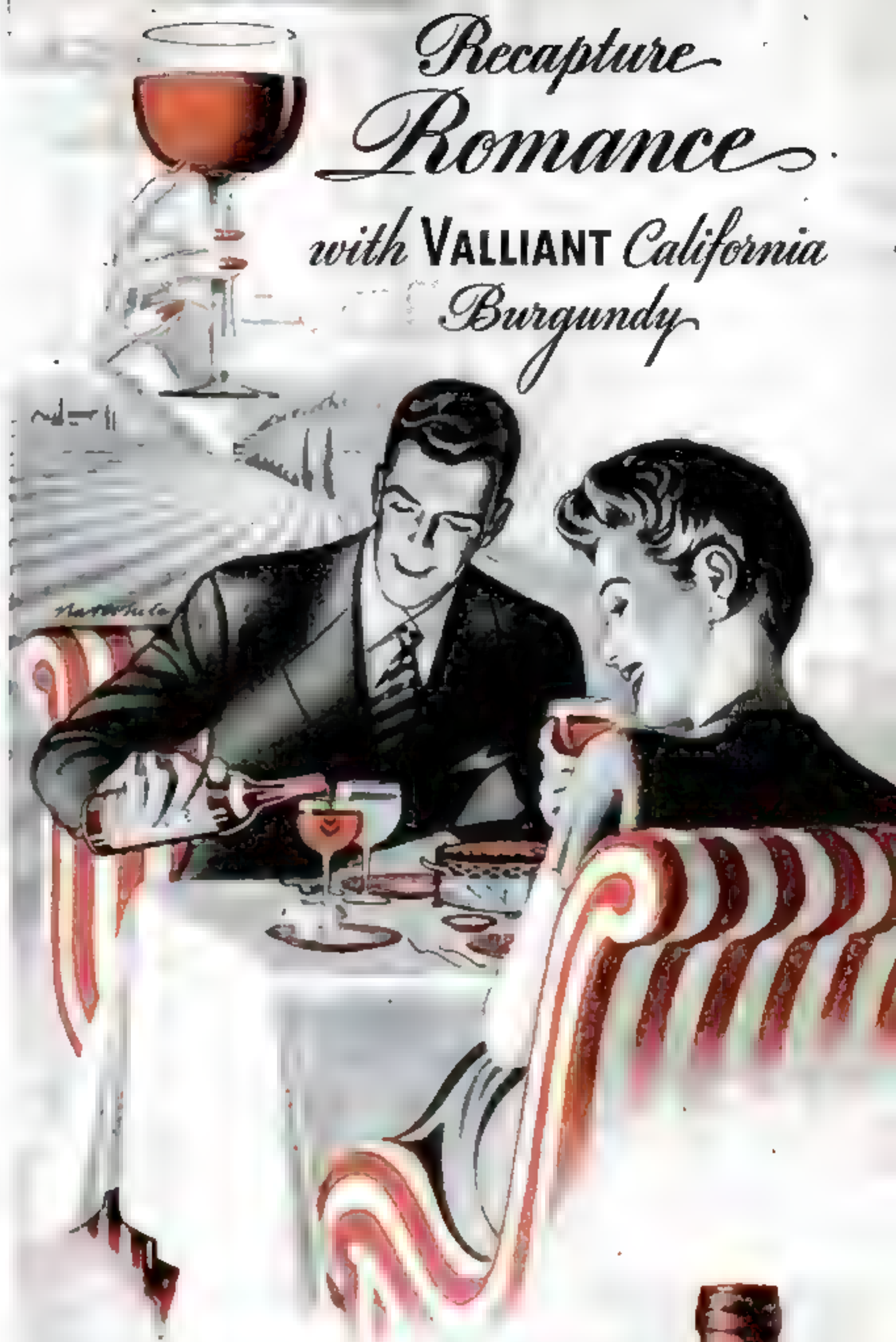
BOB HEDMAN, 29, who shot down ten Japs, also flew 350 trips over the Hump. One of Skyway's founders, he is vice-president for operations.



MIKE WAKEFIELD is 32, was a Tennessee botanist before he became an A.V.G. mechanic. He is in traffic department at Los Angeles terminal.



REMINISCENCES of A.V.G. days enliven conferences. Here Chief Engineer Tom Haywood, 28, regales President Prescott (left) and Bill Bartling.



Recapture Romance with VALLIANT California Burgundy

You truly give dinner a honeymoon atmosphere when you serve Valliant California Burgundy! It is Burgundy at its finest. Smooth, well-rounded, full-flavored. For Valliant Burgundy boasts a European ancestry. And to protect its choice quality, it is bottled by the winery in California. Enjoy Valliant Burgundy every night—at home—or at your favorite restaurant. Discover how perfectly its pleasant tartness blends with main course dishes.

Also try the Valliant California appetizer and dessert wines: Valliant Dry Sherry, Valliant Sherry, Valliant Port, Valliant Muscatel.

W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City,
Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

GOOD TASTE WITH ANY FOOD

Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

VALLIANT and Son

VINEYARDS

Under Vine Since 1849





EYES SHUT SO THEY CANNOT COPY NEIGHBORS, CHILDREN CLAP HANDS WITH MUSIC, LEARNING TO KEEP TIME



WITH HANDS FOLDED IN LAPS AND FEET CROSSED,

Life Goes to a Dancing School

A 77-year-old teacher in Waterbury, Conn. teaches young pupils everything from the two-step to the conga



LITTLE GIRLS put on short white gloves in the dressing room while undergoing last-minute hair-ribbon adjustments from mothers, who are not welcome at class itself



LITTLE BOYS put on their gloves in the hall. Life expectancy of their gloves is not very high since most boys pull them off with their teeth, are constantly losing them.



PUPILS WAIT FOR THE FIRST EXERCISE TO BEGIN



BOBBIE LE MAY, 6, BOWS TO GARRIL GOSS, 5, WHO RETURNS HIM A CURTSEY WITH STUDIED CONCENTRATION

As much a part of the cultural heritage of America as the corner saloon and the bingo game is the private dancing school where children in towns large and small the country over learn to bow and curtsy, turn toes out, walk in time to music and finally to clasp each other in the first tangled movement of what will eventually become recognizable as a waltz.

At Miss Slocum's Dancing School in Waterbury, Conn., 100 children, scrubbed and polished like apples in a delicatessen-store window, gather each Friday to learn dancing and deportment from Miss Benita Virginia Slocum. Miss Slocum is 77 years old and has been teaching dancing for 54 years. Currently she is explaining the conga and Lindy

hop to the grandchildren of pupils to whom she once taught the mazurka. Emphasis in her classes is on dancing and manners. Girls wear simple dresses, boys wear blue suits. All wear washable white gloves. The boys who turn up with one glove, dirty gloves or no gloves feel very conspicuous, usually don't do it again. The lessons cost \$25 a season.



PARTNERS having been chosen at foot of the stairs after much bowing, giggling and scuffling, pupils walk two by two through ballroom door to confront Miss Slocum



BOYS BOW stiffly and girls curtsy to Miss Slocum (left) and her assistants, who are lined up to receive them. World-weary pupil, Peter Coe (left), is yawning, not singing.

IS HE THE Good Manager?

CHARACTERIZE HIM RIGHT WITH SUPERBA
TIES IN HIS PERSONALIZED COLOR

A man's necktie gives him one great opportunity to express his best self. For there are particular colors, say color experts, which compliment certain types of men. And Superba neckties in Personalized Colors are created to emphasize every man's finest traits. Your Superba dealer can tell you which Personalized Color in Superba Cravats will best express the man for whom you buy.

DOES HE FAVOR BLUE?

Color experts assert that the man who prefers Blue shows conclusive signs of being a good manager. This RANGER tie, 100% wool, that knots perfectly and resists wrinkles and wear, is one of the Superba Personalized-Color Blue cravats that will characterize him right!

100

**SUPERBA
CRAVATS**
Fashioned to Your Personality
ROCHESTER NEW YORK

Copyright 1946, Superba Cravats

Dancing School CONTINUED



PORTER GOSS, 7, CONDUCTS MISS SLOCUM THROUGH RHAPSODIC WALTZ

OLDER CHILDREN GET INSTRUCTION IN WALTZ FIRST (BELOW), THEN





ALAN COFFEY SMIRKS PERTLY AT PARTNER WHO SMIRKS HAPPILY BACK

FOX TROT, POLKA AND CONGA, FINALLY LEARN LINDY HOP AND TANGO



Those in the know...ask for

**OLD
CROW**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

BOTTLED IN BOND



A TRULY GREAT NAME
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MRS. WILEY (RIGHT) SHOWS THE QUEEN TO VISITOR CAROL SUNDQUIST.

HERPETOLOGIST

California woman studies 100 friendly reptiles

The cuddling 12-foot king cobra female shown above is one of the most contented snakes in the world. Her name is The Queen and she is one of 100 reptiles belonging to Mrs. Grace Olive Wiley, a herpetologist who loves both her work and her snakes. Mrs. Wiley, her mother and her reptiles live together in a little house in North Long Beach, Calif. The snakes all snuggle up to Mrs. Wiley affectionately when she pets them and even when she calls them "Loncy" and "cutie pie." She keeps them for study and exhibits them publicly to keep them in mice, which is their principal diet. The Queen acted in a movie once and was so tired after the day's work that she wriggled right over to Mrs. Wiley and buried her head in her protector's skirt.



SAYS MRS. WILEY, "SHE WON'T HURT ANYBODY. COME UP AND PET HER"

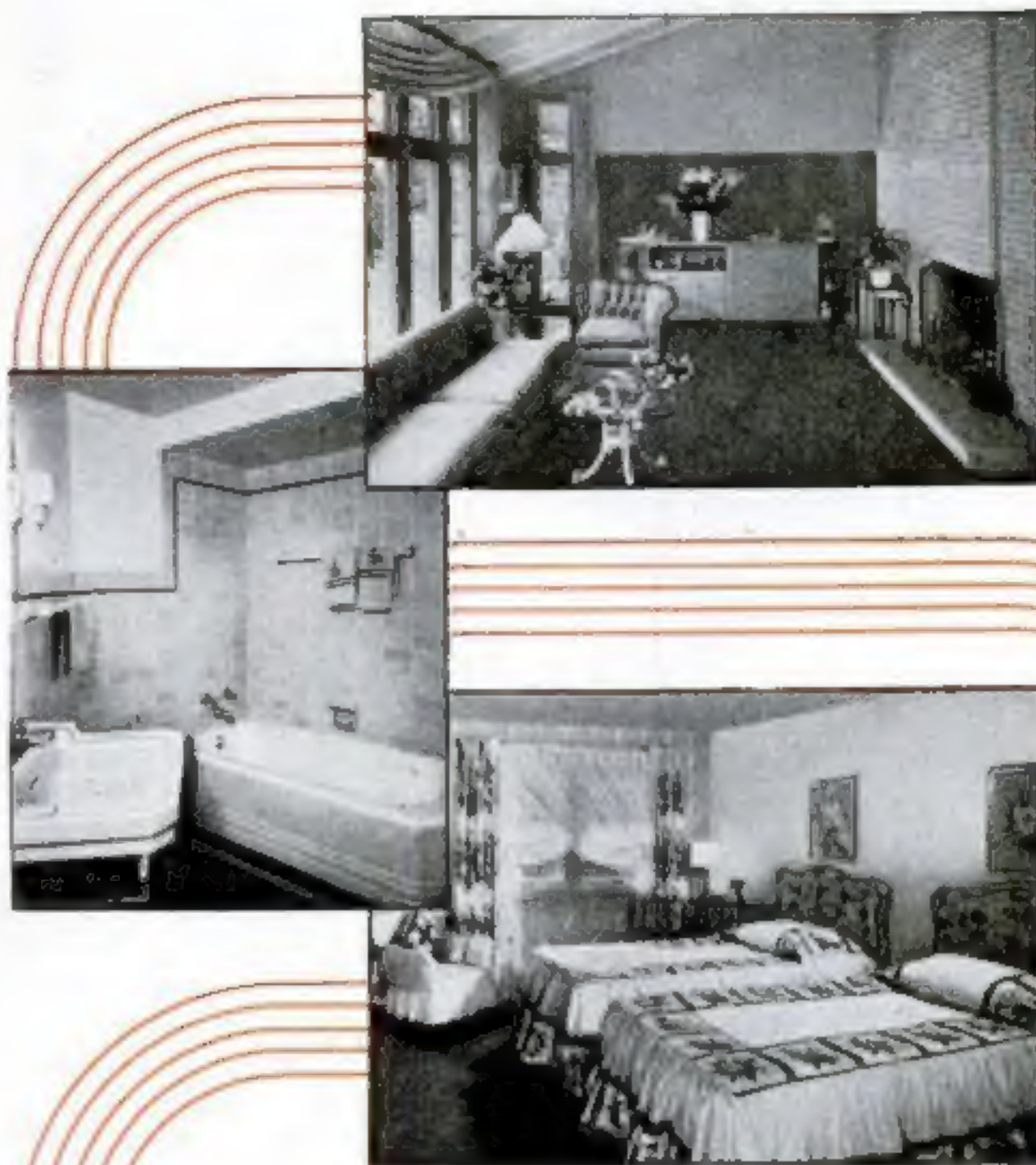


A RATTLESNAKE WITH SORE THROAT gets sulfa washed down its throat with syringe. Next to cobras Mrs. Wiley says she likes rattlesnakes best.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Heat that flows

TO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY



Is your bedroom colder than you like it on winter mornings? . . . Is your bathroom as warm as you would like it for the early morning shower or the evening tub? . . . Is your living room cold at one end? Are your floors cold and drafty?

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Herpetologist CONTINUED

HOW TO PICK UP A RATTLESNAKE

Mrs. Wiley's zoo contains two cobras, a boa constrictor, a python, a copperhead, lizards, Gila monsters and assorted rattlesnakes. All the snakes still have their poison sacs. She would let them roam over her grounds if the neighbors did not complain. But when a snake does get out she can easily pick it up as she demonstrates below. Says she without much fear of contradiction, "A snake will lose its fear of humans much faster than a human will lose his fear of snakes."



FIRST STEP in catching a loose rattlesnake is to approach it slowly but firmly. This is a red California rattlesnake, one of Mrs. Wiley's specimens.



PRONG-SHAPED ROD pins snake's head to ground. Although she decries fear of snakes, Mrs. Wiley does not recommend this trick for the untutored.



CATCHING THE SNAKE is done by grasping it back of the head. In 53 years she has been bitten about half-a-dozen times, has forgiven each biter.



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